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MICROCOSMOS.
THE DISCOVERY
OF THE LITTLE
World, with the govern-
ment thereof.

Manus.

An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro
Exemplumq; Deiqueq; est sub imagine parva.

By Iohn Davies.



At Oxford
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Paris. 1605.

MICROSCOPUS.
THE DISCOVERY
OF THE LITTLE

World, with the govern-

ment thereof.

By

A. MICROSCOPUS, F.R.S.E.
LONDON: Printed by J. B. B. B. B.

1711.

ALSO

A Description of the Microscopical
World, and the manner of
using the same.

1711.



TO MY MOST DEERE AND
dread Sovereigne IAMES by the grace of
God King of England, Scotland,
France, and Ireland, be all heavenly and
earthly happinesse.

THoughts, fight no more, but now (with Wits ac-
Teeld a obedience to Arts rightest rule; (cord)
Then, like a constant treble-twisted cord,
Binde up the sweetest affections of my Soule,
And, in a Poety giue them so; O no,
They are too base for such high Excellences
Yet (prostrate) giue them to him, and say for
So, I may shunne dislike, you, insolence:
Great (o too narrow is this name for thee)
King, (yet too strait a stile for thy great worth)
And Monarch, (this with it doth best agree)
Deigne to accept a Base, base Wit brings forth:
And base it is (great Highnesse) in each line,
Because in deede it is too rightly mine.

His Maiesties

lesse then least, and most vn-
worthy Subiect:

JOHN DAVIES.



To the sacred *Queene of England*,
most excellent *Maiestie*.

If those *Wombs* blessed be, from whom proceedes
A world of *blessings* to the *World* accurst;
Or if *that* gracious be, that *Graces* breeds,
To make *Men* gracious, being at the worst;

O then how blest and gracious is thy *Wombe*,
Deere *Daughter*, *Sister*, *Wife* vnto a King!
Wherein *Heaven* wrought (as in a sacred *room*)
Strong *Props* of *peace*, which blest *Time* forth did
(bring.

Vnto a *Mother-maide* we all are bound,
For bringing forth our *Soules* preservative;
Who, for the same, is *Queene* in *Heaven* Crown'd:
And, sith thou bring'st our *Corpes* conservative,
We must crown thee in *Earth*, or els, we should
Doe otherwise then *Saints* & *Angels* would.

Your *Highnesse* most humbly

devoted *Vassall*.

JOHN DAVIES.

JOHN DAVIES.

The

The whole Ile of greate Brittain was of yore di-
vided into 13. Kingdoms, as by Monuments of antiqui-
ty, and Historie (the witnesse of time) appeareth.
viz.

England into 8. namelie, Kent, South-Saxons, East-
Saxons, West-Saxons, Bernicia, (alias Northum-
berland) Deira, (or Southumberland) Est-Angles,
Mercia.

Scotland into 2. viz. Scottes, & Picts; The Scottes
on the West side, the Picts on the East, called Pictlād,
as the other, Scotland.

Wales into 3. viz. North-wales, Southwales, and
Powys-land. Vppon which Plaine-songe thus I de-
cant.

AN Atticke Ile there is (most famous) found
In the great Laver of this lesser Round,
Which Neptunes hand (as most esteemd) infolds
And in his vnswet-sweating bozome holdes,
On whom at once, Heavens providence begate
Thirteene Kinges, which did her participate;
Shee fedd them sweetlie, made them fatte to grow;
For, from her Brest did Milke and Hony flow:
Who being pampred, so, ambitious made,
Gainst Nature gan each other to invade:
Shee greatly griv'd, they quited so her loue;
And ay to make them one, shee oft did proue:
But (froward) at the least, they would be Twoo,
So lived long (in strife) with much adoo:
Yet like a tender Mother (next to see
That hir deere children could no better gree)
Shee laboured night and day with Tyme, to doe
That which shee tride, but could not bring them to:

Who (both together ioynd) did them attone,
So, Tyme and thee, (at last) haue made them One.
Then if in One, Thirteene vnited be,
How great, how glorious, and how good is hee?

IOHN DAVIES.

ÆNIGMA.

A Treble *paire*, doth our late wracke repaire,
And sextuplies our mirth, for one mishappe;
These six, as hopes, to keepe vs from dispaire,
(When clappes wee feard) were sent vs at a clappe:
That we might clapp our hands in his high praise,
That made vs, by our Heads losse, much more faire,
And vs beheaded, so, our Head to raise:
One headlesse, made *all* looke as blacke as Hel.
All headlesse makes the Head *and all* looke well.

SPHINX.

IF this a Riddle be, then so be it,
Yet *Truth* approues what therein hid doth lie,
And *Truth's* most *louelie* in the Eye of *VVit*
When she is rob'd with richest *misterie*:
In few, by *losse* we haue gott *benefitt*,
That's, six for one, by lawfull vicie:
Then, if we gaine by *losse*, our *losse* is gaine;
So saith France, Fläders, Scotland, Ireläd, Spaine.

To

To the iudicious Reader.

THou seest this great *WWorlde* (Reader) & perchace
Thine Eie is cloyd with often seeing it;
Then see the *Lesse* with noe lesse circumstance,
And with *WWittes* Eie, that *Monarchy* of *WWitte*.

Microcosmos

The *Heav'ns* and *Earth*, do make the greater *WWorlde*,
And *Soule* and *Bodie*, make the *Lesse* (we prove)
The *Heav'ns* doe moue the *Earth*, & they are whirld
By *Him*, that makes the *Soule*, the *Body* moue.

Primus Mors

Who conquers *it* (at least) are *Monarchs* great,
Greater then those that conquered the *greater*;
For, from their *goodnesse* *Men* their *greatnes* gette,
And they are *best*, that doe subdue the *better*:

Prover. 16 32

The great *WWorlde's* good, but *better* is the *least*:
Then *view* it, to *subdue* it, thou wert best.

Things living
though never
so small, are
better then
liveles things,
though never
so great.

JOHN DAVIS.

A Request to the Cittie of Hereford.

Deere Mother, in whose Wombe *my vit all flame*
Was kindled first by the Almightyes breath,
Lend me thy *name*, to adde vnto my *name*,
That one, with other, may keepe *both* from death:

Vnto thy conscience I (poore I) appeale,
Whether or no, I haue deserved it;
My conscience telles me I haue bought thy *weale*
With al my *skill*, my *will*, my *woorth*, my *witte*.

Iudge

Iudge God, iudge good-men, iudge my truth herein,
Impartiall Iudges you shall iudge for me;
Ifso, my soule is fear'd, or I haue bin
(Deere Mother) what I now would seeme, to thee:

Eph. 6. 2, 3, 4. And doe confesse, though vnkinde Parents proue,
Yet are their children bound to seeke their loue.

John Davies of Hereford.

In Microcosmon IOH. DAVISII
Herefordiensis.

Quadrata vis
animat Prud.
in Psycho:

Παύλας ἀνδρῶν
ἐν ψυχῇ.

Meram. 2.

Horat. lib. 2.
Sat. 2.

ἀνθρώπων
ἐν ψυχῇ.

Clau epig. 21.

ἐν τοῖς
ἐν ψυχῇ.
Ho. ad Ar. 2.
liv. Saty. 11.

EX tibi, Pythagoræ sacram diamq. τετακτιῶ,
Alma Natura scatebram fontemq. perennem:

Cuius quis pandet mysteria? quisve profundos
Audebit timidogressu tentare recessus?

Audet Davisius nec magnis excidit ausis.

Non is Dædalea per cælum remigat ala,

Nec Phaetontæo raptatus in æthera curru

Stellarum inspector stupet, aut Iovis atria lustrat:

In se conversus, Divinæ particulam auræ

Non lippo aut lusco solers rimatur oculo.

Hunc lege quisquis aves Animanti, tam nobile germen

Noscere, decerptum delibatumq. supremi

Quod de mente Dei quisq. hoc in corpore gestat.

Non te Ægyptiacus teneat tardetve character;

Nulla Syracusij Senis arte inventa morentur,

Suspensus cæli fornix & vitreus orbis:

Ædibus in proprijs quæ recta aut prava gerantur

Inspicias, haustamq. polo vigil excute mentem:

Cælitus emissum de descendit γῶνι σταυτῶν.

IO. SANFORDVS.

Cha.

Charissimo Iohanni Daviſio Salutem.

O *Xonia vates cum ſis, Herefordia quare
Daviſi, in titulo priſtina ſcripta tuo?
Crede mihi, doctam non urbem tale pigebit
Ingenium in numero nomen habere ſuo.
Charius & illius mihi nomine, charus & huius
Vrbis es: hinc artes ducimus, inde genus,
Charioꝝ at proprio mihi nomine: fas mihi ſuave
Ingenium, mores fas ſit amare probas.
Ingenium more ſq; tuos redamem: illud & iſtos,
Plura mihi, cunctis hic liber ipſe probat.*

Robertus Burhillus Coll. C. C. Soc.

Liber Lectores alloquitur.

H *Em! tu qui (leve paginas pererrans
Noſtras pollice, & inquiete oculo)
Piſcaris rabidum tibi venenum
Ex hoc fonticulo, ſcatuꝛienti
Niſi Caſtalix liquore, nullo;
Abito procul hinc: faceſſat iſt hic
Ocelli male prurientis ardor.
Non noſtris olida natant papyri
Algæ; nec levisbus tumefco nugis
Moleſtanta, ſcelus Patre expiandum
Lemnio! hinc profuſus Cupido: lira,
Sordes, quiſquilæ exulant, & omnis
Putredo, iuveni nocens legenti.
Quin tu, ſobrie, docte, perſpicacis
Cui luces Aquila, aliis ſq; acumen,*

B

Cal.

Cultor Virginis integer Patrimæ;
 Et tu, Montis amans biforme culmen
 Chara progenies novem Dearum,
 Adsis; & genium, meumq; carmen
 Expendas (rogo) strictiore lance
 Tui iudicii sagacioris.
 Non supercilium, stria sive frontis
 Declino tetricas minacioris:
 Thaletem accipio; venito Brute,
 Censorem volo te; severioris
 Nec durum fugio Catonis unguem.
 Hoc est quod fugio; labore tanto,
 Commentum peperisse mollicellum,
 Vel tricas, apina sive; queis, inepto
 Ridendi moveatur ansa vulgo.

• N. Debillus.

In Libri Auctorem.

Philosophi laudes, laudes meruere poëtæ;
 Davissus vatem; philosophumq; refert.
 Ergo Parnassi lauro, lauroq; Lycæi,
 Philosopho, & vati cinge Britanne caput.
 Nam quorum Pyllos unum dare postulat annos,
 Hac effecta duo sedulus ille dedit.

MIrum in modum, Men did wonder-maze,
 Which wonderment, this later worke of thine
 (Not by detracting from it) doth deface.
 How so? by giving out a greater shine:
 The soules Horizon that made light whil-ere,
 But this inlightens her whole Hemisphære.

Blest

Blest be thou Sunne frō whēce this light doth spring
 And blessed be this little World of light
 By which who walkes, perforce must be a King,
 King of a little World, in Fortunes spight;
 For force, and vertue, in the soule doe sitte,
 And they doe raigne that ruled are by it. (Soule,
 Thē raigne thou in Mens thoughts, thou thoughtfull
 Whil'it thy rare Worke among their Workes shall
 For, it in passion, passion doth controule, (raigne;
 Then mightie is thy grace, thine Arte, thy paine:
 As thou for writing faire art most renownd,
 So, writing thus, thou must be Lawrell cround.

IOHN JAMES

*Mibi charissimo Iohanni Davisio
 Herefordienſi.*

*Q*uid petis nostra leuiora Musa
 Fila, Davisi? fateor, Sorores
 Tardus ignoro Ardalides. quid iſt hoc!
 Me-ne laceſſas?
 Eia! nec factum bene! mellilinguis
 Te canat Maiā genitus; Camænæ
 Te canant diuæ; ingeminent q̃, cantus
 Agmina vatū:
 Cui bono? Maiā genitus, Camænæ,
 Agmina & vatū procul ite: mirum
 In modum diocecinit ſeipſum
 Carminē vates.
 Dī boni, talis titulus Pœſi
 Optima quā conveniens! & iſt hic
 Microcoſmos- ſed tamen acquieſco;
 Ipſe loquatur.
 B a

De-

Definas & tu steriles arare
(*Mecitando*) arvos: niveum Libelli
Est scelus frontispicium lituris
Tinguere nostris.

T. R.

To the Author.

MAnsoulle (th' *Idea* of our *Makers* mould)
Whiles it doth harbour in this house of clay,
Is so ore-whelm'd with *passions* manifold,
Is so ore-throwne with *Adams* olde decay:
That much like bastard Eagle, dimme of sight,
It dares not take a view of *Reasons* light.

O then, redoubled thanks deserues thy *Worke*,
Whose Verse *Prometheus*-like strives to enflame
That sacred *Sparke*, which in our *Soules* doth lurke,
Giving blinde *Reason* cies to see the same:
Davies, thine *Arte* beyond our *Arte* doth reach,
For thou each *Soule*, soule-humbling *Arte* dost
(teache

Thus *Oxford Artists* are oblig'd to thee,
Who, *Stork*-like building heere a while thy *Nest*,
For *Earthly* Lodge dost leaue an heav'nly see,
Giving a *Sword* to kill that foe of *Rest*,
Faire learnings blott, which *Scoollers* know to well,
I mean, *Self-loue*, which thy *Self-Arte* doth quell.

DOUGLAS CASTILION.
Vrom

*Vpon Master Iohn Davies, Beginning his Discoverie
of the litle VVorld with a Preface vnto the most
high and mightie Prince Iames the first
King of England &c.*

SO, ere he dare adventure on the Maine,
The prudent Sailoure prostrate on the shoare
Makes first his 'vovves vnto the * swan-bred
And their aspect religiously implores: (Twaine, ^{*Castor and Pollux,}

So, ere vnto the Ocean he sets-forth,
Who is this lesse Worlds great Discouerer,
He turns his eies vnto the hopefull North,
And viewes the Cynosure that shineth there.

Auspicious Star, at whose divine arise
Earth did put of her saddest maske of Night,
Shine mildely on him, who beholdes thine Eies,
As sole directors of his course aright.

So that the great world may the lesse world see
By that faire Light he borrowed first of thee.

*Vpon the Discoverie of the litle VVorld
By Master Iohn Davies.*

GOe Drake of England, * Doue of Italic,
Vnfolde what ever Neptunes armes in folde, ^{*Christoph. Columb.}
Travell the Earth (as Phœbus doth the skie)
Till you begette newe Worlds vpon this olde.

Would any wonders see, yet liue at rest,
Nor hazard life vpon a dangerous selfe?

The shippe
wherein Sir
Fr. Dra. com-
passed the
World.

Behold, thou bear'st a World within thy brest,
Take ship at-home, and sayle about thy selfe.

This Paper-Bark may be thy Golden-Hinde,
Davies the *Drake* and true discou'rer is,
The end, that thou-thy-selfe thy-selfe maist finde;
The prize and pleasure thine, the trauell his:
See here display'd, as plaine as knowledge can,
This litle World, this wondrous Ile of Man.

Charles Fitz-jeffry.

To the Reader.

Beyond the reach of vulgar intellect,
Inbred by Nature, but refin'd by Art,
Doth wisdomes *Heyre* this monument erect,
Grace't with what ere the *Graces* can impart.
Here, Wits not soild with looser blandishment.
The *Subiect* pure, abstruse, and worthy paine,
Anatomizing civill government,
And, of the *Soule* what Reason can attaine.
The many *sweetes* herein contained be,
Epitomiz'd, would aske too large Narration
To be compris'd within this narrow station.
Reade then the *VVorke*: when, if thou canst not see
Th'infolded flame; be rapt with admiration,
But censure not: for, *Owles* haue bleared eies,
Dazled with every *Starre* that doth arise.

*To the Booke as it is dedicated vnto his most
excellent Maiestie.*

Thrice happy Issue, brain-begotten Birth,
Wits pure Extraction, life of Poetrie,

Togi-

Together borne with *Englands* endlesse mirth;
How haue the Heauens grace't thy nativity!

Waite from disdaine to powre th'ambrosian dew
(Dropping like Nectar from a sacred quill)
Into the common Labour, vulgar view;
That Heaven defer'd thy birth these howres vntill?

O blessed *Booke*, reserv'd to kisse that hand,
From which, desert nere parted discontent!
Go, pay thy vowes; await his dread command
To whom in prostrate duety thou art sent.

Shall *He* say, liue? flie Time; swell *Lesbe* lake;
Burst fell Detraction; thou liu'st: and when
A thousand Ages dust shall over-take,
Thy living *Lines* shall please both God, and men:

For, grace't by *him*, whom swift intelligence
Hath made Arch-Master of each excellence,
It needes must follow, that succeeding daies
Cannot detract from what *he* dain'd to praise.

Nicholas Deeble.

Ad Lectorem de libro.

B *Enigne lector, parvuli orbis incola,
Qui coeca falsi trans fretans mundi vada,
Dirigere recto tramite exoptas ratem,
Istum libellum vt Nauticum Indicem sequens;
Fugies Ceraunia saxa, Syrenas leues,
Fugies trucem Carybdis, & Syrtes vagas.
Vide Teipsum, & inspicie omnes angulos;*

Quis.

*Quisquis seipsum non videt, cernit Nihil.
Nolcito Teipsum, cordis explorans sinus;
Quisquis seipsum nescit, hic novit Nihil.
Cura teipsum, ut proprii medicus mali;
Quisquis seipsum negligit, curat Nihil.
Vides teipsum modo Animam inspicias tuam.
Curas teipsum modo Animam sanes tuam.*

Nathanael Tomkins.

TO praise thee, beeing what I am to thee,
Were (in effect) to dispraise thee, and mee:
For, who doth praise himselfe, deserves dispraise;
Thou art my selfe, then thee I may not praise:
But this, in Nature, may I lay by Arte,
Thine Arte, by Nature, makes thee what thou art.

*Your loving Brother and worst part of your
selfe Richard Davies*

A



1

A Preface in honor and deuotion vnto our most
 puissant, and no lesse royally-accomplished
 Sovereigne, Iames by the grace of God
 King of England, Scotland,
 France, & Ireland, defen-
 der of the faith, &c.

Thou blessed Ile, * white Marke for Enuies aime,
 (If Envy aims at most felicity)
 Triumph, sith now thou maist by iustice claime
 Precedence in the VNIVERSITY,
 VVherein best Iles doe strue for mastery:
 Now, shalt thou be great MODERATOR made
 In each *Dispute*, that tendes to EMPERY,
 So that AMBITION shall no deeper wade,
 Then thy DECREES in iudgements shall perswade.

* Albion.

Now *Grand-dame* ALBION, in thy *grandure* thinke,
 Thinke seriously vpon each circumstance
 (Sith late thou wert at Pitt of *Perills* Brincke)
 That may make thee (though old) as young to dance,
 Mou'd by sweete *strains* of more sweete Concordance:
 But staie (deere *Mother*) o I doe thee wrong
 To putt thee in thy *Muses*; now advance
 Thy voice, in *Praise* to whom it doth belong,
 GOD, and thy KING, that made thee, fainting strong.

* My son loue
 the Lord, and
 the King, and
 medle not
 with them
 that are sedi-
 tious Prover.
 24.27.

* Thy God, and King, King given thee of GOD
 To make thee loue thy God, and like thy King;
 And so gauethee a *Royall*, for a *Rod*,
 To punish thee with what doth *comfort* bring,
 And make thee richer by his chastening.
 Hee came by no * *Meanders* of *Mans* bloud
 Vnto our *Land*; but with a sure-flow *wings*
 Hee slew farre from it, and did leaue that *Flood*
 On the left hand, for those that *Right* with-stood.

* Killing this,
 or that Coun-
 sin; that, or
 this Competi-
 tor.

C

Though

Though home-bred *harts* may harbour strange desires,
 Nere-pleas'd *Perverfnesse*, yet, must needes confesse
 He to this *Crowne*, by double right, aspires,
Bloud, and *Bequest*; say, *Male-contentednesse*,
 (If thou dost live, but I hope nothing lesse)
 Ist true, or no? I see *Shame* holdes thy tongue
 From such *deniall*; then, for shame, expresse
 Thy loue to *right*, and doe thy *Liege* no wrong,
 But say, long may our *Crowne* to him and his belong.

2. Sam. 7. 7.

His precious *Veines* doe flow with our deer'st *bloud*;
Bone of our *bones*, *Flesh* of our *Flesh*, is he:
 If he by vs, then, should haue beene withstoode,
 We had withstoode our selues; and curst bee
 The *band* that with the *head* doth disagree.
 Beyond his birth, he was a *King*, in right,
 And borne to beare *rule*, in the high'st degree,
 Whole *band* and head endowed are with might
Scepters and *Crownes* to weld, and weare a right.

And giue we her, her due, that now is gone,
 Who had in her a World of *Princely Parts*:
 Yet shee hath left her *World*, and *Worth* to one
 Thats Master of himselfe, and of the *Arts*
 Which *Art*, and *Nature*, but to *Kings* impartes:
 And as this *Queene* was oft from death preserv'd
 When in his lawes he had got all her *partes*,
 So was this *King* from like distresse conserv'd,
 And both (no doubt) for *Englands* life reserv'd.

And right well worthy of the *Crowne* is hee,
 Were it more decre then *Casars* *Diadem*
 (When envious *World* did him her *Monarch* see)
 That never did molest our *Queene*, and *Reame*,
 That might with *bloud*, for *bloud*, haue made it streame:
 That *God* that tenders all that tender *bloud*
 Blesse him and his for it, and make his *Stemme*
 Yeeld many *Braunches*, that may ever bud,
 And bring sweete fruit, for *Scottish-Englands* good.

Much

Much *Bloud*, though drawne from *Heavens* vnholly *foes*,
Seemes irksome (if not loathsome) to their sight:
For, when iust *Dauid* thought their *Arke* t'inclose
Within a *Temple*, with all glory dight,
(Which hee (in *zeale*) meant to erect outright)
Hee was forbad by *Heavens* most holy *One*
For making *Bloud* to flow (though in their right)
And that *Tauke* put on peacefull *Salomon*;
Then peacefull be thy *Reigne* (deare *Lord*) alone
To build the *Temple* of true *Union*.

2 Sam. 7. 13.

But, though our *Bloud* were thus deere in thine *Eies*
(More deere then *Gold*, although a double *Crowne*)
Yet did our *fear* thy *Loue* with care surprize
And bee'ng our *owne*, we vs'd it as our *owne*;
For, safe we kept it, as to thee its knowne:
We lou'd thee so, as still we fear'd thy powre,
For, if a *wren* from vs to thee had flowne,
We (as supposing that hee ment to towre)
Would keepe him safe, for *loue* and *fear*, in *Towre*.

E: A:

Deere *King*, drade *Sov'raigne*, sacred *Majesty*,
And what *stile* els, a mortall *state* may beare,
We, truely *English*, doe but liue to die
For thee, for that thou (stirred) didst not steere
Thy *powre* against our *peace*; but didst indeere
Vs to thee, by thy peerelesse patience showne,
True token of thy *loue*-begotten care
Of *us* and *ours*; as if that *loue* alone
Had held our losse of *bloud* (astis) thine *owne*.

Had not our *blonds* beene precious in thine *Eie*,
Thou mightst (perhaps) haue made vs buy it deare
Or made thee *heire* apparant publicly,
As *Iustice* would; but crost by *private* *fears*:
Stories swarme with *Examples*, farre, and neere,
That many further off, and of lesse force
To catch at *Crownes*, would *heires* thereto appeere,
Or pull of *Crownes* and *heades* of them perforce,
That, wearing *Crownes*, crost their vnblest course.

A Preface.

But thou (to thy true glory bent said)
Though having *hands* of powre to reach a *Crowne*
Thou didst thy selfe containe, and praid, and staid,
Till now in peace thou haste it for thine owne;
And still may *thee* and *shine* by it be knowne:
That *Scots*, and *English*, no more may be *swa*,
But made, by *true-loves* artlesse Art, all *ove*,
As *Nature* hath made vs, and *Coutry* too,
Both which to vnitie vs both doe woo.

So neighbour *Nations* seeing our concent
Shall stand in awe of our vnitd *powr's*;
And (of our *friendships* glad) shall vs present
With precious *gifts*, and all that *love* alures;
So all, as *friends*, while friends we are, is ours:
And may hee bee a *terror* made to all,
That twixt vs the least *discontent* procures;
And as a *Monster* most vnnaturall,
Let odious bee his damn'd memoriall.

If wee, when wee were but halfe, what we are,
And had a *woman* to our *soveraigne*,
Were able all *foes* at their *dores* to dare,
VVhat may we doe, when over vs doth raigne
A kingly *King*, and one *Realme* made oft waine?
If ever therefore twixt our *Fathers* were
(That now are rakt in dust) cause to complaine,
Let it be rakt with them, for wee are cleere
From wronging each, and each to other deere.

Both subiect to one *Soveraigne*, then draw wee
Togeather kindlie in *subiections* Yoke;
God, and our *King* will ioy, if wee agree,
But greive, if we each other shal provoke,
And make vs feeble their *wrathes* resistlesse stroke:
Then dwell in our *harts*, for *ioyes* cordiall
(VVhich nothing but your *sorowes* can revoke)
Haue made them large ynough to hould you all,
And lend vs yours, to doe the like withall.

A Preface.

3

Call for them when yee will, they shal be yours;
Together with the *Treasures* harbred there;
But take our *harts* for now they are not *ours*;
But yours for ever, let vs then endeere
V to you ever, who are to vs deere:
My voice, though base, to highest *Concord* tends,
Then tis in tune (I trust) to ev'ry *Eare*:
If it be harsh, my *harts* shall make amendes,
For it doth relish *Love* which nere offends.

Then weigh our *Princes* (our *Peace*) with *Uprightnesse*,
And presse him to no more then *that* will way,
For, (if not too perverse) we must confesse
Our best *requests* sometimes may haue a way;
For better ends; which he may not bewray:
It is no ease for *one* two *friends* to please,
V When both, perhapps, doe but for *one* thing praie;
Then die, & die ere ouce him so displease,
As to wige *that*, that may his *harts* diseale.

Wee may not
aske God why
he (sometimes)
denies our re-
quests; but be-
cause hee is as
good, as wise,
suppose it is
for the best:
no more
cought wee a
wife & good
King, &c.

O that I had a *Soule*. enchanting *Tongue*,
That with an *Eare*. bewitching violence
I might perswade to all that doth belong
To perfect *Love*, and true obedience;
Sith our *felicitie* must flow from thence:
If so it be, then nought the *Vill* can moue
To loue, if *obstacles* of such excellence
cannot allure the *Mind* and *will* to loue,
As the *felicitie* which now we prove.

Our *King* comes not to our late barren *Crowne*,
Himselfe alone, but brings a fruitfull *Queene*,
And (*Englands* comfortes) children of their owne,
By which the *State* ay stablisht may be deene;
Then blest are wee, if ere wee blest haue beene
O let vs then blesse him whose blessednesse
Hath (when our *sinnes* expected sorrowes keene)
Preserv'd vs both from *worres*, and wretchednesse,
And let vs loue, in *Soule*, and singlenesse.

Giue vs your *Danghters*, and take *ours* in marage;
 That, *Blonds* so mixte, may make one *flesh*, and *blond*;
 We will not *yours*, then doe not *ours* disparage,
 But ballance all by *worth*, and *Linely hood*,
 By *Vertue*, *Beauty*, and what ere is good:
 Each bend his *wittes*, and all his *industrie*,
 To make all *one* in *body*, *minde*, and *mood*:
 Then *God* will blesse all, bent to *unity*,
 And plunge vs all, in all felicity.

If *Concord* makes of weake, most mightie *things*,
 And *Discord* of most mightie, *things* most fraile;
 If *subiects* *peace*, and *glorie* be the *Kings*,
 And their *Disgrace*, and *strife* his *disavaile*;
 Then o let my weake *words* strongly preuaile
 To strongest *peace*, (that makes weak' *th* weaknesse strong)
 Then, nought shall dare our daring *peace* t' assaile;
 But we shall right *th* oppressed *Neighbours* wronge,
 And make them holde their *owne*, as we doe, longe.

As when a humane-flesh-fedd *Caniball*
 Hath singled out some *weakling*, for a *Pray*,
 And by the power of some *Knights* (armed all),
 Is sker'd (at point to feede) with a *kath* away;
 So from *th* oppress't, we shall oppressers fray;
 And be as *Gods* *Linnetenants*, heere belo,
 To see his highest *justice* done each way,
 That *Heau'n* by vs may make the *Earth* to kno
 We are *Heau'n*-holpe, to helpe all wronged so.

PROV. 24. 11.

Whiles *Myne*, and *Thyne*, did disvnite our *Crownes*
 (Two *things* for which, the *Sire* and *sonne* will iarre)
 There was some cause, sometimes, of secret *frownes*,
 That ended too too oft with open *warre*,
 But now both *We*, and *They* vnited are;
 And, surely to sustaine that double *Crowne*,
 Three *Proppes* we haue, (*Ambition* so to barre)
 Made of each others *substance*, so, our *owne*,
 Then what remains but still to *loye*, as *One*.

A Preface.

7

The *Lion* to the *Dragon's* reconcil'd,
That whilome did vpon each other feede;
Ierusalem, hath *David* (erst exild)
Free denized, & *King* proclaim'd with speede;
Whose *Members* dance for ioy of that iust deede;
His *King* is now, according to his *Hart*,
VVhich, with, saue goodnesse, nothing is agreed;
He is a *King* in *all*, and in earth *part*,
By *blood* (without blood) *Nature*, *Minde*, and *Arte*.

2. Sam. 6. 14.

Fortune that crost the *will*, and *worke* of *Nature*
For many *yeares*, hath now made her amends
By making vs, (as we are) one, in *nature*,
And of vnfaithfull *foes*, most faithfull *friends*;
That *Hand* on whose direction all depends
(Disposing *Crownes* and *Kingdomes* as it lists)
Hath made vs one, I hope, for endlesse *ends*;
Then curst be he that *Heau'n* herein resists;
And blest be him that *it* therein assists.

And, though I be no *Seer*, yet let mee
(Out of my darke foresight in *things* future)
Speake like a *Seer*, that can such things see
that may be seene without the *seeing* pow'r,
And their like, seene of blind men ev'ry how'r:
If *sinne* crosse not the course of *Heau'n* herein,
Our *Land* (that flowes with *Hony*, *Milke*, and *Flowre*)
Shall be an Earthlie *Paradise*, wherein
Plentie, and *Peace* shall woo from, and to *sinne*.

But *Plenty*, like an *Eane*-enticing *Snake*,
Shall tempt vs with the *Eye*-delighting *fruits*
Of all *voluptuousnes*, which if wee take,
There is a *power* that can our *fortunes* sute;
VVith *Adams*, when hee *Eaden* was cast out;
And, with stil-lweating *sorrow*-furrowed *Browes*,
To liue, or begge, or starve if we be mute:
For nought hath roote so fast, or gaily growes,
But *Heau'n's* least pisse extirpes, and overthrowes.

A Preface.

O tis perfection next to that of Gods,
When Men are compass with all sensuall *forerides*,
Then, then, to make the *Will* to know the odds
Betwixt that *sweete* that lasts, and that that *fleetes*,
And so restrain *harts* ioy when *pleasure* greates
An abiect *Slave* will glote his greedie Maw
VVith what so ere his *Sense* with *freest* greetes,
If he can (snatch it, but great *Adynies* withdraw
Their *Wills* from such base blisse, by *Glories* law.

Anoble and
good hart will
haue conside-
ration of his
meate & diet.
Eccl. 30. 25.

A *Beare* will breake her Belly, if shee may,
So *booby* be the *meane* to doe the deece:
And so will *Men-beares* doe, as well as they,
If they care hoonied *sweetes*, themselves to feede,
VVhomake it their *Minds* laboure onely meede:
Basse humane *Beasts*, how senselesse is your sense
That will gainst *sense* and *Reason* to excede!
Base is your *minde*, worse your *intelligence*,
Odious to God, and vnto *Man* offence.

Eccl. 10. 17.

If *Lander* are saide to flourish, and reioyce
Vnder new *Kinges*, though oft worse then the old,
How may this *Land*, as if shee had made choise
Of hir *Liege Lord*, (that now the same doth hold)
For vertue onely, ioy him to infold!
If *Soules* extreame ioy makes the *Body* dance,
(VVirtnesse *sweete P'sonist*) then, deere *Liege*, behold
Thy *subiects* iecture at thine enterance,
And be assur'd they besse this blessed chance.

Note Simil.

And see how *Vertue* pulls to, and putts fro,
Like to the *Load-stone* whose *North-point* attracts
And *South-point* putts off, what the *North* pulls to:
So thou (*North-point*) by right and vertuous Acts
Dost draw our *Crowne*, and vs to thee contracts:
And those *South* from thee (that in show might draw)
By *Vertue* mou'd (as loathing bloudie facts)
Put off the *Crowne*, (before their head it saw)
To thee, whose vertue breeds their *long* and *awe*.

See

A Preface.

See, see how Mother *Natures* totall *Body*
 Doth (as inspired with a second *Soule*)
 Exult to see thee weare the *Crowne* vnbloudy!
 See how the *Orbes* of *Heav'n* doe slowly roale
 To slacke *Times* course, which they for thee controule!
 The host of *Starres*, with *Sol* their *soveraigne*,
 Fight, all affects malinious to ore-rule:
 The *Elements* renew their force againe,
 To blesse with *plentie*, thy thrice-blessed *reigne*.

Our *Fields*, are clad in three-pil'd *Greene* in *Graine*,
 (Three pil'd for thicknesse that none sees the *Ground*:
 In *Graine* which no *Land* can (for goodnesse) staine;
 Like ioyfull Sommer-*Queenes*, they thus are gound
 To see their *King* (by whom they flourish) cround:
 VVho will for thee such *larges* throw about
 (VVith open hand) that *Beggars* shall abound
 VVith fill of *Bread*; yea all the *Land* throughout
 Shall glut her *Children* with *Milke*, *Floure*, and *Fruit*.

Corne.

Behold our *Heards* crowning our gorgeous *Dowes*
 VVith *Diadems* of rich and rarest *Wool*!
 See how the virgin *Lambs*, in milke-white *Gowes*,
 Doe skip for ioy (whereof their harts are full!)
 No *Beast*, nay not the *Ass* (though nere so dull)
 But in his voice (though vnarticulate)
 Salutes these times, and vp their *spirites* pull;
 So, *Arise*, and *Waire* *Flocks* congratulate
 Thy fortune blest, to staie this sincking *state*.

Psalm 144. 13.

Pro. 37. 36.

No *Beast* is backward in this common ioy,
 But the slowe *Oxe*; and hee with open *Throte*
 Complaines, for that *Mew* will him now imploy
 More then before; yettunes a doubtfull *Note*
 That none may him directly grieved note:
 For, he (though nere so blunt of wit and *spite*)
 Cannot but know (except hee can but dote)
 That his whole *Tribe* might have beene bucherd quight
 To feede huge *Hests*, if thou hadst not thy right,

D

Ore

Our *Houndes* and *Hankes*, with *Spaniels* them among,
 Together drue their Heads, so to decree
 (VVith Triumph such as to them doth belong)
 How th'one should *runne*, and *crie*, the other *flee*
 To sport their *King*, for their *Sportes* libertie.
 They fear'd their *game* had beene expired quight,
 And that their owne decay they soone should see;
 For no flesh comes amisse t'a hungry *wight*
 That hunts for *Flesh* for neede, not for delight.

The person
 that is ful des-
 piseeth an ho-
 ny-combe but
 vnto the hun-
 gry Soules (as
 hunger-bittē
 Soldiers) eve-
 ry bitter thing
 is sweete.

Prov. 27. 7.

The *Rivers*, dallying with their beaution *Banckes*
 VVith voice of comfort, whisper in their *Eares*
 That *Swans* shall decke them now, not *Soldiers* Rancks;
Swans, whose sweete *Songs*, shall banish *fears* and *seares*,
 And both ioy-drown'd do interchange sweete *Teares*;
 Each silver *Prill* gliding on *golden Sand*
 Transmuted so, by these new *golden yeares*,
 Oreflowne with ioy, doth laugh vpon the *Land*;
 VVhich as with blisse entraunēt, amaz'd doth stand.

The senslesse *Trees*, with sense of ioy past *Ioy*,
 Send, through their Buff-skyn *Barks*, their *myce* in *Teares*;
 VVhich ere they fall, blithe *Nature* doth imploy
 In *Buds*, and *Blossoms*, so that each appears
 Smiling on all, and *Reubes* of Triumph weares:
 So, all doe weepe and laugh, and laughing weepe
 That *earth* (the *Lade* of *Elementals*) beares;
 And as an *holy-day*, this *yeare* doth keepe,
 Drownd in a *Sea* of hoonied *pleasures* deepe:

The *Seasons* of the *yeare* in counsell sate,
 VVhich of the *four* thee first should entertaine;
 VVho all decreed the *Spring* (as chiefe in state)
 Should welcome in thy comming hereto raigne,
 And decke our *Triumphes* for our *Soveraigne*.
 Among the *Monies*, *March* was thereto assign'd
 Yet hee refus'd, till hee his *pusses* restrain'd,
 And having spent his *spight*, to wit, his *winde*,
 In fine, he welcomes thee in mildest kinde.

The

A p̄face.

The *Day*, and *Night*, straueth then for greatest might
VVhen thou should'st come this *Ile* of *Iles* to sway;
So greed, there should bee as much *Day*, as *Night*,
The *Day* to triumph in, the *Night* to play
VVith Heav'nly *Visions*, which sweete *sleepes* bewray.
Neptune now hugs his *Darlinge* in his *Armes*,
(This *Queene* of *Iles*) lest that his *Trident*'s sway
Should bee made subiect to her *Sceptred* *Armes*,
So, flatt'ring, seekes to shunne his feared harmes.

Her *Eies*, (witnesse mine *Eies*) *lights* of the *Land*
Oxford, and *Cambridge*, distill'd ioyfull *Teares*,
VVith *cries* among, for loe, the *Dofors* stand
(Prest with the *Presse*) filling the *Worlds* wide *Eares*
VVith *shouts* of ioy, that fainted late with *fears*;
Vp go their *Caps*, so *Gravity* for ioy
Doth light become, and *Age* like *Youth* appeares,
VVhich doubled mirth to see *Eld* play the *Boy*
And with *Cap* toft, till lost, to sport and toy.

Looke in the *studies* of the *younge*, and *old*,
Their wonted *studies* wee shall changed see,
For now the *Muse* their *beades* (deere *bars*) doth hold,
The while their *hands* are making *lines* agree
To meate their ioy, that cannot measur'd be:
Happy is he that can light on one *line*
That may expresse (and kisse it for a fee)
The thousandth part of what his *hart* doth line,
Namely that ioy, that no *name* can define.

Some bend their *brayes*, and wroth with their *conceits*
Doe scratch their *Cogitations* *hardest *Hold*
For having no *Words* in their rude *Receipt*
VVorth the bestowing, though the worst be *gold*,
VVhich is but *Drosse*, compar'd with what they would:
Some other write and blot, and blotting write,
So *thoughts* in *Blots* infolded, *thoughts* vnfold;
Bewraying so the *Worlds* of their *delights*,
Is more then *Worlds* of *thoughts* can well recite.

* The fore-
part of the
Skull.

And hee that best dischargeth his Soules charge,
 Doth it displeasingly, with much adoe,
 As when rare *Preachers*, with a blessing large,
 Discharge their *heavens*, thronging out they goe
 Thus with the *Gift* they sticke, and stumble too:
 (VVhen some by mine force from their *fellows* breake)
 So, *thoughts* in them, so one another woo
 To be out first, and so the same doe seek, e
 That in the *Portall* of the *minde* they sticke.

And those that breake out, come but stumbling out
 Nay, cannot stand, without some others stay:
 So, one each other stay in stumbling *doubts*,
 And yet no one can well his doubts lewray,
 For doubt he doth, say what his friend can say:
 He doubts his *Lives* may be (for *Loud* or *bare*)
 Led to his *Edge*, that can all faults display:
 Hee doubts their *worth*, and (carefull) doubts their *fate*,
 So *Doubts* distresse his *thoughts*, oppresse his *Pace*.

Learning and *Verne*, that did hang the *Head*,
 As if they had receau'd their doome of death,
 or had bin in a *Dream*, or rather dead
 VVith their kind *Nurse* deere Queene Elizabeth
 (Who did *the*, with hir *Crowne*, to thee bequeath).
 Lo, on the sodaine how they looke aloft,
 Being reviv'd (at point to render breath)
 And with the *Muses* tread the *Measures* oft,
 Meating their ioy with *feete* high-falling soft.

The *Braine* bredd *Godesses*, poore forlorne *Crowne*
 That still she feeds, which some, call broken-*Braines*,
 Some *Poets*, and some fellows fangled new,
 Some *Rimers* base (that all the *VVorld* disdaines)
 And other some, *mē's* plagues, (but they are *swaines*).
 these being well, neere out of hart before,
 Each to his *fellow* ioy vnfaired faines,
 Because they likely were to *Be* no more
 For being but (poore *Soules*) the *VVorlds* *Ex-sore*.

But when they heard with cheerefull *Trumpets* clange
 Thy peacefull name proclaim'd, as *Englands* king,
 They skip't & daunc't, and Heav'nly *Hymns* they sang,
 That *Angells* did admire their *Carolling*,
 Which made both *Heav'n* and *Earth* with ioy to ring:
 Each now retakes his late abandon'd *Pen*,
 And *Night*, and *Day* they plie it, pestering
 Thy Name with *Paine*, thy fame with more then *Alm*
 Maie beare, if they be not remade agen.

And who hath held their *Pens* from blott of *blame*
 And ever kept their *Muse* immaculate,
 Their conscience now takes comfort in the same,
 As if some *God* were come, (that *Vice* doth hate)
 With *Grace* their virtue to remunerate:
 As when the *Kings* of *Kings* shall come at last
 To giue all *Men* their *meeds*, in righteous rate,
 The good alone reioyce in their *lines* past:
 So perfect *Poets* now must comfort tast,

Now, their cleere *Soules* (free from distemp'ature
 That constantly ensues vncōstant *Vice*)
 Doe (*Angell*-holpe) draw *Lynes* divinely pure,
 To expresse their *Soules* prais-worthy avarice
 To draw their *King* to read their *Subiect* twice:
 They melt in *Nectar* of *Phrase* most refin'de,
 That may the *Pallate* of the *Soule* intice
 To tast and retast (in a greedy kinde)
 The *Sweetest* there mixt to recreate the *Minde*.

Healhs, now goe round among the *rude*, & *Civill*,
 The *Earths* best *blaud*, (that bettereth our *blaud*)
 Is suck't each where, and he esteem'd a diuill
 That will not drinke (to show his mery moode)
 A little more (perhapps) then does him good:
 If *Vine* were made to gladd the *haze* of *Maw*
 (Although our *gladnesse* needes no *wyn* shoud)
 Then now, or never, trouble about the *Caw*,
 Till *sober words* crie hoe, and no more can.

Psal. 104. 15.

Eccl. 31. 28.

When the
righteous are
in auctoritie
the people
reioyce: but
when the
wicked
bear rule, the
people sigh.

Prover. 29. 2.

* Psal. 144. 9.

A time there is for all things vnder *Sunne*,
A time for mirth, as well as to be sad,
The time for mirth is now; ev'n now begun,
Now wisest men with mirth doe seeme starke madd,
And cannot chooseth their hearts are all so gladd.
Then let vs be merry in our God, and King
That made vs merry, being ill bestadd,
Southampton vp thy cappe to Heaven fling
And on the * Viol there sweet praises sing,
For he is come that grace to all doth bring.

If thou did'st fault, (Iudge *Heav'n*, for I will spare thee,
Because my faults are more then can be call)
It did to greater *glorie* but prepare thee,
Sith greater *vertue* now thereby thou hast.

Psal. 67. 71.

Before our troubles we seeme goodnesse past,
But cold Afflictions water cooles the heate
VWhich Youth, and Greatnesse oft too much doth wast;
And Queenes are coy, and cannot brooke the sweat
That such beate causeth for it seemes vnswete.

God & King.

But yet thy worth doth wrest from what soere
thereto opposd, by vnseene violence
Acknowledgment of what in thee is deere
That is, the glory of much excellence
Fitt for the vse of high'st prebeminence:
The World is in the wane, and worthy Men
Haue not therein in each place residence:
Such as are worthy should be cherish't then,
And being overthrowne rais'd vp agen.

Pembroke to Court (to which thou wert made strange)
Goe, doe thine homage to thy Soveraigne,
VDeepe, and reioyce, for this sadd-joyfull Change;
Then weepe for ioy, thou needst not teares to faine,
Sith late rhime *Eies* did nought els entertaine:
If I mistake thee nor, and thy best part,
Thy vertues will thy Lieges favoure gaine:
For, *Vertue*, vertue loves, as *Arte* doth *Arte*;
Then will hee loue thee (*Lord*) for thy desert,

Thy

Thy *Sire* and *Grand-sire*, were two mightie *Peeres*
 That were strong trustie *Pillars* of this *State*:
 Thou hast what they had, thy *want* is but *poverty*,
 Yet *Art* in thee doth *Time* anticipate,
 And mak's thee being yonge, in old estate:
 For lo, thy *Judgments*, iointes are strongly knitt
 And in *Artes Limbeckes*, thy all-learned *Pate*,
Wisdom extraicts the *Quintessence* of *VV*
 To make the same for his *employment* fitt.

Hold vp your hartlesse *Heads*, and headlesse *Harts*:
 All yee whom *Time* and *Fortune* did suppress;
 Hee's come, hee's come, that *Life* halfe dead reverts,
 Deere little *Lord*, great in too great distresse,
 (VVith smoothed front) goe kisse thy *happinesse*.
Ladies, and *Lords*, purse-pinched, and *Soule*-pain'd,
 Poore, Rich and all (rich in all *blessednesse*)
 Bless him by whom yee haue till now remain'd
 To tast these *Tymes* which yeeld sweet *ioyes* vnfaïn'd.

High humbled *Lady*, high though humbled,
 High by thy vertue, humbled by thy *Crosse*
 By *Fortune* lift vp, and downe tumbled,
 Two (ô speake *VV*orld) had ere *one* such a losse
 As shee had of two *Pheares*, who did engrosse
 The richest *VVares* that *Arte* and *Nature* sold,
 Yet *Fortune* in their fines was over-crosse,
 For both vntimely shee return'd to *Mould*.
 Yet, *Lady*, new be cast in *Comforts* Mold.

Yee seemely *Senators* that *God* do feare
Vertues true *Lovers*, *Bloud*-detesting *Sages*,
Peace & *Rights* friends, (as now doth wel appeare)
Load-stars to this, *Lights* to the after *Ages*
 Reioyce you may, for, your well-erned *VV*ages
 (Earned of your late *Mistrie*) he will pay
 That's now your *Master*; the with harmeles rages
 Of zeale infam'd exult, and with vs say
 Blest be *King James*, our *King*, our *joy*, our *Stay*.

Mount-Ioy, let *ioy* now mount as high as *Heav'n*,
 For now thy (long-left) *land* is *Heav'n* become;
 Come; come away, the *Fee* to flight is driv'n,
 Hasten thy comming, *hie*, o *hie* thee home
 that *ioy* (though nought elsē) may thee overcome
Moses decree *lone*, *Mecanas* to their *lones*,
 Thy *King* vnto this *kingdome* now is come,
 And like the *sunne* in our new *Heaven* moues
 To comfort thee and all that *glorio* *lones*.

If wee that still liue here doe *Heav'n* it hold,
 VVhat wilt thou thinke it with that *Hell* compar'd
 VVhere yet thou liv'st, among deathes manifold,
 (VVhich for our safety thou hast long endur'd?)
 Thou sure wilt thinke no *Angell* now doth ward
 The *Esterne Eden*, plac'd now in the *North*,
 But, *Scots* and *English-men*, the same doe guard
 And therein liue; then come *Heroicke Warb*,
 Attend thy *Liege* till he resends thee forth.

Mecke-harted *Worcester* friend of Humanity,
 Honor'd for *honesty*, so rightly honored;
 Gods white-guilt *Whiteguise*, glory of *Prelacy*,
 Buckhurst our *Treasurer*, royally treasured
 VVith richest *Rules* of *Rule*: *Egerton* famouzed
 For loue to *equity*: chiefe iustice of the *Land*
 Bold *Popham* resolute, for thy friend, for thy *Head*,
 Striue, striue, o striue to make fast *Peaces* Band,
 That you (obeying) may in peace command;
 So you by it, and it by you may stand. }

Great harted *Heros*, great *Northumberland*
 Furnish withall that may make great a *Peere*;
 And *Tetbys* true-loue ventrous *Cumberland*;
 Together with the rest to *England* decree
 Deere *Peeres* let now your peerlesse ioy appeere:
 Goe *Lords*, goe meete your *sans-Peere* *Soveraigne*,
 And tell him *ye* are *his* while *hee* is here,
 And when he leaues the *Earth* for *heav'nly* raigne
You and yours will be *his*, whiles *they* remane.

A Preface.

17

Thou lively Image of our *Worlds* perfection,
Our little *Worlds* great *Paragon* of fame,
Both taking *being* (by the *Heav'ns* direction)
In one selfe *wombe*, that both should be the same
In *Spirite*, in *vertue*, *nature*, and in *name*,
This *World* begins to cotton now for thee,
For whom the *World*, sometimes, was much to blame:
Vertue, deere *Sidney*, now advaunc'd shal be
Sir *Vertue* knowes no partialitee.

Sir Phil. Sida.

Sir R. Sidney.

Thou virgin *Knight* that dost thy selfe obscure
From *Worlds* ynequall *eyes*, and faine wouldst dy
Er' thy *name* should be knowne to *Worlds* impure,
Now shew thy selfe, thou canst not hidden lie
From our new *Worlds* desert. out-searching *Ese*.
Great *Sidneys* loue (true prooffe of thy great worth)
Live now, for now thou maist not living die,
Vertue must vse thee, then (*Dyer Knight*) comeforth
To haile thy vertues *Loadstarre* from the *North*.

Sir Ed. Dy.

And Albions *Scæva*, whose crosse wounded Corse
Like t' an imbalmed dead-Corpe in aspect
Twenty times dead, yet still hast vitall force,
And so dost cousin *death*, through *deaths* defect,
Yet scornst, nay hat'st thy *life*, in *Fames* respect:
Vp with thy *Coate of Steele*, its time for thee,
No *foe* is now in field, and in effect
Thy *Veines* are drie, thine *eyes* do dimmiely see,
Then ioy in *peace*, with *life* at last agree.

Sir Ed. Wing-
field.

Great *Maiestie*, last let the least, of all
Thy Subjects least, send from his hart a *signe*
Of that it holds and whiles it is, it shall;
That is, that loue thou only maist define
By that vnbounded loue (to vs) of thine!
I haile thee happy *Sov'raigne* from a farre,
Vnworthy to approach thy view of *Eine*,
Saying blest be him that blessed thee from warre,
To be our *peace*, in whom we blessed are.

The light of
the kings coun-
tenance is life:
& his fauour
is as a clowde
of the later
raine, *Prover.*
16.15.

E

And

And bethine *owne*, though others praise come short
 O sacred *Sou'raigne* Soule of *Englandes* ioy,
 Let matchlesse vertues, *Virtues* praise report,
 V Which thou alone dost questionlesse enioy:
 The *Vulgars* laudes thine *Eares* doe nought but cloy,
 The *Canoue* of a *Crowne* may cause that *winde*,
 V Which froward *Fates* haue power to destroy:
 But that pure *praise* that's due to thy pure *Minde*,
 From *Fates* is free'd being of immortall kinde.

V Well wot'st thou *Princes* liues haue much more force
 Then purest *Lawes*, their *Subiects* to refine;
 For, *Subiects* follow still their *Sou'raignes* course,
 As, *Sunne*-like *Marigolds* doe *Sol* diuine,
 V Who lose their grace when hee doth cease to shine:
 This makes thee shun, what may ecclipse thy light,
 Because thou lead'st all by that light of thine,
 And striv'st to glitter in all vertue bright,
 That all might haue thereby direction right.

Though at thy becke be all *sens*-pleasing *sweetes*,
 Yet art thou pleas'd with what thy *sense* containes,
 In *Straights* where *Abstinence* with *Reason* meetes,
 Which head-strong *Appetite* (*Synne-spurred*) raignes,
 And binds thy *Passions* in Soule-staying chaines.
 Thus *Reason* strictly ruleth thee, we see,
 V Which over thee (as thou reign'st ore vs) raignes:
 If *Reason* thou obai'st, much more should wee,
 That are borne to obey *Reason*, and thee.

How came I with thee to bee so acquainted
 That so I should discribe each part of thee?
 Thy *Booke* wherein so liuely thou art painted
 (*Deere Liege*) I once (joy-ravished) did see,
 For which I shall, till death the better bee:
 Then saw I thee, and then I heard thy *VVordes*
 V Which with *Gods*, and thy glory, did agree,
 And *Charity* beliefe to them affords,
 Sith thee knowes nothing that with them discords.

And

A Preface.

19

And if the *Bookes* compil'd by vs, do beare
The *Image* of our *Mindes*, (as thou do'st say)
Then in that *Booke* that *Image* doth appeare
Bright as the *Sunne* (in *Vertues* best araye)
To light all *Kinges* to keepe their * *Kinges* high *Way*:
No *Sentence*, *Line*, *Clause*, *Word*, or *Syllable*
Therein contain'd, but doth pure *thoughts* bewraie:
Then, sith thy *Minde* is to it *semblable*,
No *Earthly King* is to thee *futable*.

* 1. Tim. 6. 15.
Rom. 9. 16.

Never was *Piety* with *Policy*
So well compon'd in the *Head* of *States*:
The *Serpents* wisdome many *Snakes* apply
To *Sores* of *Kinges* *Simplicity*, but hate
The *Dove*-like *innocence*, as out of date.
If *Piety*, and *Policy* doe iarre
(As some suppose) then can we bee *ingrate*
As not to crowne him that did end the warre?
Nor be compos'd by such a *Temperer*?

For, if from *Hartes* abundance *Mouthes* disperse
Vertue or *Vices* *Mammon* all abroad,
What may we deeme thee the, that did'st reherse,
Such *precepts*, as be seem'd a *Semi-God*,
How best the *Sonne* should beare an *Empires* Lode
(Which *weakenesse* oft, back-broken, vndergoes)
We needes must weene that *Virtue* makes abode
(As in her home) in thy *Hart*, sith it floes
VVith goodnesse like *Gods*, to thy *Friends*, & *Foes*.

How like a Lord of thy selfe do'st thou strive
To conquer *Passion* (*Princes* great'st *disease*)
In him that likely is thee to survive?
And, as an old-trade *Sea-man* tells at *Seas*
VVhat *Rockes* and *Flatts* a yong one may displease
Ere first he setts out, that he them may ihunne:
So, from thy *prosse* (for thy *Succeders* ease
Thou tell'st him (ere to rule he hath begune)
What *Compass* he should keep, safe *Course* to run,

E a

For

For *Empire* is a *Sea* most faire to see,
 But perillous to proue, as they best know
 That all their life-long to it bounden be,
 Subiect each *Tyde* to be orewhelm'd with woe,
 If not to wracke and finall overthrow
 Wherein thou dost thy course so wisely guide
 That like a skilful *Pilot* thou dost shew
 (By demonstration) how this *Sea* t' abide
 And safely faile, or else at *Anchorage*.

Then, o how blessed is this blisful *He*
 Whose *God* is *Love*, whose *King* is *Virtues* Host,
 Whose *Grace* and *Wisdom* (with an holy guile)
 Doth catch the *Leaſt* and bindsthem to him most,
 As to their *Pillar*, and vpholding *Post*!
 Who makes his *Subiects* great, as good, as great
 By his example, without *Checke*, or *cost*,
 And to vnequals equal *Law* doth meate
 With *Loves* right had, which stil doth bare defeatel

The *Fire*, as be'ng the nobleſt *Element*,
 Is plac'd, by *Natures* hand, aboue the rest;
 That, by it's active vertue prevalent,
 It might repurifie the worst, and best,
 That be inferior, or in lesse request:
 So thou art iustly plac'd (in *Natures* right)
 Aboue the great'st, that with thy vertue least
 Canst purge them from their greatest vices quight,
 And make them shine, through thy high vertues light,

Such *Kings* should be obaid, and glory-cround,
 Because their *Virtues* all mens elſe exceede:
 For, they that are in all abundance drownd,
 Yet, let no more in, then may *Nature* feede,
 And spare the rest for those that haue more need,
 O! these are rightly *Pames Superlatiues*,
 (Goe vpon *Earth*; that's *Kings* like *Gods* in deede)
 From whom the *subiect* vertue high derives,
 Whose *lives* are *Lights* to lead obſcure *lives*.

And

And, *Virtue* in a *King* is more of price,
 Then in a *poore man*, though most *vertuous*,
 For *Kings* haue more meanes to be drawn to *Vice*,
 And may, without controule, be *vicious*;
 But *poore-men*, not, for *Want*, and *Summum malum*;
 If *Sol* would *Venus* vie, what *Starre* comes not
 At becke, wel-neere, too neere to him, to vse?
 But if a naked *poore Snake* be so hott
 He may be coold, but so be coold, cannot.

VVhat glory gettes constrain'd *Sobrietas*
 (If glorie gotten be by *Virtue* right)
 Constrai'd b' imperious *Necessitas*,
 Other, then to be chafte for want of might
 In *Purse*, or *Parts*, or all the *Body* quight?
 VVhere's no *Fate* to oppunge what conquest ist?
 But where be many great *Ours*, there to fight,
 And with a *Kingly* courage them resist,
 O such an one is a true *Marsialis*!

How easie this is sedd, who doth not see?
 How *Arte* may picture *Virtue*, all perceauce;
 But to inspire hir with *vitalitee*,
 This none but onely *Gods* haue powr to geue,
 From whom alone *Shee* doth her life receauce.
 O, deere *Liege*, that I could, as faine I would,
 Make *Virtue* lively; then by thy good leave,
 Thou should'st not leave me (wretch) sicke then I could
 Leaué all the *World* to serue thee, as I should,

Then would I with a never vwearied *Eye*
 Help thee to watch from *wolues* thy *Flocke* to keepe;
 Thy *Flocke* is great, and *Wolues* may lurking lye
 In each darke *Corner* to deuoure thy *Sheepe*:
 But blest were he that would, & could diue deepe
 Into th' *Abyss* of ev'ry darke *device*,
 (While thou gav'st *Nature* necessarie *Deepe*)
 To feele their *Snares* to catch, & *Lures* t' inuice,
 So, make them knowne that would thee preiudice.

Die, die, to Hell blacke Hells inhabitants
 (Children of darknesse that envie our light)
 Albion's no place for such blacke Mischants,
 For God, and Man, there, with (not for) you fight:
 Then, doe your selues enscorse in endlesse night;
 There stand vpon your guard, guarded with Fiends,
 That guard & grieue you, both at once, with spight;
 There shall yee feele smart of Gods fingers ends,
 Sith diuine Iustice deeper nere descends.

Deere Loue, sweet Lord, goodnes-surmounting God,
 How stands this Land oblig'd vnto thy loue?
 This little-great Land, or great-little Clod
 Thou more regard'st (it seemes) the bea'w' aboue;
 For there thou plagued'st *Sine*, as Angels proue:
 But, though this *Ile* doth store on *seas* of *sinne*,
 Thou, mou'd with loue, sith it dost plague'st remoue,
 As if against the streame thou would'st it winne
 To perfect goodnesse, and to rest therein.

O bow our *Harts* of *steele*, make them well bent,
 That they may through thy *hart* shoot *shafts* of *loue*,
 And wound the same with loue most violent:
 But: what neede that, sith now the same we proue?
 But yet, sith thou such *shooting* dost approue,
 And, by thy *lawes*, alone its lawfull game,
 Let all the *shafts* of our *indouers* roue
 At thy *harts* whitest *loue*, sith in the same
 Consists our *game*, *grace*, *glory*, *ioy*, and *fame*;

*Gain*e, for all's gain'd in thy all-giving *loue*;
Grace, for Gods loue is mans extreamest grace;
Glorie, for thou do'st glorifie thy *loue*;
Ioy, sith they needs must *ioy*, whom *ioies* embrace;
 And *fame*, for *Fame* ensues the loue of *Grace*;
 All theie winne we, if we thy *loue* doe win:
 Then should we draw our *Soules* out of *sin*s *Cafe*,
 And, be'ng well bent, shoote *loue*-*shafts* at the *Pie*
 Of thy deere *loue*, which lies thine *hart* within.

* In God are
 all, sith with-
 out him are
 no loyes.

Orecome vs (*Lord*) in kindnesse, let thy *grace*
 Ever triumph ore our vngrac'oulnesse:
 So, weele triumph in that gracious *disgrace*,
 Giving all *glorie* to thy *gracion*(nesse,
 And, loue, and feare thy dread *almightynesse*.
 Let not these *Blessings* greater make thy *Curse*
 Against our inbred base *vngratesulnesse*:
 O let not thy *grace* make vs worse, and worse,
 But to be gracious let it vs enforce!

These super-supererogating *Workes*
 Proceeding from thy sup'rinducing *loue*
 Might make vs (though farre worse then *Iewes* or *Turkes*) *Math. 11. 27.*
 To entertaine them as thou do'st approue,
 And giue thy *loue* no cause *ours* to reprocue.
 Since borne I was, I saw but *sinne* abound,
 And thy *grace* ore abounding, which might moue
 A senselesse *stone* to sincke in *Teares* profound,
 Flowing from highest *loue*, in *Teares* ydrownd.

Thou deal'st not thus with the adiacent *Lands*
 (Although perhaps they haue provokt thee lesse),
Captiuitie hath oft bound them in *Bands*,
 And the *Destroyers*' *Sword* hath had egress
 Through all the *Members* of them, more, and lesse,
 Which did not *cut*, but *eate flesh* (*greedy sword*) *Deut. 32. 42.*
 Nor *shed*, but was *made drunke* with *blonds* *excesse*
 But to out *Land*, alone, thou do'st afford
Peace, *Plentie*, *Freedom*, *Health*, *Wealth*, and thy *Word*.

Yet from him sitting on the kingly *Throne*
 Vnto the *Slau*e that at the *Hand-mill* grindes,
 Others, by ciuill *Sword* haue beene orethroned,
 And *Majacres* of *Bodies*, and of *Mindes*,
 Haue beene performed in all hellish kindes:
 Vpon their *Walles* were *Woes* and *Wellawaies*
 Breath'd out with *groanes*, like hollow-voiced *winders*,
 Their *streetes*, with *strikes* through *soddaine slabs* *dismayes*,
 By *Nights* did eccho, and did ring by *Daves*,
 While *stormes* of *rage* did bloody *billowes* raise.

Ramus.

The venerable *Love* that *Time* and *Arts*
 Exchequer'd had, in one *Head* (rarely wrought)
 Was let-out by a *Dagger*, or a *Dart*,
 As good for nothing, but to bring to nought:
Verine was held a *Rebell*, and still fought
 But to be slaine, and so, by *Death*, embrac'd;
Vice was secur'd by that which *Vice* had wrought
 By *Vertues* helpe, by *Vice* now quite defac'd,
 So all, but *Vice*, then did, or were disgrac'd.

Paris, Rochel.

And heerewith keene-check'd *Famine* made away
 Through their best *Cities* bowels, so to bring
 Their *Bellies* and their *Backes* to kisse, and plaie,
 So to beguile the smart of *famishing*,
 Which in the *bellowes* of the Hart did sting:
Dogs, *Cats*, *Mice*, *Rats*, *stale Carion*, and *Horse-dung*
 (Where with perchance they *humane-flesh* did mingle)
 These did they eate, they were so hunger-stunge,
 Nay, dide for want of these, through *famine* long.

Thinke what it is to *Save*, and not to *Reape*,
 Or what to haue, what others haue in hold
 That haue no hold; yet *all* away doth sweepe
 And so by spoile of *all*, liue vncontrold:
 What tis to haue a *Wife*, yet haue thy *wife*
 To haue no *power* to doe, as thy *wife* should,
 But, to avoide the *Ravishers* rude *knife*,
 Cannot avoide the losse of more then *life*.

O could a *Man* behold, at one *aspect*,
 The many *Hells* attending *Cruell-warre*,
 He would suppose (no doubt) by the *effect*,
Hell had broke loose, and tane *Earth* prisoner,
 And vsd it worser then worst *Hell* by farre:
 For, if the *God* of *Heav'n* a *Realme* would damme
 Aboue the *Earth*, he neede but let it iarre
 Within it selfe; and then, no *Hellish* flame
 Can so torment with anguish, as the same.

Dis.

Diffing in nothing but in *Time*, and *Place*
 Saue that the *Sunne* light makes the grieſe the more;
 For it giues light to ſee the hidious *caſe*
 Of all, when all are almoſt drown'd in *Gore*,
 That, like a *Deluge*, o'reflowes *Sea*, and *Shores*,
 VVhich, if it might be felt, and not be *ſeene*,
Senſe would ſuppoſe the ſame to be leſſe fore;
 For *Sight* (the *Senſes* Sovereigne) would weene
 That, that is ſtill *vnfelt*, that is *vnſene*.

And but that *Woes* are priuileg'd from *ieſt*,
 I well might ſay (and yet but ieſt in ſho)
 That this *damnation* *Druels* more deteſt
 Then the perdition in the *Hell* belo;
 For there their vtmoſt *miſeries* they kno:
 And well they wor, if they (as theſe) ſhould iarre,
 Their *kingdome* (like theſe) ſhould to ruine goe:
 So they, much more then *Hell*, feare *civill-warre*,
 Becauſe a *kingdome* it doth more then marre.

The *Night* that *Nature* hath ordain'd for *reſt*
 Then yeelds no *reſt*, yet endleſſe *reſt* it giues;
 No *reſt* it yeelds, but kills both *Man*, and *Beaſt*,
 Yet *reſt* it giues, by reaving of their liues;
 So, *knives* bereauſe their *reſt*, chat *reſt* by *knives*!
Men go to *bed* (as to their *grave*) with breath,
 Where *Death*, ynwares, of *breath* the oft deſtrives;
 So, while they ſleepe in *life*, they ſleepe in *death*,
 True *Image* of the *life* in *Hell* beneath.

They diſeaſe
 thereby kil-
 ling, and eaſe
 them being
 killed.

For if in that *Hell* be degrees of *Woes*,
 As *Truth* it ſelfe affirms (with voice diuine)
 Then may theſe ſeeme to be the worſt of thoſe
 That loweſt *Hell* doth in it ſelfe confine;
 For, *weeping* and *Teeth-guſhing*, that *Hells* *Sigues*
 Is ſeene each *where*, where *civill Swords* doe rage,
 VVhich do the beſt-back *ſtates* in ſunder chine,
 And with *Hell*-like confuſion doe engage
 The brighteſt *Empires* to darke *Vaſſallage*.

As when the might'st *Balazeth* is come
 Into the *clawes* of some rude *Tamburlaine*,
 Hee's vsd more basely then the basest *Grooms*,
 Till he be forc'd to beate out his owne *Braine*
 Against the *edge* of his hard *Harts disdaine*:
 So, when the civill *Swords* vncivilliz'd
 In mightiest *Empires*, there it runnes amaine
 Through all, till all be with *Contempt* surpriz'd,
 Or, all doe end, ere so will be dispisde.

2 Kin. 17. 1, 2, 3 Thus whiles *Asbaha* hath her owne *blond* suckt;
 2 Kin. 16. 3. & And *Achaz* in the fire his *Flesh* did frie;
 2 Chro. 28. 16. Yea whiles *Samaria* on her *Walles* hath pluckt,
 * 1 Kin 6. 26. Her * childrens *Limbes* in sunder savagely,
 27, 28, 29. Devouring them with hunger greedily,
 Our *Milke* and *boony-flowing Palestine*
 Hath overflowne with all *felicitie*;
 Whiles *Envie* sought, but could not (saue repine)
 To hale vs from this *Sea*, with *Hook* and *Line*.

So wee alone (orewhelm'd in *Earthly Blisse*)
 Still diue in *Pleasures Streames* to finde new *loies*,
 Not knowing once what *Sword*, or *Famine* is,
 Nor the least thing that *Nature* ought annoyes,
 2 Sam 7. 18. Saue when we list to make *them* sporting *Toies*,
 VVhat are we (*Lord*) or what our *Fathers* house,
 That is by *thees* such *vvelfare* still enioies,
 As it doth seeme thy vvhole care's cast on vs,
 And to vs on'y wert most gracious!

VVhat endlesse *Peales* of *Praise* are due to thee
 From those to whom (as to vnworthy vs)
 Thou leavest not an headlesse *Anarchie*,
 As to the *Camballs* prodigious,
 A *Government* more then most monstrous!
 Gen 10. 6, 8, 10 Nor as to the *Tartarian Herdes* of *Cham*,
 11 ai. 16. 19. Nor *Swarmes* of *Tubal-gog* (most ravenous)
 But with thy *powre* divine, them v p ddest dam
 Farre off from *Albion* in the Land of *Hamel*

Our present *happinesse* shall more appeere
 (And long may it bee *present* and to *come*)
 Compared with the *state* wherein we were;
 At our grand *Ancestors* first calling home
 To civill life (that long did rudely *rome*)
 Their *common-weale* (if so it may bee call'd)
 VVas (like to *Romes* when *Sylla* rag'd in *Rome*)
 VVith *Rage*, and *Wronge*, and *lawlesse might* enthrall'd,
 And by each savage *Furie* ever galld.

The *greate* devour'd the *meane*, the *meane* the *lesse*;
 VVho could gripe hardest held *all* as he would;
 VVho crost his *will*, the *law* did then transgresse,
 For which he dide, or dying liue he should;
 So strongest *Theeves* themselves did *Princes* hold:
All was worse then it seem'd, yet seem'd all woe,
 For twas a *Nation* (which this *Land* did hold);
 That liv'd by one anothers overthro,
 Yet, for they liu'd together, seem'd not so.

I could, although my *Muse* were neere so dull,
 Be endlesse in this infinite *discourse*:
 But now, *Decorum* hy the care doth pull
 My forward *Muse*, and staies her in her course,
 Lest that a Booke her *Preface* wax perforce:
 It is ynough my *Booke* doth ore abound
 VVith tedious *lines*, if not with *lines* farre worse.
 Yet in well-borne *Prolixitie* is found
 That which abortiue *Brefenesse* cannot bound.

And for a tast (God graunt it may prooue tastie)
 Of what the *Muse* can doe now thou art come,
 That which ensues (though shee were over-hastie)
 Is her first *speech* since *Musing* made her dombe:
 This *Bras*, conceived in her barraine *Wombe*,
 Was made to moue by the *all-mouers* aide,
 And if *both* moue thee to like *all*, or *some*,
 I shall account my *Muse* the blessedst *Maide*
 That ever for an *Husband* so long staide.

Yer shee that next to *God* and thee hath right
 My *service* to command, commandeth me
 To be hir *Mouth* (to utter what shee might)
 vnto hir great *Protector*, next to thee,
 Ere that my short wing'd *Muse* doo further flee:
 My deereft Country *Wales* commandeth this,
 That in the depth of all *humilitie*
 I let hir *Prince* to know how ill shee is,
 For want of him, hir *Lone*, hir *Life*, hir *blisse*.

VVhat shall I say (deere *Liege*) I'm at a stand
 That haue so much (with little skill) to say;
Heau'n, Earth, Man, Beasts, Fish, Fowle, yea, *Sea* and
 Exults with vs, insults on those that may (*Land*
 And will not; curst be those I (cursing) pray:
 To curse *Gods* foes, and *yours*, is but to blesse
 those that be *his*, and *yours*, and both obay;
David did so, and *Davies* doth no lesse,
 Amen saie all, that loue true *blessednesse*.

John Davies.



To the high and mighty, Henry by the grace of
God Prince of Wales.

GREAT *Grandame Wales*, from whom those *Ancestors*
Descended, from whom I, (poore I) descend,
I owe so much to my *Progenitors*,

And to thee, for them, that vntill mine end
Thy *name*, and *fame*, Ile honor, and defend:
Sith *Ioy* doth passage to thy speech deny
(For that thy *Prince* thine *honor* doth commend)
Lest that thy *silence* might be tane awrie,
Mine Artlesse *Pen* shall thy Tongues *want* supply.

Did *Curious* more for *Rome*, then I for thee,
that willingly (to saue thee from annoy
Of dire *dislike*, for *ingratitude*).

Do take, vpon me to expresse thy *ioy*,
And so my *Muse* in boundlesse *Seas* destroie?
Yet, lo, deere *Grandame*, how my ne active *Lone*,
My little *All* doth (more then *all*) imploy
For thee, that thou by me thy *Prince* maist moue
to loue thee for the *ioy* he makes thee proue.

O then most gracious *Sonne* vnto that *Sire*,
VVhose *grace* doth glorifie both *Sire*, & *Sonne*;
Of thy great *grace* I (prostrate) thee desire

To cast thine *Eye* on mine *intention*,

Rather, then on my *Muses* action.

The *Burden's* waightry which shee vndergoes;
And shee is *VVenke*, and *Dull* in motions;
Then let thy lively *Soule* hir *Soule* inclose,
And give hir *youth* and *Spright*, that aged groes.

As when a *yongling* lieth by the syde

Of some old *Sire*, his *age* doth vertue draw

From his deere *youth*, that makes *Age* longer bide:

So mine *invention* old, cold, rude, and raw,

(Not able to digest *ought* in hir maw)

May by the quicke hereditary heate

Of thy yong *Muse* (that yciest *thonghs* can thaw)

In *Wales*, my *Countries* name, performe this feate,

And welcome thee to thy long empty *Seate*.

But ô ! I feele, but with the *thoughts* of thee,
 My frozen *thoughts* to melt, as with a *Sunne*,
 Whole comfort *Brutes Remyne* doth long to see:
 And through my *Nerves* I feele the warme *blond*
Fró hart, to *braines*, to heat invention. (runne
 Mount *Muse* vpon the wings of high desire;
 Runn *Numbers*, now my swiftest *thoughts* outrüne,
 That prostrate on my face (while you aspire)
 I may salute thie *Prince (Wales)* and his *Sire*.

VVelcome ten-thouzand times ye sacred *Paire*,
 Great *Atlas*, and *Alcides* of this *Land*,
 Vpon whose shoulders (safe from all impaire)
 The *Commonwealtb* thereof doth fixed stand,
 VVhich dext'rously your *Virtue* doth cōmand.
 Deere *Prince*, the weale of *Wales*, the *Brittains* blisse,
 By me (thine owne) *Wales* lets thee vnderstand,
 That shee desires thy princely *feete* to kisse,
 And praies, as for her *Heau'n on Earth*, for this.

Then come sweete *Prince*, thy *Principalitie*
 Doth long to beare thee on her blisful *Brest*:
 There shalt thou see the Hart of *Loyalty*
 (Loue-sicke) for want of thee in great vnrest;
 Then come (Deere *sweete*) and to thine owne giue rest,
 For, as an hungrie *Stomacke* bites the more
 The neerer *meate* is to the same addrest:
 So is thy *Peoples* longing made more sore
 To hold thee, now they haue thee, then before.

There shalt thou finde *Brutes* venerable *Stoocke*
 To loue thee, as the *Creame* of their best *blond*;
 For, all about thee wil they thronging flocke
 To tender thee their *Eyes*, to doe thee good,
 Such is the nature of their loving *moode*,
 As when a *Father*, fallen in decay,
 Doth see his *Sonne*, that giues him *Cloth* and *foode*,
Crown'd as a *King*, *Ioy* makes his *hart* her *Pray*;
 So will they ioy to see their *Ioy* to sway.

From

From *Owen Thewdor*, who from *Camber* came,
(From *Camber* Sonne of *Brute* who came frō *Troy*)
Art thou descended; and thy *Bellfres* name
VVas *Thewdor*: let vs (*Brittaines*) then enioy
Our owne in thee, in thee, our onely *loy*.
VVe haue bin long afflicted, and opprest
By those that sought our whole *Race* to destroy;
Then sith we are in thee so highly blest,
Let's haue our owne, thy selfe, to giue vs rest.

O come, and comfort vs, our *loy*, our *Peace*,
Let vs haue thee, then haue we all, in thee,
All that, that tends to *Peace*, and *ioyes* increase;
And in thy presence we shall blessed be;
For thou art blest, then in thee, blest are wee;
Sith blest thou art with all that *Heau'n* doth cast
Vpon the *Heau'n* of *Earthes* felicitie:
Our bloud in thee craues part of it, at last,
In recompence of all our sorrowes past.

VVhat shall oppunge this, our bloud doth cōvince;
Nature hath made thee ours, and we are thine;
VVe are thy people, and thou art our Prince;
Betwixt vs *Loue* will haue nor *Thyme*, nor *Myne*,
But the VVord *Oures* she doth to vs Assigne:
Our *Land*, our *Prince*, our *People*, and our *Lawes*,
Our *State*, our *Common-weale*, our *Hand*, *Seale*, *Signe*,
All ours, & nought but ours. (deere Prince) because
Both *Prince* and *People* clos'd are in this clause.

Then come *All ours*, blesse all ours with our *Eies*:
Plac'd in the *Head*, begotten by our *Head*;
VVhich was begotten by our bloud likewise:
Come, rule thou vs in that *Head*s place, & steede,
Till thou that *Head*, in his place, shalt succede.
Here shalt thou see, eas'd in poore *Coates* of freeze,
Rich Spirits of *Troians*, which on glory feede,
VWho, for they are, and rightly came of these,
Each with the nature of the *Stocke* agrees.

Our greatest *braverie* lies all within
 (Where greatest *Harts* do lone the same to haue)
 VVe say to braue an abieſt *ſpruce*, is ſinne;
 But, to be braue in *ſp'rite* is paſſing braue:
 VVe ſcorne a double-gilt baſe-mettled *Slane*,
 For we are harted, vvhole, true *ſouiaſts*,
 Making our *glorie* goe beyond our *Graine*,
 So to diſſolue *Obluſions* foggy miſts,
 And blind the *Eies* of ſquint-*Ed* *Satyrists*.

For, be it that we know no *Complement*,
 Other then ſuch as our decre *Ancients* knew,
 That's plaine, and ſimple, like our *barts* intent;
 Yee, if we pleaſd, we could be faſh' on new;
 Lou'd we not more our *Fathers* to enſue:
 We want nor wit, nor ſp'rit, nor *wealth* (perchance)
 Swift-flying *Faſh* on ſwiftlie to purſue,
 In *guize*, in *gate*, and courtly *dalliance*,
 At *Tilt*, each way, with *Lone*, or *Marſes* lance.

VVitneſſe our *Owen* *Thewdor*, who could giue
 True *demonſtration* how to court a *Queene*:
 Who from the ſeede of *ſone* did *grace* receiue
 To beare him ſelfe in her *Eie* beſt-beſcene,
 And made her *thoughts* a demy-*God* him weene:
 He ſo could draw the motion of her *ie*
 By *motions* ſeemely, which, in him were ſcene,
 That he alone beſt pleaſ'd her *fantazie*,
 As beeing full of beſt-grac'd *Maiſtie*.

Now, from the *Courts*, deſcend we to the *Campes*:
 And from *thoſe* elder *times*, to *theſe* of *ours*:
 There finde we (no leſſe currant for the *ſtamps*)
 WILLIAMS (worlds wonder for his natiue *powers*)
 Out-daring *Death* in many *ſanguine* *ſhowres*:
 The ſinging *Bullets* made his ſoule reioice,
 As *Muſicke* that the *hearing* moſt alures;
 And, if the *Canons* baſ'd it with their voice,
 He ſeem'd as raviſht with an Heav'nly noiſe.

Sir, Roger
 Williams.

And

And when the Fo-men's Muskets spight did spitt
Then would he spitt, in sport, at them the whiles
The Blowes his courage gaue, were plac'd by mist,
For VVist and Courage dwelt still in his Saile;
VVhile Cowardize, and Folly madethem vile
VVhose glory lay all in their Ladies Lappe,
And when he came to Court, at them would smile
Yea, smoothlie iest at their soft silken Happe,
Yet could, like Mars, take there somtimes a Napp.

Runne over all the Stories Tymes affoord,
Or prie vpon them with the sharpest sight,
VVe shall not finde one did more with his Sword
Then this braue Brittain, and true Trojan-Knight,
VVho putt' Achilles in his Tent to flight
By such an over-dareing Enterprize,
As all that that heare it, not belecue it might,
But that these Tymes haue seene it with their Eyes,
And that the same thereof to Heaven lies.

TP. Parma.

Quite through & through Deaths grizely Iawes hee ran,
And made a way through Horrors vgl'ist Hell,
Yea, danted Death, more like some God, then Man,
Vntill the Prince, and Death he did compell
To flie for life, which his sword sought to quell:
O Skynck how blessed wert thou in his loue
That drue thee on, through Death to Glories wall,
From whence the life of Fame doth flowing move
To all, that for her sake such Dangers prove!

Should I recount the pettie Miracles
By him performed, in his martiall course,
My words would scarce be held for Oracles:
Suffizeth me, the VVorld (that knew his force)
VVell knew his Hart was VVitt, and Valours Sources
And they that woult envie our Brittsish fame
Must needs thus much of him confesse (perforce)
That whatsoeuer from this Brittain came
VVas VVitt, and Spright, or favor'd of the same:

G

But

But, should I instance in *particular*,
 What *Truth* doth warrant for the *Brittaines* glory;
 I could (perhaps) runne vp their *Race*, as faire
 As *Ioue*, and finde them famoused in *story*;
 But, for in me it may be thought vaine glorie,
 Sith being one, my selfe I seeme to praise,
 I will desist, although my *soule* be fory
 I should desist from that which many waies,
 Might *Camber* crowne with everlasting *Baies*.

Thee come, sweet *Prince*, take thou vs to thy charge,
 And we, the while will take the charge of thee:
 Thou shalt thine office easily discharge,
 For we will more then most obedient bee,
 Which, to his comfort, thy dread *Sire* shall see:
 For, when *obedience* flowes from ardent *loue*,
 It is perform'd with all alacrities;
 Which thou in vs (we hope) shalt shortly proue,
 For with thy becke thou shalt vs stay, or moue.

If thou wilt come to vs, thou well shalt see
 Weele spare no *paine*, that may effect thy *pleasure*;
 For each one will be busie, as a *Bee*,
 To yeeld thee honied *ioie*, by waight and measure,
 And shunne (as *Hell*) the cause of thy displeasure.
 Weele plant our *Mountaines* with the rarest *Trees*,
 That may be culled from *Pomona's* Treasure,
 And all our *hedge-rows* shall be ranckt with these,
 To please thine *eye* with *what* with *taste* agrees.

Weele root vp all our *roughes*, our *heath's*, our *furs*,
 And, in their place, make *grasse*, & *cowslips* grow:
 VVe will remoue what thy *dislike* incurs,
 And with the *Mountaines* fill the *Vales* below,
 If by *Man's* powre, and *paine* they may be so:
 Nought shall offend thee, be it what it will,
 (Be it but mortall) if we it may know;
 For, weele bring downe the proudest *He*, or *Hill*,
 That thou shalt *doome* to be *scarfe* good, or ill.

Then

Then liue with vs (deere *Prince*) and we vwill make
Our wildest *Wasts* less-coulored *Garden-Plots*;
So, *Flora* will her flowred *Meades* forsake,
To set *flowres* there, in many curious *knots*,
To please thee and (our other selues) the *Scots*:
VVeele turne our Villages to *Citties* faire,
And share them twixt the *Scots*, and vs, by *lots*,
VVhereto both one, and other may repaire,
To interchange *Commodities*, or *Aire*.

VVeele clecue the *Mountaines Neptune* to let in,
That *Ships* may floate, where now our *Sheepe* do feede:
And, whatso-ere industrious *hands* may win
Shall not be *lost*, that may thy pleasure breede,
Or richer make our intermixed *Seede*:
And whereas now two *Townes* doe scarce appeere
Wuhin the largest *Prospect*; then, with speede,
They shall be built, as if one *Towne* they were,
That we may be to each as neere, as deere,

Those pleasant *Plots* where erst the *Romaines* built
Faيرة *Citties* for their *Legions* to liue in,
VVhole gorgeous *Architecture* was oreguilt,
That by the *civill Sword* haue ruin'd bin,
(*Which Ruines are the Monuments of sinne*)
These will we now repaire, faire as before,
That *Scots*, and *Brittaines* may mixt liue therein:
Caerleon, where king *Arthur* liu'd of yore,
Shall be rebuilt, and double gilt once more.

And all along her gaudy gallant *Streets*
VVeele go in triumph, singing once a day
God, and our *Princes* praises (*sweete of sweetes*)
Vpon our *Harpes*, like *Angels*, all the way,
For that our *Prince* is pleaid with vs to stay:
VVhat ist that loiall thankfull *Harts* can doe,
But we will doe, nay, do much more then thay?
Thus doe we *Brittaines* our *Prince* kindly woo
To rule vs, ere *misrule* doth vs yndoo.

If prowde we be (as *Pride* perhaps vvill say)
 How can wee choofe, now we haue fuch a *Prince*?
 Yet fhall we prowder be *him* to obey,
 Then prowde of our dominion, long fince,
 VVhen with our *Swordes* we did the *Land* convince.
 Wee were a *People* free, and freely fought
 For *glorie*, *freedom*, and *preheminece*,
 But now our totall glory fhall be fought
 In this, that we will ferue thee as we ought.

Beleeue not *Envy* (*Prince*) that vs purfues
 (Because fhee knowes our *Race* is halfe diuine)
 That will (perhaps) fay we our felues mifufe,
 And to *contention* over-much incline;
 This may be put on any mortall *line*
 By *Enues* malice; but thou fhalt perceau
 Our vice is *Wis*, and *Courage*-mafculine,
 With conftant kindneffe mixt; which *Brute* did leaue
 To *Camber*, from whom, we did it receiue.

Nor may it be harmonious to thine *Eares*
 To heare our *flacke* deprau'd by *Inurie*;
 For, thy deer'ft *blond* (as to the *World* appeares)
 Is foild thereby with odious *obloquie*;
 Then ftop their *mouthes* that breath fuch *blafphemie*:
 Let not our *plainneffe* be their *common-place*:
 To make them fport, in bitter *foolery*,
 For we hold *plainneffe* to be no difgrace,
 How ere, falfe-harted *Enues* may deeme it bafe.

I doe confefle yvee open-harted are,
 Scorning *Italian-hollow-hartedneffe*:
 Where we *deflike*, there fhew the fame we dare,
 And where we *loue*, we loue for nothing leffe
 Then that which tafts of bafe *vnworthineffe*.
Trey had no *Simon*, though the *Greeke* had ftove,
 Nor can her *Offspring* their crosse fortunes bleffe
 VVith creeeping to a *Deuill*, or adore
 A fenfeleffe *Blocke*, hough double-gilt or more.

VVe like *Civilitie* when it is dide,
In *color* which vwill take no *hue* but one,
That's *Blacke*, which still vwill like it selfe abide,
As well in raging *stormes*, as shining *Sunne*,
Till it doth change by dissolution:
VVe hate, as *Hell*, the fowle bi-formed *face*,
Because it alters its creation,
And thinke, that *glorie* hath her greatest grace
In *vniformitie*, and *keeping place*.

VVe are whole-chested, and our *Breastes* doe hold
A single *Hart*, that is as good, as great;
And that doth make vs in our actions bold:
For *Innocence* with feare doth never sweate,
How ill so ere the *World* doth her intreate:
Our *Kith*, *Kinne*, and *Aliaunce*, with our friends
VVe by the measure of kinde *nature* meate,
If so, we needs must loue thee, for these ends,
And, for our *happinesse* on thee depends.

O could I tune my *Tongue* vnto thine *Eare*,
That to my *Words*, might musicke seeme to it,
That so thou might'st alone the *Burden* beare
VWhich it requires, as it is requisit!
Then, should my *Note* be noted to be fit:
I speake for those, whose *Tongues* are strange to thee,
In thine owne *Tongue*; if my words be vnfit,
That blame be mine; but if *Wales* better be
By my *disgrace*, I hold that *grace* to me.

And better shall it be if my weake *lines*
Shall draw thee but one *urlong* thetherward:
For as, when in the *Morne*, *Sol* farre-off shines,
Yet cheeres vs with approaching hetherward
(But makes vs heauie going from-vs-ward)
So *Wales* will much reioice, vwhen thy *svete face*
Doth (though farre off) with fauour her regard:
Thine only *countenance* shall giue her grace,
And make her deeme her selfe in blessed case;
But ten times blest if she might thee embrace!

None otherwise then as a widow poore
 Vext with oppressions, and adversity,
 If some great *Prince* doo match with hir, therefore,
 To shield hir so from *woes*, and *iniurie*,
 Shee'l kisse his *feete* in *loues* humility:
 So shee (that like a widow long hath liv'd
 VVithout a *Prince*) our *Principallie*,
 VVill kisse thy *feete*, and be (halfe dead) reviv'd,
 If such an honyed *Husband* she had wiv'd.

Shee, good old *Ladie*, then (with youth rene w'd)
 VVould ioote it finely in blith *Roundelais*;
 No *Bellamoure* should then be better bu'd,
 For hir *Harts* mirth in hir *face* bloud would raise,
 That would deserue thy *Loue*, thy *grace*, thy *praise*;
 And, as inspired with a courtly *Spright*,
 Vpon the *foddaine*, would spend, *Nights*, & *daies*,
 (As *Dido* entertain'd the *Troian* Knight)
 In all that should or *thee*, or *thine* delight.

Thou shalt perceave, though she be far frō *Courts*,
 Clo'd in a *Cantone* of this blessed *Land*,
 Yet shee hath in hir *Trayne* some of all forrs
 Of either *Sex*; whereof some vnderstand
 The *Dialect* of *Courts*, and *Courts* command;
 To whom shee giues most royall *Maintenances*:
 For *pettie Kingdoms* some *Squires* haue in hand,
 VVho will the glory of thy *Courts* advance,
 Sith they themselves keepe *Demi-Courts* perchāce,

Then come sweet *Prince, Wales* woeth thee by me
 (By me hir forrie *Tong-man*) to be pleas'd
 To liue with hir, that so, shee may by thee
 Bee rul'd in *loue*, and ruled so, be eas'd
 Of what in former *times* hath hir displeas'd.
 The *Sheepe* their *Owners* keeping most approue;
 For, he will cure them, when they are diseas'd,
 With *Loues* right hand; But *Hirelings* (*Truth* doth prove)
 Doo keepe the *Flocke* for *Lucre*, more then *Loue*.

Ioh. 10. 12. 13.

Wales hir most vnnershie Solicitor JOHN DAVIES,

THE DISCOVERY OF THE
LITTLE VVORLD, VVITH
the government thereof.

Sith that thou hast so soundly slept my *Muse*,
Dreaming on that which thou before had'st dōe
Being awake againe, thy *Spirits* rowze,
To make an end of what thou hast begun:
Be'ng *rest*-refresh't therefore, now forwards run
With bright * *Apollo*; (pray him be thy guide)
Vntill thou touch the Tropicke of *Reason*
Where *VVisdome* puts *Plus ultra*, there abide,
For past that *point* to passe, is passing pride.

* Christ the
true God of
Wisedome, &
the onelie
Sunne in-
lightning our
Intelligence.

For our *VVill's* Baiard blind, yet bold, and free,
And, had she way made in hir maine *Carreere*,
sh'would runne into that *Light* that none can see
Saue light of *Lights*, to feele the *secrets* there,
Which *Angells* wonder at, yet not come neere:
But *Reas'ns* conduct is nothing safe * herein,
Therefore the *VVill* hath too iust cause of feare
Lest shee should runne into presumptuous *sinne*,
For which diuine *Angells* damn'd haue bin.

* The secrets
of the highest
Heaven are
farre aboue
the reach of
humane Rea-
son.

* Every know-
ledge hath its
beginning of
the senses,
which are of-
ten deceiv'd.
Therefore all
sciēces which
are deni'd &
fast rooted in
the senses are
vncertaine, &
deceitfull.

For since our *Proto-parents* lowest fall,
Our wisedomes highest pitch (God wor) is low:
But had they stood Hee had infus'd in all
His *VVord*, (selfe-*VVisdome*) which alone to know
Is to know all that *VVisdomes* selfe can shoue:
But since, the state of things is so vnstay'd
That *humane wisedome* stands it wotts not howe;
Vnsure in all; for, *Iudgment's* oft betrai'd
In that which *prooffe* before had well * assai'd.

But

But having tought the *Braine*, the *Soule*, the *VVill*,
 (All which (saue of the *soule*) can brooke no touch)
 It rests that *Reasons* *hasts* wee doe fulfil,
 To prosecute much more, or more then much,
 That *VVitt* for *VVill* wil willingly avouch:
 Th'al-giving *Giver* giveth al that liue
 (His *Creatures*) such *desires*, and *Natures* such,
 As for their good with good wil stil should strive,
 And shun what ere should them of it deprivie.

Beasts more the *Men* (the more *Beasts* me the while)
 Pursue that good that doth their natures fitt.
 To them for that (though they be nere so vile)
 Is highest *knowledge* giv'n, and they vse it,
 Thereby condemning both mans *VVill*, and *VVitt*:
 And yet hath *Man* a (synn-peruerted) *wil*
 To seeke that good he knowes most requizit,
 Who knowes & loues the good, yet takes the ill
 Oft for the good, but for the *evill* stil.

Yet as he was ordain'd to greater good,
 So greater *knowledge* was in him infus'd;
 With no lesse *will*, (were it not *synn* withstood)
 To seeke that Good; yet the *will* witt-abus'd
 When it hath found it, is oft *witt* a refus'd:
 Vnhallowed *sense*, drown'd in that damned *myce*,
 (*synnes* Syder) from *Eaves* fatall *Apple* bruiz'd,
 (Be'ing deadly drunck) makes stil the worser choise,
 Wherein (like *Sow* in mire) it doth reioyce.

Among the hoast of *Natures* creatures, bee
 Three kindes of *Appetites*, (there ay consorts).
Naturall, *sensitive*, and *Voluntarie*.
 The first divided is into two sortes;

* The vnder-
 standing abu-
 sed by the
 misreport of
 the inferior
 senses diverts
 the will from
 embracing
 good obie-
 cts to hir.

3. Kinds of
 Appetites in
 all creatures.

One found in all that to the *World* relortes:
That's *inclination* voide of *Sense* or *Soule*,
To doe what the owne nature most importes:
As *light things* mount, and *heavy* downwards roule,
Which nature, *Natures* selfe cannot controule.

The naturall
apetite two-
folde.

The other with this vertue *action* haue,
Which nerthelesse proceedeth not from *senses*,
To *Vegetative Soules* this, *Nature* gaue,
Which in *Trees, Plants*; and *Grasse* hath residence;
Who doe desire to sucke that *influence*
That feedes them, and avoides the contrary;
A *plant* will thirst for *moistures* confluence;
And draw to it all kinde humidity,
Retayning *that* it lives and prospers by.

Soules Vege-
tative.

The like in our owne *members* we obserue,
Who wanting *nutriment* doe sucke the *vaines*,
The *vaines* doe sucke the *bloud* themselves to serue,
Thus *each* attracteth *foode* when *need* constraines,
And all *things* living seeke the same with paines:
Hence we deuide this *naturall desire*
Into two *kindes*; the one, each *plant* retaines,
The other, *things* which *life* doth *sense*-inspire;
As *Man*, and *Beast*, and what doth els respire.

The naturall
desire how
deuided.

The *Seate* of this *desire* stands on two *feete*,
Which fixt are in two *places*; That's to say
The *liver*, and the *Stomacke*; there doe meete
The *forces* of this *Appetite* to slay
With *famine*, or with *foode* fraile *life* to stay:
The *sensitive desire* is two-fold too,
From *sense* the *first*, the *last* comes not that way,
The *first*, to *joy* and *griefe* is fixed so,
That no *force* can it from the *same* yndoe.

The sensitive
apetite two-
fold.

For in the *sinewes* (*Feelings* instruments)
 This pow'r is plac'd, or in the *Synewy skin*;
 And that the *Synewes* ioyes, or discontents,
 That wel, or ill, affecteth them within:

By *heate*, or *cold*, they *paine*, or *pleasure* wyn,
 As they to them are wel, or ill applied.

For *sense* and *motion* *synewes* made haue bin
 That by them *paine* or *pleasure* should be tride,
 And make our *Bodies* moue on ev'ry side.

Nor doe these *Appetites* wait on the *will*,
 Ne from the *Phantazie* doe they proceede,
 For wil we, nil we, we shal hunger stil,
 Whē *food's* with-drawn, that should our *Bodies* feed;
 And we shal feele what *sense* affects with speede,
 How ere the *will* or *Phantazy* impung;
 We may abstaine from *nurishment* in deede,
 But then thereby much more for it we long,
 And *Flesh* wil pine with *paine*, if hunger stung.

But th'other *Appetites* bredd without touch,
 Are forged by the *thoughts* or *Phantazie*;
 These, discrete *Nature* in the *hart* doth couch,
 Which be *Affectes* that lurke in secrecie,
 Be'ng *motions* of the *hartes Hart* properlie:
 These wait on *witt*, and choose or else reiect
 What it holds deereſt, or doth most deſie;
 So *VVitt's* the *cause*, and they are the *effect*,
 That loue, or loath, as *witt* doth them direct.

This *vvitt*, and *vvill*, the *Beaſts* doe not poſſeſſe,
 For their moſt knowledge is moſt *ſenſuall*;
 Guided by *Nature* in their *Brutiſhneſſe*,
 Onely by *inclination naturall*.

Which

Which moues their *sense* vn- intellectual,
Or this, or that way, without *Reasons* ^a sway;
Then *wist* and *vwill* their sense wee cannot cal,
Though *sensuall will* and *wist* we cal it may:
For *man* alone hath *both* to guide his way.

The *Voluntary Appetite* we finde
Is gott by *Reason*, and produc'd by *vwill*,
By it we are to *good* or *ill* inclin'd,
As *Reason* doomes of them by *Iudgments* skill:
Two actions hath the *vwill* in reason still,
By which we *good* embrace, and *ill* refuse,
Reason revealing what is *good* or *ill*,
Who rules hir not as though *vwill* could not choose,
But as one teaching Hir hir pow'r to vse.

As in the *Vnderstanding* and the *Minde*
Of *Men*, and *Angells*, God hath fixt his *forme*,
So to *Mannes* will ^b his loue was no lesse kinde,
That to *Gods* wil he might his *vwill* conforme:
Ah woel that *sinne* should since the same deforme
VVithout constraint! for *Hee* Her *freedome* gaue,
And did with *vnderstanding* her informe,
That *voluntarie* ^c *service* hee might haue;
As that, his nature most doth loue and crave.

For, as himsele doth nothing by *constraint*,
So he constraines ^d not those that him obays:
Lest that their *vwill* might haue cause of complaint,
For want of *libertie* it selfe to sway:
Those *prayers* please him not, *Constraint* doth say,
But true *obedience* flowing from the ^e *vwill*,
Then *vwill* should force her selfe (for so shee may)
His grations good will freely to fulfil,
Sith good he made hir loue, and loath the *ill*.

H 2

Then

^a Though
Beasts haue
much more
perfect out-
ward senses
then Men, yet
can they not
imploy them
reasonably as
Men doo.

^b Free-will is
not avoided
by grace but
establihed:
because grace
healeth the
Will that is,
giveth vs a
will to righte-
ousnes.
Aug. de spi-
ritu & litera.
Cap. 30.
^c That we doe
will well God
worketh of
himself with-
out vs, and
when we will
so well that
we doe accor-
dingly, God
worketh to-
gether with vs.
August De
gratia & libe-
ro arbitrio.
Cap. 17
^d God draweth
vnto him, but
he draweth
none but the
willing.
^e God giues re-

generate Men
free-will to do
well but the
reprobate
haue free-will
onely to doe
evill. Musculus
cōmō places.
Godlineſſe
hath the promiſes of this
life and that
to come.

When Man
pleaſeth God
God wil pleaſe
Man. All is to
be given to
God who pre-
pareth the
good-will of
Man to bee
holpen, and
helpeth i. be-
ing prepared.
Aug. Enchir.
ad Laurent.
Cap. 12.

These are
Beaſts in hu-
mane ſhape,
whereas the
Worlds are
full

Then *Justice* would that *God* man's will should doe
When *Man* doth *Gods* will, this exchange is iust
And *Gods* free-wil must needs subscribe thereto;
Sith it is free to doe that needes it must,
VVhich cannot doe the thing that is vniust;
For that were *bondage* free, or *freedome* bound;
Sith to doe *evill* but to haue a iust
VVere Vassallage to *Sathan* that *Hell*-hound,
VVhich *freedome* to doe *good* would quite confound.

But yet the *vill* hath many motions else,
Diverse *degrees* therein doe plaine appeare;
Some haue such open *harts* and wilful *vills*
As that they *loue* and *hate* through *paſſion* meete:
So, *Reason* their *Mind*s *Sterne* in vaine doth steere,
For *sense* they serve, and haue no patience
The seemeing neereſt *pleasure* to forbeare
For further *good*; but forth-with please their *sense*,
As *sensuall* *appetite* doth them incense.

But *vill* in others, so hir selfe commaunds,
And those *Pow'rs* to her *pow'r* subordinate,
That (being free) shee bindeth *both* in bands
And vnto *Reason* all doth captivate:
As, many *Droſſy*-drie forbeare to drinke,
Because they know their *ill't* would aggravate;
So, *vill* herein from her owne selfe doth shrinke,
And cleaves to that, that *Reason* best doth thinke.

The *Hea'ns*, and *Earth*, and all the *Elements*,
(And what besides *Man*, is of them compos'd)
Doo *GOD* obey in his *commandments*,
For, as *Hee* wils, so are they al dispos'd;

Yet never he himselfe to them disclos'd:
Then not from *knowledge* their obedience springes,
But from the *nature* in their *kinds* inclos'd;
Yet *Men* he made to know and doe the things
That be of *him*, which *grace* and *Knowledge* bringes.

And that he should with more heede doe the same,
A *VVill* he giues him ioyn'd with *griefe* and *hoy*,
Which *vwill* might ioy when she doth *passion* tame,
And in the contrary might feelee annoy,
All as shee doth her native powres imploy.
Here hence we know the odds twixt *loy* and *Griefe*,
For in *extremes* they *comfort* or *destroy*
Such as leade here a good, or evil life,
Both flowing from the *vwill*, their fountaine chiefe.

This *pow'r* hath highest vertue of *Desire*,
And *Casari*zeth ore each *Appetite*;
Shee rules (being taught) with libertie intire,
VVhole actions are to *vwill* and *will* aright;
VVhose *Object's* real good or so in sight;
In nature shee hates *ill* in *deede*, or *show*,
And in the true, or false *good*, doth delight;
If *ill* for *good* shee choole, hence it doth grow
Because *ill* seeming *good*, shee takes it so.

Shee nought can loue but hath some show of *goods*,
Nor ought can *loath* but hath like show of *ills*,
Desire of *good* by her may be with-stooded,
But *if* shee cannot loath, or leave it still:
So may shee choose to execute her will,
VVhen *ill* is rendred her *indeede*, or *sho*,
But cannot loue it, or her wil fulfill,
Because to *ill* shee is a mortall foe,
And lothes it as sole worker of her woe.

¹The will naturally cannot desire that which in nature is evil.

*Will makes
Reason to at-
tend her.*

Then must shee needs be ever vnconstrain'd,
Sith her *Creators* Wil would haue it so;
Shee could not be her selfe, were shee restrain'd,
And though shee waites on *Reason* to, and fro,
Yet shee makes *Reason* waite her will to kno:
For, touching her, her *Lord* confines his powre,
Which cannot take that he did once besto,
Namely, *arbitriment*, (her richest dowre)
Except *Not-being*, should her quite deuoure.

*The Wil may
obiect, or not
obiect what
shee will to
the Minde.*

For shee hath powre, to obiect to the *Minde*
What pleaseth her, or not the same obiect;
And while the *Thoughts* the same do turne & winde,
Shee may oreturne those *Thoughts* or them neglect,
And turne the *Minde* to what shee shal direct:
Yea when as *Iudgments* final doome is giv'n,
Shee may, or may refuse the same t'effect;
For *Men* are not as *Beasts* by *Nature* driv'n,
Vnlesse of *Reason* they are quite bereav'n.

*The vndersta-
ding straineth
out of the se-
cret & hid cau-
ses of things
that which to
wisdome is inci-
dent. Wil exa-
mineth the s^ce.
* The Wil re-
fuseth Good
being found,
nor not being
good, but not
being so good
as it willingly
would haue.
Ill spirits may
provoke our
mistakes & wil.*

About shee goes when *Iudgments* doome is past,
And re-examines what it hath decreed;
Which done, perhaps the same shee will distast,
(Although the sentence be direct indeede)
And runnes another course, lesse right, with speed:
Which second * search yet aimes at greater right,
Though shee mistakes the same for want of heede,
Which *want* proceeds frō *Sins* extreame dispight,
That blindes our *Mindes* eies in extreamest light.

Wherefore it vs behoues *Grace* to invoke,
Wherby *wit* vprightly may weld the *wills*;
For as ill *Sprites* our *fantazies* provoke,
So on our *wills* they may the like fulfill,

And

And make her (come to rule by *Reasons* skill:
 For, shee's ambitious and delights to raigne
 Without controule, how euer well, or ill,
 And beeing free shee runneth on amaine,
 To *joy* if wel, if otherwise, to *paine*.

This liberty of *Monarchizing* thus
 Shee deemeth good, what ill so ere ensues;
 Vhich *libertie*, is *bondage* base to vs,
 And *free* we were, if our *will* could not chuse
 But vse His *will*, that gaue vs *wils* to vse:
 Whose only *service*, only *freedome* is,
 And only they are *Slaves* that it refuse;
 Sith they are *Sathans* servants (if not his)
 Which please him most, when they do most amisse.

It is a kind of
 bondage to
 haue powre,
 wil, and liber-
 ty to doe ill.

For in this great *commerce* of terrene things,
 The *bad* whereof exceeding so the *good*,
 And that so fast the one to other clings
 That twixt them both there is great likelihood,
 Hardly by *will* can they be vnderstood:
 And sith *Men Bodies* haue aswel as *Soules*,
Things bodily best like the bodies moode,
 Which often so the *Minde* and *VWill* controules,
 That as it lusts it rules and over-rules.

Herehence it is, some *mortall life* doe prize
 Aboue eternal, and their *guts* aboue
 The highest *God*, that doth their *guts* suffice;
 And though the *will* herein may rigor proue,
 Yea, may be forc'd to leaue what it doth loue,
 Yet nought can her resistlesse powre constraene,
 For nothing can *desire* from her remoue,
 Although shee cannot doe what she would faine:
 So maugre *force*, shee *freedome* doth retaine.

Whosoever
 seekes felicity
 where it is not
 shall finde in-
 felicity where
 it is.

Sith

Reason and
mans desires
shoulde be in
continual
league.

Sith Reason then the *VVills* desires should sway,
And bring th' *Affections* to obedience,
Its requisite they should' accorde alway
To mainetaine warres against rebelling *Senses*;
Which is the rule of *Reasons* consequence:
Wherefore we may wel iudge of *Reasons* rule,
By the *Affections* and *VVills* continence;
As a good Prince or Master of a Schoole,
Make them they governe, hate, and shun misrule.

The Hart and
Minde beeing
at Vnity procure
the tranquillity of the
Affections.

And, for th' *Affections* from the *hart* proceede
(Which is the *Seate* of loue to God and Men)
If then the *hart* and *Minde* be wel agreed,
The *hart* with flames of lasting loue will bren,
And fire our froward *Passions* from their den:
Then wil the *Tongue* from *harts* aboundance speake
Gods highest laudes till they report agen;
Then loue twixt *Tongue* & *Hart* shal marriage make,
To bring forth naked *Truth*, which loue doth seeke.

Wherefore the *Providence* diuine did place
The *lunges* (the voices *Organs*) next the *Hart*;
(As the *Mindes* instruments the *Braines* embrace)
That they may neere at hand, soone vse their *Art*;
As *Orators* of *Princes* play their part
Neere to their *Sou'raignes*; And wert not for sinne,
The *VVill*, from *Reasons* rule should never start,
And twixt the *Hart*, & *Braine* there should haue bin
A lasting league, as beeing neere of kin.

The *Braines*
and *Hart* are
the *Seates* of
Reason and
the *Affectiōs*.
Sin is nothing
because it was
made without
him, without
who nothing
was made that
was made.

Sin, noughty *Nothing* that mak' it all things nought;
(Except the *Thing* of *Things* that made the good)
Thou wast vnmade thy selfe, yet ill haste wrought;
Whereby thou haste so perverst *Flesh*, and *Bloud*,

That

That now by it all goodnesse is with stood:
 Damn'd *Nothing* that hast such a *some-thing* stride,
 How wast begot? by whom? and in what moode?
 Through lust; By *Eaue* and *Adam*; In their pride:
 Now *Error* speakes what *Truth* hath iustified.

Sinne.
The scriptur

For *wit*, *will*, *Anger*, and *Concupiscence*,
 Are fowre powres of the soule, wherein should lie
 Fowre *vertues*, taking thus their residence:
Wisdom in *wit*, in *will* *Integritie*.
Valor in *ire*, and in *lust* *Temprancie*:
 But *wit* with *ignorance*, and *will*, with *wronge*,
Anger with *Feare*, and *lust*, with *libertie*
 Are so perver'd, that they themselues impunge,
 Except preventing *grace* be mixt amonge.

The totall frame of mans diuineft part,
 By light diuine we see is out of frame;
 Th'antipathie betwixt the *Minde* and *Hart*,
 Giues but too good assurance of the same:
 And though the *minde* in all her *limbes* be lame,
 Yet in our little world shee raignes as *Queene*,
 And seekes wilde *passions* of the *Hart* to tame,
 That in her selfe there might bee ever leene,
 Soule-pleasing *joy* and *peace* to flourish greene.

*That is, be-
 twene Rea-
 son and the
 Affections.*

For shee's the *mansion* of *Felicitie*,
 Conrived so, that there its safe confin'd,
 To which there is no way nor entery,
 But through th' *Affections*, servants of the *Minde*.
 Yet they too oft disloyal prooue by kinde,
 Who liets, and *sinne*-soothing *claw-backes* are,
 Whereby our *iudgments* eies they (*Traitors*) blinde,
 That it erres mortallie ere it beware,
 If *reason* of their *reason* haue not care.

Reason, Con-
cupiscence, &
Ire, 3. speciall
powres of the
Soule.

For three *Powres* speciall in the *Soule* reside,
Reason, *Concupiscence*, and ardent *Ire*,
The first, to *Truthes* obscure abiding guides;
The second, *good-things* gladly doth desire;
The third, doth from the contrarie retire:
In bowels of the first the *VVits* are bred;
th' *Affectes* are forg'd in both the others fire;
In number fowre; *Ioy*, *Hope*, *Sorow*, and *Dread*,
Which from the last *powres* spring, as frō their head.

First, from the first *Powre*, *Ioy* and *Hope* proceedes,
(For what we covet, wee ioy in with hope)
And *Ire*, the last *powre*, *Dread* and *sorow* breedes;
For, *hate* to *dreade* and *sorow* lies wide ope;
Griefe in *hates* hell the way to *dreade* doth grope.
From these *Affectes* (as from their *fountaine*) floc
All *vice* and *vertue* which in *Man* doth cope,
For *vice* and *vertue* ay are mortall foes,
And as *Reason* rules, so either overthroes.

Anima.

Mens.

Animus.

Ratio.

Spiritus.

Scientia.

The *soul's* call'd *Anima* our *flesh* containes,
While shee the same with *vital fire* filleth;
Mens, while shee *mindeth*, or shee *Minde* retaines,
And *Animus*, while shee hath *VVill* or *willeth*;
Shee's *Ratio*, whilst shee *iudgement iust* fulfilleth;
then, *Spiritus* shee hight, when shee *respires*.
From all which, *science* to the *soule* distilleth,
So, call'd *scientia*; thus her names doe change,
As shee her qualities doth interchange.

The outward *senses* outward *parts* possesse,
As th' inward to the *soule* are knit by kinde:
And, for the *soule* her *powre* doth most expresse
In that whereto her *soule* is most inclinde,

Here.

Here-hence it is, men mortified in *minde*
 Whose *spirits* powres on things divine are bent
 Fare, as they were sometimes, *deafe, dombe, & blind*,
 their contemplations are so violent:
 But, *Vulgars* outward *sense* is excellent.

The soulev-
 serh not the
 ministry of the
 outward sen-
 ses when thee
 is swallowed
 vp with divine
 meditations.

But while the *soule* can take a strict survey
 Of all the *instruments* which shee doth vse,
 So long the *owner* of that *soule* may say
 He hath a *iudgement* sound, and perfect *Muse*:
 But if those *instruments* that *Man* misvse,
 Or ruine them, the *soule* straight seeing it,
 Her ruin'd *Taile* shee strives then to refuse:
 Which *strife* the *senses* frame doth so vnknit
 That it confounds it, or distracts the *VVit*.

And in this *moode* (though we esteeme it madd)
Men prophesie, and truely things foretell,
 Speake diuerse *Tongues*, which erst they never had,
 And in *Artes* which they knew not, they excell.
 Thus whilst the *soule* doth hold her *house* an Hell,
 Striving to be enlarg'd, becomes more free,
 Then workes shee like her selfe (exceeding well)
 That wonder tis, the same to heare and see:
 O sacred *soule* (but *God*) who's like to thee!

The soule be-
 ing divine
 works divine-
 ly, if shee bee
 not hindred
 by her Clog,
 the body.

NOW, for the *Hart* fraile *life* first intertaines,
 And is the last *part* that from it departes,
 (Without which, dull were *reason*, dead the *braines*)
 It's taken for the *part* which powre impartes
 To *VVit* and *VVill*, whereby they play their partes;
 So as it's held the *Mirror* of the *minde*:
 For, when the *Minde* vnto her selfe converts,
 The *Hart* is interposd, where shee doth finde
 Her feature fowle, or faire, cleere-cied, or blinde.

The Hart the
 Mirror of the
 Minde.

A cleane Hart
and a cleane
soule are con-
uerſible.

Then, for the *Hart* is ſuch a powrefull thing,
My *hart* deſires to touch it feelingly:
And, for the *hart* doth *paine* or *pleaſure* bring,
The *paine* is *pleaſure*, when *Head* properlie
Makes hand diſcribe the *Hartes* hart handſomly.
Earſt *Mans* internal *partes* we did deuide
Into three *VVombes*, the *Braines*, the *Breſt*, & *Belly*:
About the *Braines* (before) our *ſkill* we tride,
And now by *it*, the *Breſt* muſt be diſcride.

Which is the *Shoppe* of al the *Inſtruments*
Wherewith the *vitall Vertue* operates;
the *Hart*, the *Lunges*, with al *Lifes* incidents
In region of the *Breſt*, doe hold their States,
Whoſe *Bulke* them *Bulwarkes* frō what ruynates:
The *Midriff* parteth them from *partes* that feede
(Which the third *VVombe*. (the *Belly*) circ' u'ates)
It being a *Muſcle* made for *Natures* neede,
Aſſiſting in the *Breathing Acte* and *Deede*.

And next, there is a *Tunicle*, or *Skin*,
That over-lpreads the *Concaue* of the *Breſt*,
Much like a *Spiders webbe*, ſubtile, and thin;
Wherout two others grow to part the reſt,
Be cauſe two places ſhould be breath- poſſeſt:
So that, if one (being hurt) could not reſpire
The other might one halfe retaine (at leaſt)
To keepe * *Lifes* breath (at point to part) intire,
And blowe the *ſparkes* that kinde *vitall fire*.

*Natures pro-
vidence for
Manns good,
ſhould liſt vp
his minde to
the conſide-
ration of the
loue of a grea-
ter Good,

Theſe *Felmes* (like to a *Nest* with *fruite* repleat)
Together hold what ere the *Breſt* doth bound,
They line the *Ribbes*, that whē the *Lunges* doe beate
They might performe their office whole and ſound,

With

Without being *bone*-bruiz'd, which might the con-
Solikewise in a *Caule* the *Hart's* inclos'd, (found:
Call'd *Pericardion*, being *Ovall* round,
Or like a *Flame* for forme, and so dispos'd;
To shew that *vitall fire* is there *repos'd*.

There, in the *Hart's* the fountaine whence doth flow
Naturall heate, and by the *Arrires* sends
It alabroade to make the *Members* grow,
And keepe them growne, in plight to doe their *ends*.
And though each *Instrument* of *breath* attends
And serves the *Voice*, yet were they chiefly made
For the *Hartes* vse, (that *Lifes-fire* comprehends)
That by their service that *fire* might not vade,
VVhich vnkinde coldnesse else might overlade.

The Hart is
the fountaine
of naturall
heate.

Wherefore the *Lunges* (*breaths-forge*) is preordain'd
First to receaue the *Aire* that cooles the *Hart*,
VVho doe prepare it (being intertain'd)
And so prepared, doe the same impart
(As *Nature* wills) to that *Life-giving part*.
The *Lunges* therefore, are Spūgy, soft, & light,
That *Aire* might enter, and from thē depart,
VVhich guard the *Hart* (on left side and the right)
From bordring *Bones*, that else annoy it might.

VVhich hath a double motion; One, when it
It selfe dilates, the other, it restraines.

The Hartes
motion is
double.

VVhen it goes out, in goes *Aire* requisit:
And when it shrinketh in, then out it straines
All smoky *Excrements* procuring paines.
This *motion's* kinde, proceeding frō its kinde
(Nor as the *Muscles* moved by the *Brains*)
For which it hath fitt *filaments* assign'd,
VVherby it selfe, it selfe may turne & wynd.

This

* A motive to
brotherly
loue taken
from the dis-
position of
the Members.

This double motion hath two double vses,
(A two fold vse whereof we mention'd haue)
The next to draw in *bloud*; and then, by *Sluces*
To send it to the *Lunges*, for *foode* they crane
At the *Harts* hands, sith they the *Hart* doe saue.
Thus gratefully they *kindnesse* interchange,
To teach vs how we should our selues * behaue;
For when we disagree, it is as *strange*
As *Hart* and *Lūges* should cease to make this chāge.

Thus, this subordinate *Lord* of *Mannes* life
(The *Hart*) resides in his wel-fenced *fort*;
And, though with it al *vitall force* be rife,
And *members* keepes from being al amort,
Yet should it die, if their helps were cut short. (chize
Hence *Kings* may learne, that though they Monar-
Yet doe they, whom they rule, maintaine their port,
Which should induce them, not to tyrannize,
But, like good *Hartes*, *lifes-pow'r* to exercize.

The flesh of
the Hart is
the firmeſt
flesh of any
part of the
Body.

The flesh whereof is firmer, then the flesh
Of all the *parts* the *Body* hath besides:
So, *Kinges* should be most firme, for, being nelh,
Their *Subiects* might be wouled through their sids.
Such be the *People* stil as be their *Guides*.
The *Hart* with *Paſſion*, passion may each *part*,
VWhich *Ioy* or *Sorrowe* with the *Hart* abides:
So, *Kinges* their praise and *People* may subvert,
If *Paſſion* over-rule their ruling *Art*.

And in the *Bulke* it is so situate
As that its *Base* is *Center* of the *Breſt*;
The end whereof (where *greatnesse* doth abate)
Leanes to the *left-side* more then al the rest;

Microcosmos.

35

(So *Kings*, where they frō * *Right* decline, are least.)
Yet leanes the *Hart* so, for two causes great;
One, that the *Brest*-bone should it not infest,
The other, that it should the left-side heate,
Sith on the right, the *Liver* doth that feate.

*Iniustice
makes great
Kings lesse,
then Fame
can take no-
tice of.

And though the *Hartes* left part more heavy bee,
Because its hard and greater then the right,
Yet *Nature* hath so ballanc'd it, that shee
Makes it to hange (by admirable sleight)
As if the both sides were of equal weight:
For in the left part (heaviest) shee putts
The *vitall spirit*, of its nature light;
And in the right part (lightest) loe, shee shuts
The waightie *Bloud*, wherwith that part shee glutts.

Lo, thus the *Highest* holy vpright hand
By even counterpoise hath hang'd the *Heart*
In the *Brests* Center, (like as th' *Earth* doth stand
In Center of the *Heav'ns*) by matchlesse Art:
Hence we may learne the duty of this part,
Which should be vpright in *Affects*, and *vwill*,
And never from the rules of *Vertue* start
To right hand, or to left, for good or ill,
But come *life* or come *death*, be vpright stil.

The Hart is
hang'd in the
Brest by even
counterpoise.

This part likewise hath two *Concavities*,
On left side one, the other on the right:
And for this vse, are these *capacities*;
The right receaves the *bloud* (be'ng boild aright)
that from the *Liver* runnes, to give it might
To feede the *Lunges*, and *vitall spirits* breede,
Bred of pur'ft *bloud* in the left *Concave* dight,
Like *sweate* that frō the right one doth proceede,
Which sweate with *vitall Spirits* it doth seede.

That

Many good
complexions
are ill in con-
ditions.

That is the *furnace*, wherein still doth flame
The *vitall Spirit*, resplendent, quicke, and cleere,
Like the *celestiall Nature*, for the same
Both *beate*, and *life* to all the *whole* doth beare;
This *Primum mobile* that *All* doth steere:
These *concaues* thus are made commodiously;
But now (alas) most harts all hollow are,
That *Bloud* and *Spirits* therein confused lie,
So as no *Art* can one from other spie.

In this left *concave* where the *Hart* doth trie
His chiefeft skill, the *vitall spirits* to make,
There is the *roote* of that great *Artery*
From whom the *Artires* their beginning take:
Which neere the *Hart* doth so it selfe forsake,
That part ascends, and part thereof descends
To carrie *vitall fire* to parts that lacke;
These are the *pipes* whereby the kinde *Hart* sends
His *cordiall comfortes* to th'extremest ends.

And, for the *Veines* and *Artires* neede each other,
And that their *succors* should be neere at hand,
They meete, and (for the most part) goe together,
Thereby to vigorize the *vitall Band*
Which the *Harts* vertue wholly doth command:
For, th' *Artires* being lincked with the *Vaines*,
Lend *Aire* and *Spirit*, least their *bloud* should stand;
And frō the *Veines* some *bloud* each *artire* draines,
Which to disperse, the *vitall spirit* constraines.

Mutual loue is
to be learned
from the mu-
tuall assistance
of the partes
of the body.

Betweene the *Hart* and *Lunges* the like is scene
(As erst was said) to learne vs *mutual loue*;
For, certaine *Pipes* doe passe these *parts* betweene,
By which, each others kindnesse they doe proue:

The

The *hart* from his right side doth bloud remoue
Vnto the *Lunges* by the *Arteriall Veine*,
The *Lunges* through veyny-*artire*, *aire* doth shoue
Vnto the *hart*, it to refresh againe,
Whose side sinister doth it entertaine.

The *hart* (besides) hath many *members* more,
Which are distinguisht by *Anatomists*:
The *right*, and *left* side hath a little *dore*,
And many a *pipe* so small therein subsists,
That scarce *man* can see how *each* exists;
Yet all have vse; for, when the *hart* doth seeke
Such *bloud* as without which no *hart* confists,
The *meanes* wherewith it draws it, should not break,
But that the *strong* therein might helpe the *weake*.

And, that the *aire* might enter in thereby
More mildly, and for *Nature*, more concinne,
Therefore, the *hart* doth not immediately
Draw from the *Mouth* the *aire* it draweth in,
But through those *passages* it first doth rin, (much;
Lest be'ng too cold it would coole the *hart* too
For all *extreames*, saue *extreames good*, are sinne,
And *Nature Vertue* in the *Meane* doth couch,
Shewing, that our *desires* should still be such.

Vertues
Throne is e-
rected iust be-
twene ex-
treames.

that *God*, whose powre no *power* can resist,
Resists all *powers* that are too violent,
And ever doth the *moderate* assist;
From whose hand (only) comes the thunder-dent,
To plague the *proude*, and wound th' *incontinent*:
For, should his *Creatures* powre be immoderate,
Then should not his owne bee so eminent:
So, if they *is affect*, he *them* doth hate,
And with a thundring vengeance ends their date.

K

Thus

Thus having sleightly toucht this tender *part*,
 (Touching his substance, proper place, and frame)
 It now remains that we doe proue our *Arte*
 Touching another *motion* of the same,
 Belonging to our *soules* affections lame,
 Lam'd by our *Flesh* too *lustie*, yet too *fraile*,
 Too *lustie* in desire of its owne shame,
 But *fraile* in that wherein it should prevaile,
 Yet when its weak't, the *Soule* doth most assaile.

It not suffiz'd that nere-suffized *Lone*
 That al *things* made, to make *Man* only *Bee*,
 But to *Be well*, as wel some men doe proue,
 VVho though of *Beeing*, they desirous be,
 Yet not being *well*, they *end *ill*, sith they see
 Their being *Well*, and *Being* disagree:
 Then *a Being*, was not *Manns* creations end,
 But to be happy in a high degree:
 And therfore al *men* al their *forces* bend,
 T'inioy that *Good*, that *Beeing* doth comend.

* Murder
 themselves.
 • The Soule
 Vegetative
 desires to Be,
 The Sensitive
 to be well,
 The reason-
 able to be best,
 and therfore
 it never rests
 till it be ioy-
 ned to the
 best.
 • Evil cleaves
 to each world:
 ly Good, as
 Canker doth
 to Silver.

Which good desire of *Good*, in *Man* is knitt
 To a detesting of the contrary;
 But, for that *sinne* hood-wincks *Mans* Eie of *VVitt*
 He gropes for *Good*, but feeles the * *Evill* by:
 From this desire of *Good*, th' *affections* flie;
 Which with their motion swift draw that *desire*
 Heere, there, and where soere they please to hy,
 In pursute of that *Good* which they require,
 To which (though base they bee) they would aspire.

Yet they were good, & kindly lov'd their like;
 But they are ill, and loue *Ill* seeming good;
 Yet they by *Natures* instin& *Ill* dislike;
 And yet by nature evil is their *moode*,

Basely obeying the *sinne-soiled Blood*:
 At first they were *Truthes* other selfe, for friends;
 Yet now by them shee's too too much with-floode,
 Adhering to her *foe*, while *shee* pretends
 To blesse the *Sense*, though to accursed *endes*.

The motiues of the *Soule* these *mptions* are,
 Whose other names are called the *Affects*;
 By foll'wing *good*, and flying *ill*, they *ARE*;
 Consisting so of these two good *Effects*;
 Though *Syn* their *sense* with *error* oft infects:
 Some v'sher *iudgment*, some on her attend,
 The *later*, take or leaue as shee directs;
 The *Former*, naturally cannot offend,
 For they desire but *Nature* to defend.

As when the *Body* (*Nature* to suffice)
 Desires to eate, or drinke, (as *neede* requires)
 Or when good *happe* or ill doth it surprize,
 Then * *Joy* or *sorrow* moueth our *desire*:
 These stil fore-run our *iudgment*, & conspire
 With *Nature*, to vsurpe her highest *Throne*;
 For nature runneth on, or doth retire,
 As shee is mov'd by iudgment of her owne,
 And so doe these that *Nature* wait vpon.

But those *Affects* that follow *iudgments* traine
 Wait hard, as long as *Hart* is wel dispos'd;
 Then lasts the *League* betweene the *Hart* & *Braine*,
 For, al their *iayres* by *Reason* are compos'd:
 But when the *Hart* against the *Brain's* oppos'd,
 (Which oft proceeds of too much pampering)
 Out flie th' *Afections* that were erst repos'd,
 And from their neckes the *Raines* of *Reason* sling,
 Impatient of slow *iudgments* tarrying.

* Joy and sorrow (as Plato affirms) are the Ropes wherewith we are drawne to the embracing or avoiding of euery action.

Her subject
But Iudgment
foregoes the
Affections.

Yet true it is that *Hart* cannot be mov'd,
Ere *Iudgment* doomes what's good or badd for it;
Then *Hartes* desires by her must be approv'd,
Or els the *Hart* cannot desire a whit:
For what *she holds vnmeet, it thinks vnfit.
But for the *motions* of the *Minde* are free,
And neede not stay, as it is requir'd,
So before *Iudgment* doe they seeme to Bee,
Although they follow her as *bond* and *free*.

*The Affec-
tions may work
without soule
advisement.

But though th' *Affections* cannot moue at all
If *Iudgment* wing them not and make them flee,
Yet *sound advice* (which heere we *Iudgment* call)
* May be at rest when they too busy bee,
Mov'd by the iudgment of the *Fantazee*:
This *Iudgment's* blinde, yet is it most mens *Guide*,
And no lesse rash, yet ru'eth each degree:
This makes th' *Affects* from *Rights* straight *Pathes* to
For *Fantazy* doth fancie waies too wide. (Ilide,

This skipp-braine *Fancy*, moves these easie *Movers*
To loue what ere hath but a glimpse of good;
Then straight she makes thē (like vnconstant *lovers*)
To chāge their *Loues*, as she doth change her *moode*,
VWhich swimmeth with the current of the *Bloud*:
For as the *body's* well or ill compos'd,
(VWhich followes oft the nature of its foode)
So *Fancy* and these *Fondlings* are dispos'd,
Though in the *Soule*, and *Minde* they be inclos'd.

* The Soule
worketh by
motion, and
the Body by
Action.

And yet the *body's* but the *Instrument*
VWhereon the *soule* doth play what she doth please;
But if the *strings* thereof doe not concent,
The *harmony* doth but the *soule* displease;

Then

Then tune the *body Soule*, or playing ceale:
 And when a *String* is out, straight put it in
 With *Phisicks* * helpe, which *Passion* may appeale,
 By humbling *that* which hath too lowd a dyn,
 And put the *Part's* on a *Soule*-pleasing *Pyn*.

* Phisicke can
 extenuate the
 Humors that
 make the Bo-
 dy vnapt to
 execute the
 workes of
 Verue.

These *Partes* though many, yet of *three* consist,
 That's, *Humors*, *Elements*, and *Qualities*;
 Which *three*, doe of fow'r *partes*, a part subfist,
 For from *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, and *Fire* doth rise
 All that the Heav'nly *Cope* doth circulize:
 These are the *Elements* from whom proceede
 The * *Humors* with their foresaid qualities;
 For, *Bloud*, *Flegme*, *Choller*, *Melancholy* breede
Hot, *Cold*, *Moist*, *Dry*, a fow'r-fold vital Seede.

* Humors be
 the children
 of the Ele-
 ments.

An Element,
 what.

An *element* is the most simple part
 VWhereof a *thing* is made, and in its wracke
 Is last resolved; And in *Phisicks* Art (lack
 There are but *two*, which two of *those* doe
 That all the *Elemental bodies* make:

2. Elements
 in Phisick-
 Arte.

These *two*, are tearmed *Simples*, & *Cōpounds*.
 The *first*, is borne on *Speculations* back;
 The *last*, is bredd by *Practize*, which cōfounds
 Two or moe *Simples* in each others bounds.

The *Elements* of *Natures* famelies
 Produce the *Elementals* temprament,
 VWhich is a mixture of the *Qualities*.
 Or composition of each *Element*:

(As *these* doe bend, so are their *bodies* bent)

VWhich we *Complexion* cal; wherof are two,

VWell, and ill tempr'd; And the *Aliment*

That feeds the *Body*, herein much can doe,

For that can make & marre *Complexion* too.

Complexion
 what.

Wel tempred
Complexion,
what.

Well- tempred, is an equal counterpoise
Of th' *Elements* fore-mention'd *qualities*;
Whereof ther's but one thing of *Natures* choise
VWherein shee made the *mixture* thus precise:
(As *Galens* tract of *Temper*s testifies.)
VWhich , of each *hand*, is the *interior skin*:
And hence we may thus fitly moralize;
that *Nature* to the *Hand* so good hath bin,
That it might temper what the *Mouth* takes in.

Ill Cöplexion,
what.

Ill tempred's that where some one *Element*
Hath more dominion then it ought to haue;
For they rule ill that haue more regiment
then *nature*, *wisdome*, *right*, or *reason* gaue:
So doth this *Element* it selfe behaue:
Yet each *ill temper* doth not to excede,
As that it spils what *better temper*s saue;
For some surpasse the *temperate* in deede,
In some small ods, whereof no *harmes* succede.

The Bodies
temper is five
waies discer-
ned.

Five waies the *Bodies* temperature is knowne,
By *Constitution*, *Operation*, *Clime*,
Conlor, and *Age*, by these the same is showne,
As *Dials* by an *Index* shew the time.
The *Body* fat is cold, for *fat* doth clime
By cold degrees; and that, full-fleht is hot,
For *heate* proceedes from *bloud*, as doth my *rime*
From *braines*; where no *heate* were, if *bloud* were not,
And bee'ing too cold they would my *sense* besot.

By *Operation* too, the *temper's* found,
For when a *creature*, (*Man*, *Beast*, *Hearbe*, or *Plant*)
Doth that which they by right of *kinde* are bound,
then no good temperature those *bodies* want:

the

The *Chyme* in shewing this is nothing skant;
 For South-ward, Men are cruell, moody, madd,
 Hot, blacke, leane, leapers, lustfull, vild to vant,
 Yet wise in action, sober, fearefull, sad;
 If good, most good, if bad exceeding bad.

The Northen *Nations* are more moist, and cold,
 Lesse wicked and deceitfull, faithfull, iust,
 More ample, strong, couragious, martiall, bold,
 And, for their bloud is colder, lesse they lust:
 Then cold *bloud* being thicke, it follow must
 They are lesse witty, and more barberous;
 And for they inwardly are more adust,
 They *meate* and *drinke* deuoure as ravenous,
 The *panch* and *pot* esteeming precious.

A natural rea-
 son for the
 gurmādzizing,
 and quaffing
 of the Flem-
 ings.

Yet are they most laborious, loving *Artes*;
 Whose *soules* are in their *fingers* (as its sed;)
 For, all our best *hand-workes* come from those *parts*,
 As from the hotter *Climes*, *workes* of the *bed*:
 And those that twixt the *South*, and *North* are bred
 (As *France* and *Italy*, *Spaine*, and the like)
 Of *hot* and *cold*, are ev'nly tempered;
 Therefore they are not made so apt to strike;
 But warre with *Wisdome*, rather then the *Pike*.

The *coulor* likewise shewes the *temprament*;
 For *Sanguin's red*: and *yellow's Cholericke*:
 The *Melancholy* is to *blacknesse* bent:
 The *white* or whitish, is the *Phlegmaticke*:
 The *white*, and *blacke*, are cold and rheumaticke:
 The *Red*, and *yellow*, hot by course of *kinde*:
 To this consents each skilfull *Empericke*,
 Who by experience of their practise finde
 That *coulor* shewes the *temper*, notes the *minde*.

The Coulor
 shewes the bo-
 dies temper.

The:

The *Sanguin's* frolicke, free, ingenious,
 Courageous, kinde, to *women* over-kinde;
 true *Iovialists*, by nature generous;
 And hot and humid they are by their kinde:
 the *Chollerike* is hasty, and inclinde
 To *Envie*, *pride*, and *prodigalities*,
 As *Heracles* hardy, though with anger blinde;
 And in its temper it is hot and drie,
 Which is the cause it is so angry.

The reason
 why men cho-
 lericke of co-
 plexion are
 soone angry.

the *Phlegmaticke* are idle, sleepeie, dull, (wit:
 Whose temper's cold and moist, which drownes the
 the *Melancholy's* mestiuie; and too full
 Offearefull thoughts, and cares vnrequisit;
 Who loue (as loathing *men*) alone to sit:
 In temper cold and drie too like the dust,
 (Dust of the *earth*, ere *God* life-breathed it,
 Where hence we came, and wherevnto we must)
 Which flies (as fearefull) from a little *Gust*.

A humor,
 what.

these are the *humors*, whereof *Man* consists,
 Which is a substance thin, to which our foode
 the *Stomackes* heate by nature first digests,
 And hath dominion chiefly in our *bloode*:
 these like the *Elements* moue in their moode:
 For *bloud* is hot, and humid, like the *aire*:
Flegm's cold, and moist, in *Waters* likelyhood:
 then *Melancholy's* like *Earth*, cold and dry'r:
 And hot, and drie is *Choler*, like the *Fire*.

Howe the
 meates are
 changed to
 Humors,

And, that the meates to *humors* should be chang'd
 they must be thrice concocted thorowly:
 First, in the *Stomacke* they are interchang'd
 And made that *Chyle* wherein potentially

the

The *Humors* (*Chaos-like*) at first doe lie:
 Next, in the *Liver* the *Masse Sanguiner*
 Of *Chyle* composed is, successiue:
 The third, and last's through al the *body*, where
Humors are made, that *Meate* and *Chyle* first were.

These raigne by turnes, vntill their tearmes be done:
Bloud, in the *spring*, from *three* till *nine* each *Morne*:
Choler, from thence, till *three* in th'after *noone*
 In *summer*-season: Then *Flegme* in his turne
 From thence till *nine* at night doth rule the *ferme*
 In *Autumne*: then sad *Melancholy* thence
 Till *three* next *Morne*, when *Winter* doth returne:
 Thus in their *turnes* they haue preheminence,
 Till *Time* turne vs, and them with vs from hence.

How the Hu-
 mors raigne
 in mans body

And as these *humors* haue their turnes in time,
 So rule the *Planets* in like consequence:
 For, by the *Moone* is governed our *Prime*
 that's *hot* and *moist*, but the preheminence
 The *moisture* hath; So our *Adolescence*
 Is swaid by *VVit*-infusing *Mercury*
 Being *hot* and *moist*, yet doth more *heate* dispense,
 Which tunes the *voices Organes* erst too hy,
 Making them speake with more profundity.

How, & when
 the Planets
 rule in mans
 body.

Thē, *youth* (our third age) *Loues-Queene*, *Venus* swaies
 Bee'ng *hot* and *dry*, but yet more *hot*, then *drie*;
 In this we *VVantons* play, in *Venus* plaies.
 And offer *Incense* to a rowling *eye*:
 Bright *Sol* (the gloriou'st *Planet* in the *sky*)
 Doth rule our *Manhoode* which is temperate:
 Hee *Author* is of *grace* and *gravity*;
 Of haplesse life this is the happi'st state,
 Which they hold long'st that are most moderate.

L

And

And lastly *old age* being *cold*, and *dry*,
 By al-wile *Iupiter* is governed,
Author of Councell, Craft, and Policy:
 VVhich *Age* againe in two's distinguished,
 The first *yonge old age* may be Christened:
 The last *Decrepit* is, and so is call'd;
 Which *Saturn* rules with *Scepter* of dul lead:
 This *Age* to *Life* like *Death*, is stil enthral'd,
 Thus in our life the *Planetts* are enstall'd.

Precise dates
 assigned to
 severall chan-
 ges of mans
 age in his life.

And to these *Ages*, *dates* precise we giue;
 As *Child-hood* from our Birth till *thirteene*
Adolescence, frō thēce to twēty five: (yeares:
 And *youth* frō thēce til *fine*, & *thirty* weares,
 Frō whēce, til *fiftie* *Mannes*-estate apperes:
 And to the rest *old-age* we doe assigne;
 But *one* his yeares thē other better beares,
 As *time* their temprature doth enter teigne,
 Therefore the *temprature* should *age* designe.

Psal. 37. 11.

For al men *cold* & *dry* are old, though *yonge*,
 Some *yong* at *sixtie*, some at *forty* old;
 In growing old the *youthful Sanguin's* lōge,
 For it doth store of *heate*, and *moisture* hold:
 The *Melancholy*, being *dry* and *cold*,
 Is aged soone: So *women* more then *men*
 Soone meete with *age*, which makes some be so bold
 (As vnder * *Coulor* that they are *women*)
 To keepe off *Age* till they be * *yong* agen.

* Paint the
 face.
 * Bis puer.

The Aire wee
 breath may
 haste our age.

The *Aire* we breath doth beare an Ore herein,
 And being subtil moves the simple *Minde*;
 For, never yet was *foole* a *Florentine*,
 (As by the wife hath well observed byn)

So subtil is the *Aire* hee draweth in:
 The influences of malignant *Starres*,
Vales, Caves, Stanckes, Moores, and Lakes that never
Carion, and filth, all such the *Aier* marres,
 Which kills the *Corpes*, and *vvitts* Carriër barres.

(ryn Causes of the
 Aiers putrif-
 cation & con-
 sequently of
 gross. mate.

From *Regions, VVinds, & städing* of the place
 Where we abide, come the *Aires* qualities;
 Vnder the *Poles* (the *Sun* nere showing face
 But as a *stranger*) the *Aire* so doth freeze
 That whosoever breathes it, starving dies:
 And in the *Torrid Zone* it is so hott
 That *flesh* and *Bloud* (like flaming fire) it fries,
 And with a *Cole-blacke* beautie it doth blott,
 Curling the *Haires* vpon a *vvry* knott.

The *winds*, though *Aire*, yet *Aire* do turne & wind;
 VVhich Passions of the *Aire*, our *spirits* affect;
 These by the *Nose* and *Mouth* a waie doe finde
 To *Braines*, and *Hart*, and there their *kindes* effect,
 And as they are, make them, in some respect:
 For, where the *VVindes* be cold and violent,
 (As where rough *Boreas* doth his *Throne* erect)
 There are the *People* stronge, and turbulent,
 Rending the *Sterne* of *civill government*.

The passions
 of the Aier
 do affect our
 Minds.

The situation of the place likewise
 The *Aire* therein doth wel or ill dispose;
 If to the *Sea*, or Southerne winde it lies;
 It's humid, putrifactiue, & too close: (pose)
 So fares it in *fatt grounds* (Slowthes chiefe re-
 The *Sandy grounds* doe make it hott and dry;
 As cold, and moist it is, that *Fennes* inclose,
 But cleere & piercing on the *Mountaines* hy;
 Thus Place with *Aire* doth chāg our quality.

The situation
 of the Place
 makes the
 Aier good or
 badde.

Food, good,
or bad,
helps, or hin-
ders Wine.

Of no lesse vertue are our *Alements*, (pare,
Which *Winde*, & *Aire*, vnto our *spirits* pre-
VWho are conformed to those *Condimentes*;
Then *fine* they be, if most *fine* be our fare:
The *Goodnesse*, *Quality*, and *Time of yeare*,
Vse, *Order*, *Appetite*, and *Quantity*, (care
The *Howre* and *Age*, these *nyn* require our
If we desire to liue heere healthfully,
And make the *Soule* about her soule to fly!

The soorie-concocted *Cates* good *inyce* affoording
And but few *excrements*, are those alone
that make the *mind* to boord, when *Bodys* boording,
If temp'rately the *stomacke* take each one:
These in the *Braines* bale *witts* doe oft enthrone:
For, these the *Mouth* prepareth for the *Maw*,
VWhere be'ng concocted, to the *Liver* runne;
From whence, a sanguine tincture they doe draw,
Then to the *Soules Courts* hie by *Natures* lawe.

*The Hart &
Brayne.

The *Hart's* the lower house, the *head* the hie;
(The *Roomes* whereof we did describe whil-ere)
Where once appearing they are wing'd to fly,
And in their flight the *Soule* and *Body* steere
With motion such as both *Celestiall* were:
What mervell is it then, though *Geese* some be
For want of *Capons*, that would *Cocks* appeare
(*Cocks* of the *Game*) and chaunt melodiouslee,
If with their kinde, their *Commons* did agree.

How subtil dorth a simple cup p of *VVine*
Make the *Soules faculties*, and their *effects*?
It makes their divine natures more divine,
And with a world of *Joy* the *Hart* affects

VWhich

Which *Sorrow* though in panges of *Death* reiects:
Hence comes it that some *Captaines* doe carrowse
When they must * *Combate* with contrary *Setts*,
To heate the cold *bloud* and the *spirits* rowse,
And so make *Courage*, most *couragious*.

* *Wine* moderate
ratly taken
cheeres the
Hart & spirits,

But here (as erst was saide) some over drinke,
While they desire in fight to over-doe;
On nought but *wounds*, & *bloud*, they speake, & think,
While *Health* goes round, & *braines* goe rounder too;
*VV*axe- making *Bloud* to *VVine* & *Bloud* them woe.
But *Nequid nimis*, is the *List* wherein
Courage should *combate*, and the *Barre* whereto
Valor should *venter*, what is more is *sinne*,
Which by the *wise* and *Valiant* damn'd hath bin.

Drinke hath three offices, the first assists
Concoction, for in it is boild the *meate*:
The next, to mixe the *foode* the first digests:
The Last, to bring it to the *Livers* heate,
There to be made redd-hot, & apt to fleete:
Now when the *Current* is too violent,
It beares awaie (vntimely) *small*, and *greate*,
So crossing *Nature* in her kinde intent,
She back retires not knowing what she meet.

3. Offices of
Drinke.

* *Vomit*.

Then *meate* must soak, not in the *Stomacke* twinne,
If *Nature* duely we desire to please;
For, when the *Stomack's* full about the brim,
Tyde carries none, how ere it may diseale
And *Nature* drowne in those unruly *Seas*:
Breath most corrupt, *behaviour* more then most,
And *Mind* much more then most, is made by these;
Then how corrupt are they that of it boast?
So much corrupt, they may infect an *Host*.

* *gluttony* &
Drunkenesse
are the horri-
ble sepulchres
of mans rea-
son & iudg-
ment,

Its said of one, that did help to behead
 The mounting *Monastries* that deckt this land,
 That he (at last) lost his all-wittie Head
 For words he spake, to which he could not stand,
 Nor stand to speake, *VVine* having vpperhand:
 Who vld (as *Famie* reports) his wits refine,
 To let them often rest at *VVines* commande;
 But wit abused, by abuse of *VVine*
 Abused One that forc'd *Law* to force his fine.

Temperate
 exercise avail-
 able to minde
 and bodie.

Now as a moderation in these things
 With *Iudgements* choise in their varieties,
 To Soule, and Body, health, and glorie brings;
 So both are bound to temp'rate exercise
 For helping them to vse their faculties:
 For without health the same were hindered,
 And health from hence as from an helpe doth rise;
 For holesome labour breakes those humors head
 By which the enemies of health are led.

Natural heate

It helpe the heate that helperth all the parts;
 The *Spirits* it quickens, and puts ope the pores;
 Whereby each loathsome excrement departs
 As at so many straight wide-open dores:
 Our limbes it strengthens and our breath restores:
 The morning walkes to the intestines send
 The first digestions filth (which kinde abhorres)
 And make the seconds to the bladder wend,
 So labour lets our sicknesse, so, our end.

The Sons of
 Adam, borne
 to labour.

All travell tendes to rest, and rest to ease;
 Then must the bodie travell to this end:
 The *Spirits* travell hath respect to these;
 For idle *Spirits* that active Spirit offend

That

That for such *ease* a world of *woe* doth send:
 Yet naught it was made that was not made to rest;
 But nought was made to rest vntill the *end*:
 For *Heau'n, earth, Man, Beast, Fish, Fowle, & the rest*
 Doe *travell, in fine* to be rest-possess.

Yet *Nature* hath ordained a *repose*
 Which we call *rest* for *Man*, which *rest* is *leepe*;
 The *cause* whereof from the *Braines* cheefly fies,
 When mounting *vapors* in their moisture *leepe*
 Doe *humors* wax, and in the *Nerves* doe creepe;
 And so their *conducts* close, which shuts the *eyes*;
 Then rests the *corpes* in death-like *darknesse* deepe,
 And *Spirits animal* *Rest* doth surprise:
 So, are they laid to rest vntill they rise.

This makes the *head* so heavy after meate,
 The fumes ascending make the *head* descend;
 For they like *hammers* on the *braines* doe beate,
 Til they haue hammered *humors* in the end,
 The weight whereof doth cause the *head* to bend:
 Yet sober *leepees*, in *place*, and *season* fit
 Doe comfort *Nature*, and her *hurts* amend;
 The *Spirits* it quickens, and awakes the *wit*,
 For *hart* must *leepe*, when the *head* wanteth it.

Dead *leepe*, *Deathes* other name and Image true,
 Doth quiet *Passion*, calme *Griefe*, *Time* deceiue;
 Who pay'ng the debt that is to *Nature* due
 (Like *death*) in quittance thereof doth receiue
 Supply of *powres*, that her of *powre* bereaue:
 So *leepe* her *foes* wants friendly doth supply,
 And in her *wombe* doth wakefull *thoughts* conceiue,
 Making the *Minde* beyond it selfe to spie;
 For, doubtlesse *Dreames* haue some diuinitie.

Divinity oft
 in dreames

For

A natural reason, for the divinity of Dreames.

For, as the influence of Heavens leames
Frames diverse formes in matter corporall:
So of like influence visions and Dreames
Are printed in the powre fantasticall;
The which power being instrumental,
By Heav'n dispos'd to bring forth some effect,
Hath greatest vigor in our sleepes extreames;
For when our mindes doe corporall cares neglect
That influence doth freely them affect,
And so our Dreames oft future haps proiect.

Over much watching debilitates our wittes,

Watching oremuch, oremuch doth Nature wrong,
It blunts the braines, and sense debilitates;
Dulleth the Spirits, breeds crudities amongs
Makes the head heavie, Body it abates,
And kindly heate it cooles, or dissipates:
Yet thorny cares, or slings of ceaselesse Smart,
May keepe our sleepe without the senses Gates,
(By pricking them as it were, to the hart)
Till vitall Sp'rits from senses quite depart.

This waking care breaketh the sleepe, as a great sickness breakes the sleepe.
Eccle. 31. 2.

Those Chieftaines, on whose cares depend the crowns
(The waighy crownes, on their as waighy cares)
Of mighty Monarches, and their owne renownes,
Two burdens which in one who ever beares,
Must night, and day, vse hands, legs, eyes, and eares:
These watch, yea sleeping wake, for in their sleepes
The point on which their harts are fixt, appears,
And through their closed eyes, their minds eie peeps,
To looke to that which them from slumber keepe.

Care enemy to sleepe and sleepe comfort of Care,

Their sleepes are short, but were they short, & sweet,
Nature would longer sweetly life support:
But in their sleepes with wakfull thoughts they meete;
That make their sleepes vnswet, and yet as short;

Which

Which must perforce make *Nature* all amorte;
 Yet as they were all *Minde*, and *Body* none,
 That had noe feeling of the *Bodies* hurt, (grone,
 That *Minde* (all mind) though *Corpes* the while doth
 Makes *flesh* all hardnesse brooke, as it were *Stone*.

Care a Canker
 to Minde and
 Body.

Such force hath *worldly glory* (though but vaine)
 To make men, for her love, themselves to hate,
 Who for desire of her, their strength doe straine
 Farre, farre about the pitch of mortall state,
 And paine in sense, to *sense* doe captivate:
 Though *pains* wake *sense*, yet *sense* doth waking sleep,
 Dreaming on *Glory* in the lapp of *Fate*;
 So *paine* frō *sense*, doth *paine* with pleasure keepe,
 While *sense* is mourning *Honors* Mountaine steepe.

VVhere *Glory* sits enthron'd (Cœlestial *Dame*)
 Surrounded with a Ring of *Diadems*,
 VVith face (whose beaming-beaurie seemes to flae)
 Darting in smiling wise those blissefull *beames*
 On *those* that for her ^a loue brooke all *extremes*:
 VVhat *sense* hath *sense* being so beheaved,
 And carried from it selfe on *pleasures* Streames?
 But as entranc'd with ioy, it must seeme deade,
 And feele no paine in *Minde* or *Body* bredd.

* The labour
 of like *Bodies*
 be not a like
 painfull. For
 glory in a
 Prince makes
 the labour
 lighter then
 that of a Pe-
 sant, because
 he woris it wil
 be notable.

If then *Vaine-glories* loue shall so subdue
 The *sense* to *sense* that feeling all annoy,
 Its arm'd to brooke the same by *glories* view,
 And the more *griefe* is felt, the greater *ioy*,
 (Yea though the *griefe* the *sense* doth quight destroy)
 VVhat shall the loue of *Glory* infinite
 Make *sense* endure, if *sense* her powers imploie
 To apprehend it, as its requisite?
 Such love should hold the paines of *Hell* too light.

M

VVhen

When vnconceaved *ioy* dilates the *Hart*,
 To th' vtmost reach of his capacitie,
 When *sense* no leasure hath to thinke on *smart*,
 Being so buſied with *felicity*
 That *soule*, and *sense* are raviſhed thereby;
 What marvell then though *fire* doth comfort ſuch,
 (Although with iqueſchleſſe flames their fleſh it fry)
 Sith that much * *paine* their *ioy* makes more the much
 And *paine*, that *sense* can feele, no *sense* can touch.

Inward ioy an
 nihilates out-
 ward paine.

Eſay the Pro-
 phet ſo marti-
 red.
 S. Lawrence.

This made a woodden * *Sawe* ſweete to the *ſleſh*
 wherewith it ſundred was in ſavage wiſe:
 This makes the burning * *Grediorne* *ſleſh* reſreſh
 That on the ſame in helliſh manner fries,
 This makes *paine* *pleaſure*, and *Hell* *Paradiſe*.
 Then give me, o good *giver* of all good,
 An *Hart* that may ore *paine* thus ſigniorize,
 For thy deere *love*; then with my deereſt blood
 Ile waſh the *Earth*, and make more *Saints* to budd.

S. Stephen.
 Act 7. 56, 58.

When *Stones* (as thicke as *haile*) from helliſh *hands*
 Batt'r'd that bleſſed * *Proto*-*Martyres* braine,
 The *ſight* he ſaw his *ſenſes* ſo commands,
 That, as the *Stones* did ſal the *ſenſe* to paine,
 It deem'd that *Grace* on it did *pleaſure* raine:
 And that deere *blood*, like-worthleſſe *water* ſhedd,
 Did make the ſpringing *Church* to ſprout amaine;
 For that no ſooner was this *Martyr* dead
 But many (as from him) came in his ſleede.

One Martyr
 begets many.

And that the *Elements* doe looſe their force
 (I hat by ſuch *loſſe* their *Lord* might *lovers* win)
 It wel appeares; for, did he not divorce
 The heate from *fire*, which his deere *Saints* were in?
 Some

Some too well knew that this perform'd hath bin:
 For out it flew and brent their *enemies*,
 And where it first began, it did begin
 The powre thereof with powre to exercise,
 To shew *his* powre, that loth'd their sacrifice.

Dan. 3. 22, 23.

NOW, to retire from whence our *Rimes* doe range,
 And touch the *soule*, & *minds* *mind* at the *soule*;
 We see the *bodies* state the *minde* may change;
 So may the *minde* the *bodies* state controule;
 Thus they the state of one another rule:
 The *soules* *soule* is the *minde*, and the *minde*s *minde*
 Is that, where *Reason* doth her *lawes* enrowle:
 Yet fuming *Passions* both of them may blinde,
 When *body*, with them both are ill inclin'd.

Phillipides, that *comedies* compild
 Orecoming one that with him did contend
 In that light *Art*, (when hope was quite exil'd)
 A suddaine ioy wrought his as suddaine end.
 Like *fate* did one *Diagoras* attend,
 Who, see'ng his three *sonnes* at *Olimpus* crown'd
 For *deedes* there done (which *All* did much comend)
 He them embracing, strait fell dead to ground,
 Because his *joy* was more then *hart* could bound.

Sorrow doth
 occu ie the
 the place of
 extreame ioy.
 Petrarch.

Extreme ioy
 (being suddaine)
 is enemy to nature.

As extreame suddaine *joy* doth kill the *hart*,
 Leaving it bloudlesse which is *ioies* effect
 (For ioy sends bloud amaine to ev'ry part)
 So, extreame *griefe* the *hart* may so affect
 (Or suddaine feare) that *life* may it reiect;
 For both revoke the *sp'rites*, *bloud*, and *kind* *heate*,
 And to *hartes* Center doe the same direct,
 Which place bee'ng little, and their throng so great,
 Expels the *Vital* *Spirits* from their *seate*.

Simil.

Marc Lepidus, divorced from his wife
 Whom he intirely lou'd, with extreame griefe
 (For it conceav'd) he quickly lost his life
 So *loue* rest life, that erst was *lifes* reliefe,
 For *loue* of that his *woe* was fountaine chiefe.
 So, with a suddaine feare haue many died
 Which name I neede not, sith I would be brieft:
 By it the *haire*s haue suddainely bin died,
 As by graue *writers* is exemplified.

Of no lesse force (though lesse the reason be)
 Is *shamefastnesse*, in some of mighty minde:
 One *Diodorus* died because that hee
 Could not assoile a *Question* him assign'd:
 the like of *Homer* we recorded finde;
 Who died with shame for being so vnfound
 Not to be able (like one double blinde)
 to answer that, base *Fishers* did propound;
 So sense of *shame* did *sense* and life confound.

Shame may
 bring life to
 confusion in
 generous spi-
 rits.

Quod capio
 perdo, quod
 non capio mi-
 hi seruo.

Body & Soule

Heate naturall

These *Passions* are the *suffrings* of the *soule*,
 that make the *Inne* to suffer with the *Ghest*:
 For, *Perturbations* both together rowle
 Here, there, and ev'ry where, as they thinke best;
Kinde-heate they fire, or quench with their vnrest:
 For, some (as all obserue) haue died with *ioy*;
 And some with *griefe*, haue bin *life*-dispossest:
 For in extreames, they *Nature* so annoy,
 As (being suddaine) her they quite destroy.

Yet *Mirth* in measure, kindly warmes the *bloud*,
 And spreads the *Spirits*, b' enlarging of the *hart*:
 This *mirth* in measure is the only *moode*
 That cuts the throat of *Physicke*, and her *Art*,

And

And makes her *Captaines* from her *colors* stare;
It makes our *yeares* as many as our *haire* :
then, on *earths* stage who play a meery *part*,
Shall much more more the much offend their *haire*
By overlong prolonging their desires.

Philitions,
Mirth makes
mans yeares
as many as his
haire.

then, should I liue by *Nature* over long,
For I to *mirth* by *nature* am too prone ;
But *Accident* in me doth *nature* wrong,
By whom vntimely shee'l be overthrone:
For *Melancholy* in my *Soule* inthrone
Her selfe gainst *Nature*, through crosse *Accident*,
Where shee vsurpeth, that is not her owne;
And *Nature* makes to pine with discontent
That shee should be rest her regiment.

The Affections
follow the
qualities of
the Humors.

Thus as the *Corpes* the *qualities* compound,
So areth' *Affections* moist, dry, hot, and cold,
The last are humor'd as the first abound :
Joy (hot and moist) the *Sanguine* most doth hold,
As *sorrow* (cold and dry) possesse the *Olde*.
Meane *ioie*'s a meane to make *men* moist, and hot,
In which two *qualities* *Health* hath her *Hold*:
But *griefe* the heat consumes, and *bloud* doth rot,
Which *health* impaires, and cuts *lifes Gordian knot*.

And as meane *mirth* mans age maks most extreames;
So doth it cloth the *bones* with frolicke *flesh*:
For, to the *partes* it makes the *bloud* to streame,
Which makes them grow, & doth the *ioy*-refresh;
this *mirth* the *hart* must haue when *head* is fresh,
For wyne *mirth* proceedeth from *excesse*;
And all *excesse* doth but make *nature* nesh,
Vnable to endure *times* long proesse,
How ere it may spend *time* in *drunkenesse*.

Sicknesse is
(as Seneca
saith) the cha-
stisement of
intemperace.

This correspondence then twixt *flesh*, and *sp'rite*,
 Should make our *Mouth* the House of *Temperance*;
 For the *Corpes* qualities will answer right:
 Her rule of Diet; Then *intemperance*,
 The *Head* and *Hart* doth odiouly entrance:
 The *Hartes* affects, produce the *Heades* effects,
 Which make the *Soule* and *Bodies* concordance:
 Then sith the *Bodie* breeds the *Soules* affects,
 The *Soule* should feede the same with right respects.

The Harts af-
 fects begett
 the Mindes

Respect of *Health*, respect of *name*, and *fame*,
 Depending on our moderation,
 Should be of force to make vs vse the same;
 But, when the *Bodies* depravation
 Toucheth the *soule*, and bothes damnation,
 All these respects should (being things so
 Inflame *Desires* immoderation (deere)
 Coldly to vse *hott wines* & *belly cheere*,
 For belly-gods are but the *Divells* Deere.

a Deere are
 fatted but to
 be killed; So
 Epicures &c.

Sith *sicknesse* then in *bodie*, and in *soule*.
 From *tempers* ill, and ill *affections* flo,
 VVist ought VVills appetites to over rule
 VVhen they (to follow *sense*) frō *Reason* go;
 And bring them to the bent of *wisdoms* Bo:
 For, sith our *soules* by *Knowledge* things discerne,
 From whence the *will* hath pow'r of *willing* too,
 If *Knowledge* then be to them both a *Sterne*,
 they should do nought but what of her they learne.

The power of
 The will is de-
 rived from
 Knowledge.

And so they doe, but their *Guide* being blinde
 Of the right Eie, no mervel though they runne
 Too much on the left hand from place assign'd,
 Directed by *Delight*, the *senses* sunne.

But

But *Cloudes* of *sinne* our *Knowledge* over-runne,
Which make her run awrie in rightest *vvaies*,
Whereby our *filly soules* are oft vndunne,
VVhen as shee weenes to winne immortall praise,
And crowne her *Craft* with everlasting *Baies*.

Who learnes a *trade*, must haue a time to learne;
For without *time* an *Habit* is not gain'd:
So diuerse *skills* the *soule* cannot discerne,
Vntill they be by *exercise* obtain'd,
For by it onely *Habittes* are attain'd:
VVhich *Habitts* stretch not onely to our *Deedes*,
But to our *suffrings*, beeing wrong'd, or pain'd,
For *Customes* force another *Nature* breeds,
And pyning *soule* with *patience* it feedes.

Pr: Gife the
Mother of
Habit,

Vnto a *soule* impatient (seldome crost)
Each *Daie* a *yeare*, each *yeare* an *Age* doth seeme;
But a meeke *soule* with *troubles* often tost,
The *time*, though long, doth ordinarie deeme;
For *Time* and *Troubles* she doth light esteeme:
This well appeares in *sicknesse*, (though most ill)
At first we still doe worst of it mildeeme,
But staying long with vs, we make our *vwill*
Familiar with it, so endure it still.

The Soule is
possest in pati-
ence, if shee
posseste pati-
ence,

Afflictions water cooles the heate of *sinne*,
And brings soule-health; But at the first like *frost*
It *soule* benummeth, as it were starv'd therein,
And *sense*, and *Life* and *spirit* thereby were lost:
The *Crosse* doth quell to *Hell* the seldome crost:
Hence is it, *Christ* doth with his *Crosse* acquaint
those that be his, whereof they glory'ng boast,
For that the *Crosse* wel borne creates the *Saint*,
As it to *Fiendes* transformeth them that faint.

First the crosse
and then the
Crown.

As.

Affliction, Ladie of the happy life,
 (And Queene of mine, though my life happlesse be)
 Give my *Soule* endlesse peace, in endlesse strife,
 For thou hast powre to giue them both to me,
 Because they both haue residence in thee:
 Let me behold my best part in thine *Eies*,
 That so I may mine *imperfections* see,
 And seeing them I may my selfe despise,
 For that *selfe-love*, doth from *selfe-liking* rise.

Enfold me in thine *Armes*, and with a kisse
 Of coldest comfort, comfort thou my hart;
 Breath to my *Soule*, that mortified is,
 Immortall pleasure in most mortall *Smart*:
 Be ieloues of me, play a *Louers part*:
 Keepe *Pleasure* from my *sense*, with sense of paine,
 And mixe the same with pleasure by thine *Arte*,
 That so I may with ioy the griefe sustaine,
 Which ioye in griefe by thy deere loue I gaine.

* Affliction being
 familiar
 with vs, doth
 make vs most
 familiar with
 our selues.

* As a man can
 not know him
 selfe, if hee
 know not God
 so he cannot
 know God
 well if hee
 know not him
 selfe. So infer-
 rable are
 these know-
 ledges

When from our *selues* we are estranged quite,
 (Though it be strange, we so estrang'd should be)
 Thou mak'st vs ^a know our *selues* at the first sight
 And bring'st vs to our *selues*, our selues to see;
 So that we throughly know our *selues* by ^b thee:
 But bright *Voluptu'snesse* doth blinde our *Eyes*
 That we can nothing see, (and lesse foresee)
 But what within her gaudy *Bozome* lies,
 Being a *Mappe* of glorious *miseries*.

Pleasure, thou *Witch* to this bewitching *World*,
Eare-charming *Siren*, sold to sweetest *Synne*,
 Wherewith our *Hartes* (as with *Cords*) is ensnar'd,
 That breake the *Cords* we cannot being in,

How

How blest had we bin, had'st thou never bin?
 For hadst not thou bin, Griefe had nere had being,
 Sith at thine end, all sorrow doth *begin,
 And it with thee hath too good ill agreeing:
 That's leagu'd in ill, and in good disagreeing.

* The end of
 worldly plea-
 sure is the be-
 ginning of
 Payne.

Observaunce, looke about with thy right Eye,
 View this *Worlds Stage*, and they that play thereon,
 And see if thou canst any one espie,
 That plaies the wanton being wo-begon;
 Or in *Wealth* wall'wing, plaies not the *Wanton*:
 See how deepe sighes pull in each panting syde
 Of the first sort, in all their Action,
 And how the second sort no where abide,
 As standing on no ground through wanton pride.

Wealth makes
 men wanton.

The *first*, with downe-cast lookes stil eieth the *Mould*,
 As waying whence they came, & where they must:
 The *second*, with high lookes the *Cloudes* behold,
 To see how they for place and grace doe thrust,
 Like these vngratious proude *Oppressors* iust:
Quiest and *sadd* the *first* doe still appeare,
 The other *madde with mirth, for *quarrells lust;
 Affliction thus to God doth *Soules* indeere,
 When *welfare* makes them to the *Devill* deere.

* Ample for-
 tunes, haue an
 ample passions.
 * Prov. 13. 10.

Reville mee *world*, say I am *Sincke* of shame,
 Nay worse then *Ill* it selfe, (if worse might be)
 Thou dost not wrong me *World*, for so I am,
 Although I am the worse (dam'd *World*) for thee:
 Spitt out thy *fame*-confounding spight at me,
 Make me so vile that I my selfe may *hate,
 That so I may to my *Reformer* flee;
 And be'ng reform'd, I may still meditate
 On that pure *Minde*, that mended my *Minds* state.

* Our enemies
 will tell vs
 wherein wee
 are faulty
 which friends
 will forbear.
 So may we
 profit by our
 foes.

N

Then

Then though *Affliction* be no welcome *Ghest*
 Vnto the *world* (that loues nought but her weale)
 Of me, therefore shee shalbe loved best,
 Because to me shee doth the *World* reueale,
 Which *worldly welfare* would from me conceale:
 It is a gainefull *skill* the *World* to know,
 As they can tel that with the *World* doe deale,
 It cost them *much* ere *profe* the same doth show,
 Which knowledge fro *Afflictio* streight doth flow.

Affliction is
 the best Tu-
 tresse to make
 vs know the
 World.

And though the entrance into *Vertues* way
 Be strait, so strait that *few* doe enter in,
 Yet being entred, walke with ease we may,
 For labour endes when vve doe but begin:
 ,, Sweat before *Vertue* lacky-like doth rin
 To ope the gate of *Glory* sempiternē,
 That her triumphant *coach* might enter in;
 So outward temp'ral toile 'gets *blisse* eterne
 Vpon the corpes of *Vertue* most interne.

Custom is ano-
 ther nature.
Custom is o-
 vercome by
 custome.

Sith *Custom* then is 'of such liuely force
 As it hath powre it *selfe* to overcome,
 How blest are they that doe themselues divorce
 From *Custom* ill, by force of good *custome*:
 And ten times blessed they that from the *VVombe*
 Accustom'd are to *Vertues* straightest *VVay*,
 For, such by *Custom* vertuous become,
 Though powrefull *Nature* doe heft *selfe* say nays;
 For *Nature*, *Customes* powre is forc'd t'obay.

When, the af-
 fections are
 called vertues
 or Vices.

When the *Affections* *Acts* are *habits* growne,
 Then *Vertues* or els *Vices* are they nam'd;
 A vicious *Habit*'s hardly overthrowne,
 For our *Affection* is therewith enflam'd,

As with the fire infernall are the *damnd*:
 Who though they would, and though they anguish
 Yet cannot that outrageous mood be tam'd, (haue,
 But still they raging sin, and cannot saue (graue.
 Themselues from that, that makes their grieve their

A vicious *Habit* is *Hells* surest *Gin*,
 Wherewith a *Man* is sold to *sinne*, and *shame*,
 Running from *sinne* to *sinne*, and nought but *sinne*,
 As *Rivers* runne the same, and not the same.
 Til the *minde* lointes, *sinnes* force doth so vnframe
 That it becomes most loose and dissolute;
 Neither regarding *heav'n*, *hell*, *shame*, nor *fame*,
 But to liue loathsomly its resolute;
 Thus *Habits* ill, make *evill* absolute.

But few there are in whom all *vice* concurre,
 And fewer are they, that all *faults* doe want;
 Vnto the worst, *offences* cling like *Burres*;
 And to the best as to the *Adamant*
 The *iron* cleaues; for the *Church* militant
 By *nature* is accompanied with *sinne*;
 Yet the least force of *faith* partes them (I grant)
 Because it cleaues but sleighly to the *skinne*,
 But to the *wicked*s flesh its fastned in.

Sin inhabites,
 but is not ha-
 bituall in the
 godly.

For as a *burre* the longer it abides
 Vpon a *garment* being cott'nd hy,
 The more the *Wool* windes in his hooked sides;
 So *sinne* the longer it in *Flesh* doth ly,
 The faster to the same its fixt thereby.
 If *Nature* then *sinne* soone doth entertaine,
 Vse violence to *Nature* by and by,
 That it perforce may from the same refraine;
 For what *skill* cannot, *force* may yet constraîne.

Simil.

Simil.

And as the *Barre* to *Wool* so being fixt,
 With *skill*, or *force* cannot be parted thence;
 But that some part will with the *Wool* be mixt:
 So, *sinne* where it hath had long residence,
 Will leaue *remaines* there, maugre *violence*:

Simil.

But *Iron* from the *loadstone* cleane will fall
 With but a touch: and so wil *sinnes* offence
 From those in whom its not habitual
 With but a touch of *Faith*, though nere so finall.

That I may touch the *Subject* of my *Rimes*
 More home, (though homely I the same doe touch)
 And for, my travell'd *Muse* might breath sometimes,
 And, that the *Reader* too might doe as much,
 (Lest that *prolixitie* might make him grutch)
 Here shall thee make a *stande*, and looke a-backe,
 As *Riders* rancke on *Steeper* haue customes such
 To breath their bony-*Nags*, when winde they lacke,
 And courage them againe like toile to take.

Simil.

In knowing
 our soules, we
 know the wel
 head of al our
 Actions.

THE knowledge of the *Soule*, and of her *Powres*,
 Is the well head of *morrell* *Wisedomes* flood:
 Hence know we al (worth knowing) that is ours,
 In *body*, or in *Soule*, that's ill or good:
 And if these *Powres* be rightly vnderstoode,
 We know the *founts* from whence our *Actions* flow,
 And from what *cause* proceedeth ev'ry *moode*,
 Or good, or ill, and where that *cause* doth grow;
 Al this and more, this *knowledge* makes vs know.

For in the *Soule* doth shine (though *sinne* obscur'd)
 By *Natures* light, great light of such *science*,
 Whereby the *Soule* is made the more assur'd
 In all her *Actions*, and *Intelligence*;

Though

Though oft deceav'd by *seeming goods* pretence:
 And for the *Soule* is to the *body* bound,
Affections therein haue their residence,
 That, as with *wings*, the *soule* with the might bound,
 About her selfe from being *blend y drown'd*.

Wherefore shee hath *Affections* of two kinds,
 The one eggs on, the other doe reſtraine,
 By which the *Minde* the *body* turnes and windes,
 As they the *mind*, and *minde* the *Corpes* conſtraine:
 Yet whē theſe *Curbs* our head ſtrong nature paine,
 It winceth with the Heele of *willfull-will*;
 Oerthrowing thoſe *Affects* that doe it reigne,
 And in *extremities* it runneth ſtill,
 Which is the *Race of Ruine, Reſt of Ill*.

The Minde
 turns & winds
 the body by
 the Affections
 of the Hart.

This comes to paſſe when as we overpaſſe
 The *bounds* of *Nature*, by our *Natures* vice;
 And in ſome one *exceſſe* we do ſurpaſſe,
 Deſiring more then *Nature* may ſuffice,
 To which our corrupt natures vs intice:
 For let the leaſt *Necceſſity* appeere
A ken from vs, (though neere ſo ſmal of price)
 We hold what els we hold, (though nere ſo deere)
 VVorthleſſe, and for that *want* with woe we ſteere.

Little ſufficeth
 Nature, but
 nothing Opin-
 ion.

As a little Col-
 loquintida
 doth marre a
 whole pot of
 portage: ſo co-
 vetuſneſſe
 doth make all
 other vertues
 abhominable.
 The beſt uſe
 of worldly
 things is to
 contemne
 worldly

It things. Plato.

Hence is it that with never-ceaſing toile,
 And no leſſe care, we traueſe all this *All*;
 Nay, all that *All* we reſtleſſie turmoile,
 And bandy (as it were) this *Earthie Ball*
 Paſt *reaſons* reach, to win *worlds wealth* withal:
Deſire of hauiug thus ſtill moiles the *minde*,
 Though *Nature* be ſuffi'd with *piſtance* ſmall;
 VVhich makes vs looſe our ſelues when wee it finde,
 Sith ſee our ſelues we cannot being blinde.

It blinds our *Eyes* that seldom't are deceav'd,
Eyes of our *Soule*, that make our *Bodies* see;
 Then *Soule* and *Bodie* cannot be perceav'd,
 By their owne vertue when they blinded be;
 And *mine* and *thine*, doth sever *mee*, and *thee*:
Nought can content vs. Therefore the *Affects*
 Are in the *soule* like *windes* (that nere agree)
 Vpon the *Sea*, and worke the like effects,
 Some great, some smal, yet like in most respects.

Beside the chiefe *windes* and *Collaterall*,
 (Which are the *Wwindes* indeede of chiefe regard)
Sea-men observe more, *thirtie two* in all,
 Al which are pointed out vpon their *Carde*:
 But our *Minds* Mapp, (though many may be spar'd)
 Containeth many more *Affects* then these,
 All which though sett our *Minds* Content to guard,
 Yet sturr they vp (as *Wwindes* doe on the *Seas*)
 Vnquiet *Passions* which the *Minde* diseale.

A simil.

When *Zephire* breathes on *Thetis*, she doth smile,
 Shee entertaines that *gale* with such content;
 But, if proude *Boreas* doe puffe the while,
 Shee's madd with rage, and threates the *Continent*;
 For those proud puffes her *soule* doe discontent:
 So, some *Afections* our *soules* browes vnbend,
 And other some doe sextiply each dent;
 Some meanely please, some meanely doe offend,
 And some doe make the *Soule* her *Soule* to rend.

Afections
 move the
 Soule mode-
 rately, but Per-

Those that doe meanely moue, *Afections* hight;
 The other *Huff-snuffes* & *Perturbations* be;
 These later rudely gainst their *Guides* doe fight,
 And so entume them that they cannot see,

Or make them from their *Charge* away to flee:
So that the soule being left without a *Guide*,
And tost with *Passions* that still disagree,
Doth like a Sternelesse *Shippe* at randon ride
On mightiest *Seas*, wrack-threatn'd on each syde.

turbations
move her
most violent-
ly.

A Simil.

For, if our *Reasons* iudgment blinded be,
Th' *Affections* needes must ever run^b awrie,
And draw with the each *sense* tumultuoslee
To offer violence to *lowe* and *hys*;
That *God*, and *Nature*, tast their tyranny :
Let but the *Hart* bee loue-sicke, and the same
Will carry *Iudgment* where his *Loue* doth ly;
And there confine it, setting all on flame
That offers but resistance once to name.

*When Iudg-
ment is betraid,
the Affections
are misguided.

The lower *Iudgment* in our *blood* is sunck
The lower is her reach in *Reasons* discourse;
For *Iudgment* with our *blood* may be so drück,
That doome she cannot better fro the *worse*,
But (reeling too and fro) is rest of force.
The higher therefore, she her selfe doth reare
Above base *Flesh & Bloods* declining course,
The more *Affections* balenesse wil forbear,
And neerer draw to that that first they were.

Therefore mo-
derate fasting
feedes the
Soule.

For, *Passions* passing ore that break-neck Hill
Of *Rashnesse*, ledd by *Ignorance* their *guide*,
By false *Opinions* Hold of *Good* and *ill*
Taking their course, at last with vs abide,
While fro our selves they make our selues to slide:
So that we seeke not that sole sov'raigne *Good*,
But many *Goods* we seeke; which being tride
Doe but torment the *Minde* with irefull ^emoode,
Because they were by her mis-vnderstoode.

*Ills take for
good, grieve
the mind wth
triall.

Had

* Passion is
easiest extin-
guished when
it begins to
kindle.

Had we the prudence of the *brutish kinde*,
We would prevent these *Passions Stormes* with ease;
For ere a *Storme* appears they shelter finde;
Like providence haue Sea-men on the *Seas*,
VVho see them farre off, and provide for these:
So ought we, when we see a *Passion*^d rise
That may the *Soule*, and *Body* much disease,
VVith *Moderations* pow'r the same surprize,
Before it gather *head* to tyrannize.

But, so farre off are we from curbing *Passion*,
That wilfully we mount it, and so ride
On it a gallopp (spurr'd with *Indignation*)
To all *Extreames*, where *Vices* all abide;
The *Diuell* being extreame *Passions* guide:
For once whē *Reason's* driven frō the *Helme*,
And we'twixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis* glide,
Ther is no hope but one should overwhelm,
And send vs straight to the infernal *Realme*.

* A wise man
rules, and is
not ruled by
his Affections.

But with a prudent *Man* it fares not so,
He keeps himself without th' *Affectiōs*^s sway;
He seekes no *good*, but he it wel doth kno,
And knowing it, seekes it the rightest way:
WVe say, and misse, because we *wis*-a say:
*WV*isdom chalks out the way her selfe to find,
So that *Men* cannot erre if it they waie,
Except they be (as many) wilfull blinde,
For it is straight, though strict in easie kinde.

Constantie
holdes the
hart that
holds widdoe.

*WV*isdom (the *WVell* of ev'ry perfect good)
Is that, which *wisemen* onely (seeking) finde;
VVhich^t constant good they seeke in constāt moode,
And being found, most constant makes the *Minde*:

For

For to the same, it selfe, it selfe doth binde:
 Hence it is, the clowds of *Ignorance*
 That erst the same did naturally blinde
 Away are chased, without varriance;
 For *Wisedomes Sonne*, him selfe doth there advance.

Thus good, and ill (as erst we laid) procure
 The *Mindes Affeets*, or *Moodes*, (so cald by some)
 Which good, or evill, pure, or most impure,
 Is either *past*, or *present*, or to *come*,
 To be attain'd, or not be overcome:

And, as we deeme the absence of good, ill:
 So, absent *ill*, wee deeme doth good become;
 Either of which affecteth so our *Will*,
 That by their meanes it is in motion still.

Ill is the priva-
 tion of good.

When any good's propounded to the *soule*,
 Shee notes, shee likes, and lastly it doth loue,
 But in her *Mouth* shee often it doth rowle,
 That so her *Pallate* may thereof approue,
 Before it can her *Soules* affection moue:
 This motion of possessed good is *Ioy*,
 But good to come (which we doe long to proue)
 Is call'd *Desire*, which loue doth still employ
 To seeke that good which it would faine enioie.

Good is the
 object of loue
 and Desire.

If *ill* proposed be, its call'd *Offence*,
 Because the *soule* offended is thereby;
 If it abides, *Hate* doth her *soule* incense;
 For shee a lasting *ill* hates mortally,
 As that which most her *soule* doth damnifie:
 And, as from present *ill*, *Griefe* doth aspire:
 So, *Feare* proceedes from *ill* farre off or ny:
 The *mood* gainst present *ill* is sinnelesse *Ire*,
 And *Faith*, and *Hope*, gainst future *ill* conspire.

To bee angry
 with evill, is
 good.

All which *Affects* haue others vnder them;
 For *Reuerence*, *Pitty*, and *Beneuolence*,
 Spring out of *Loue*, (as *Braunches* from the *Stemme*)
 From *Ioy Delight*, *Dislike* from *sorrowes* lenle;
 And in *Desire*, *Hope* hath her residence:
 But *Pride*'s a *Monster*, for shee is compos'd
 Of *Self-conceit*, *desire*, *Ioy*, *impudence*;
 These, and such like in *Pride* are oft disclos'd,
 For in her wombe they restlesse are repos'd.

Pride is a monster compounded of many Affections.

And, as *Affections* one another breede,
 By one another so are they restrain'd:
Ioy wouindeth *Griefe*, & *Griefe* makes *Ioy* to bleede;
 And so the rest are by the rest refrain'd,
 As by the *Stronger* the *weaker* are constrain'd:
 As when curst *Thetis* chiding knitts the Brow,
 Her *Billowes* proud, that eithers pride disdain'd,
 Thrusts out each other: So, when *Passions* flow,
 The *greater* doe the *lesser* overthrow.

A Simil.

And oft it fares in our *Mindes* Common-weale,
 As in a *Ciuill-warre* the case doth stande;
 Where no *mann's* careful of his *Countrie's* heale,
 Or who of right should al the rest commaund,
 But follow him that hath the strongest hand:
 So, in *Affections* fight ther's no respect
 To the *Mindes* good, or how it should be scand,
 But (inconsiderate) they both reiect,
 And doe as strongest *Passion* doth direct.

* Where Passion raignes Reason obeyeth.

The *Hart*, the Hold where these *Pow'ers* are inclos'd,
 Heereby is vext; for, if it doe incline
 To those *Affections* that are worst dispos'd,
 Its inly griv'd, els *Ioy* the same doth line,

And

And with the same doth face the *Face* in fine;
 But, if sadd *sorrow* doe the *Hart* surprise,
 It doth deface the face and make it pyne;
 Looking like *Languishment* through both the *Eyes*,
 For through the ^b *Eyes*, our *Eye* the *Hart* espies.

^b The *Eie* is
 the *Index* of
 the *Minde*.

This direct *Index* of the *Minde*, the *Eyes*
 Doth oft bewraie what *Reason* doth conceales;
 For wil yee, nil yee, we shal see thereby
 What's well, or ill, in the *Mindes* common-weale: Eccl 13. 16.
 Our *Lookes*, our *Falshood* truely doe reveale,
 Whereby oft *lives* and *liberties* are lost;
 Examin'd *Theeves* ^c confesse that they did steale
 By their confused *lookes*, with horror tost:
 Thus *Counsell* oft putts vs to double cost,

^c Confounded
 looks bewray
 men's lewdnes.

It *Lyvings* costs, to hold it beeing hy,
 It costs our *lives*, when we it cannot hold,
 We cannot hold it when through it we dye;
 And two *Proppes* hold it high, *Silver* and *Gold*,
 For which our *lives*, and *livings* oft are sold:
 For too lowe *State* too false doth make the hands,
 Which in the *Countenance* wee oft behold,
 Through which we die, and *State* that highly stands
Lands must uphold; So, it costs *life* and *lands*.

Thus *Joy* and *Sorrowe* send with equal pace
 True *tokens* of their presence in the *Hart*,
 (By *Natures* force conducted) to the *Face*,
 Where they the powr's convince of *Reasons* *Arte*,
 And in the ^d *Front* with force they play their part:
 If in the *Hart*, *Griefe* be predominant,
 The browes will bend as if they felt the smart;
 If *Joy*, the face will seeme therefore to vant,
 Then how *Hart* fares, *Fooles* are not ignorant.

^d The coun-
 tenance shewes
 how the *Hart*
 is affected.

That *Man* is truly wise as *Man* may bee,
 That can beare weale, & woe, with like aspect;
 There may be such, but, such I nere could see;
 Yet good *mens* countenance I much respect,
 But of their goodnes nere saw that effect;
 Let *Stoicks* giue for praecepts what they list,
 This vertue may (perhapps) be their defect;
 For though *Affections* force they can resist,
 Yet they'll preuaile whē *natures* powres assist.

Not to dissem-
 ble, is not to
 lyue.

And weakling that I am, how apt am I
 To martiall my *Passions* in my face;
 I oft haue tride, and yet I doe but trie,
 To keepe them in, in their conceaving place,
 Dissembling so *Discretions* fowle disgrace:
 But as I cannot colour my defects,
 So, can I wel dissemble in no case;
 Which is the cause of many badd effects,
 For none (though nere so vaine) this vaine affects.

* Teares
 quench the
 fire of immo-
 derate Passio.

Teares are the *Tokens* of a *Passion'd Soule*,
 That *Hart* for *Lone* sometimes sends to the Eies,
 And oft they witnes there *Ioy*, *Paine*, or *Dole*,
 But how so ere, from *Passion* strong they rise;
 Which *Passion* in *Compassion* often lies:
 Mine *Eies* are kyn (too neere of kyn) to these,
 Which, though my *Spirit* doth it much despise,
 Yet doe they turne mine *Eyes* too oft to *Seas*,
 To drowne *Harts* *Passion* and to give it ease.

But blessed were I if mine *Eyes* could flowe,
 With *Tears* of *Pittie* seeing the distrest;
 But much more blest, had I then to bestow
 And franckly giue, then were I treble blest;

In *Tearcs*, in *wealth*, and in *both* so address:
 My *Secret* to my selfe, I blesse *Him* ay
 For being no worse, though badd I be at best;
 The lesse I speake of what I feele that way,
 The more I feele his *grace* my *thoughts* to sway.

He, Fount of goodnesse (holie be his name)
 Was often scene (when he as man was scene)
 To weepe, and seem'd delighted with the same,
 Seeing the *World* (through his *Tearcs*) stil ore scene,
 That might by his *example* blest haue beene:
 Who never was observ'd to laugh, or iest,
 Either in *Manhood*, or when *yeares* were greene,
 At merry *meetings*, or at *weddings* feasts,
 Showing thereby what *moode* fits *Virtue* best:

If *Joy* at any time had toucht his *Soule*,
 (As when his word had made a *Profelite*)
 He (only wise) would wisely it controule,
 For that this *moode* with *Maiessty* doth fight,
 Which in his *Person* was enthron'd by right:
 This we admire as that we cannot doe,
 For, we in pleasures vaine so much delight,
 That *Joy* may make vs *madd*, and kill vs too:
 For *Joy*, or *Griefe* can our *hart-stringes* vndoe.

'Mirth is too
 light for the
 gravity of
 Maiesstie.

thus when our *Tearcs* doe testifie our ruth,
 We neede not rue, or of them be aham'd;
 For, *Virtue* therein her owne selfe ensuth,
 When with *selfe-love* her *Soule* is most inflam'd,
 Which *selfe-love* burns the *Soul* yet nere is blam'd: *Virtues selfe-*
 Wherefore such *Tearcs*, and *Tearcs* effus'd for *sinne*, *loue alone is*
 Is wyne of *Angels*, so by *Angells* nam'd; *Virtuous.*
 then blessed are those *Founts* that never lyn
 send forth *streames*, that *Angells* glory in.

VWhen *sighes* for *sinne* ascend, *Mercy* descends,
 And in the *rise*, their flight anticipates;
Grace centreth *sighes* that *Mercy* comprehends,
 But *sighes* from *sinne* ascending *Mercie* hates;
Sighes for, and from *sinne*, are vnequall mates:
 From *sinne*, none but *sighes* *sinneful* can arise;
 But *sighes* for *sinne* high *grace* consociates,
 And did not *Mercie* stay them in the *rise*,
 They would with violence the *Heav'ns* surprise.

The kingdom
 of heaven suf-
 fers violence;
 and the vio-
 lent take it by
 force. Mar. 11.
 12.

The Hart co-
 ceaues two
 kindes of Ioy
 or Griefe.

Two kindes of *Ioy* or *Griefe* the *Hart* conceaues,
 For *Good*, or *Ill*, possessed, or future;
 The name of *Hope*, the later *Ioy* receaues,
 Which of some *good* to come doth vs assure;
 The latter *Griefe* doth *Feare* in vs procure
 Of *Ill* to come, which we with *Griefe* expect:
 So, *Ioy*, and *Hope*, or *Griefe*, and *Feare* in powre
 Are much alike, their ods *Time* doth effect,
 And take their *names* as they doe *Time* respect.

Likelyhood is
 the life of
 hope touch-
 ing mundane
 matters.

Hope time to come respects, bred by *Desire*,
 Desire of *good*, wherein we *Ioie* by *Hope*;
Hope hath no helpe of science but intire
 Rests on *coniecture*, which to *doubts* lies ope,
 And *likelyhood* giues her her vtmost scope:
 Yet *Hope* that's fixt on that all-working *VVord*
 That gaue *Earth* being, and the *Heav'nly Cope*,
 Excludes *Coniecture*, and is so assur'd,
 As if that hopt for, *Time* did strait afford.

Then no true *Ioy* can *hope* accompany,
 That hath but *likelyhood* for her best stay;
 For such *hope*, *Posse* evermore doth cie,
 Which ere it comes to *Esse*, slides away:

For in each *Possibilitie* we may
Behold a possibilitie of faile;
Which must of force our *hope* sometimes dismay;
Then *Fear* a shaking *hope* must needs assaile,
And *hope* must shake, that *croſſe events* may quaille.

Such is the *Vicked*s most assured hope,
Who *Ancor* it on transitorie *Toyes*;
They feare the cracking of that *cable Rope*
That holds them to their *hopes* expected ioies;
Contingencie their constan't hope annoies;
Which ay is constant in vnconstancie:
And oft them with their groundlesse hope destroies;
Which fills their hopes with dire perplexity,
And lines their ioies with lasting *miseric*.

The hope of
the impious is
full of feare.

But *hope* that hath for' *object* certaine things
(As those which *Truthes* nere-failing word assures)
In great't *distresse* great consolation brings,
And like good *sauce* an appetite procures,
Griefe to digest, as long as life endures:
This *hope* makes *harts* to hold that els would breake;
And harts almost quite broken shee recures,
And when our *foes* by force our ruine seeke,
She giues vs strength to weene their force too weake.

Innocencie
dreads no
danger.

Shee holds the *powres* of *hell* in high contempt,
And makes a iest of temp'ral powre or paine;
From all *annoy* of both shee is exempt,
For in *Griefes* bowels shee doth *ioie* retaine;
As *Ionas* did in the *VVhales* intertaine:
The *aire* shee striketh with so strong a *winge*
That *aire*, or *fire*, the force cannot restraine,
But vp shee will through both, and ev'ry thing
That lets her from the *place* of her biding.

Hopes winges
are pennipo-
tent.

The Patriarch
Abraham.

Gen. 32. 26. 28

Nay, she with such resistlesse wings doth flie,
That shee her selfe her selfe doth oft surmount;
The Faithfull Father made her so to stie,
And diverse other *Saintes* of lesse account;
Being on her *Wings* she, maugre force, wil mount,
Who, through the ten-fold *heav'ns* (though thick &
Can glide with ease, as *Fish* do through a *fount*, (hard)
Nor by the *high'st* him selfe can shee be bard,
But will prevaile, as it with *Jacob* far'd.

Thus *Ioy*, and *Hope* goe jointly hand in hand,
Like *Twins* got by *Desire*, by *Fancie* borne;
And as *Hopes* ioie, on future *Good* doth stand,
So, *Fear's* a griefe conceav'd for *Ill* vnborne
(Which we expect) wherewith the *Soule* is torne:
Then looke what ods there is twixt *Hope* and *Ioy*,
Thelike's twixt *Feare*, and griefe (in minds forlone)
Alike they comfort, or the *Minde* annoy,
As they best know, that best or worst enjoy.

Feare doth the *Hart* contract, (that *Hope* dilates)
And shut so close that vitall *Sp'its* it pines;
Then *Nature* to prevent death (which shee hates)
Drawes *bloud* and *Sp'its* from al the parts confines,
And to the *Hart* in haste the same assigns:
Then are the outward *partes*, as pale, as cold,
And quake as fearing their approaching *fines*;
Then pants the *heart* that labours *life* to hold,
Which ties the *Tongue*, *womb* loosing ere it should.

And as this *sense*-confounding *Passion*, *Feare*,
The *hart* with horror thus excruciates;
So, in the *soule* it such a swaie doth beare,
That it the *Powres* thereof quite dissipates;

And

And makes most *abjects*, of most mightie *States*;
How like an *Idoll* stands *Feares* servile *Slaves*?
Whose total *senses* *Fear* so captivates,
that no one *sense* hath force it selfe to saue,
But *Death* desires to kill the *fear* they haue.

The *Senses*
would dy, that
fear might
not liue

If this bale *Fear* (*harts* hatefull hel) possesse
the *hart*, the *hart* doth then possesse the *heeles*;
But most of all, when *hart* doth most transgresse,
And diuine ven geance it (with *fear*) doth seele;
then *Strength* may seeke to stay it, but, it wil reele
In spight of *morrall strength*, that it should sway;
And, as starke drunke with *fear*, turne like the *wheele*
that wheeles the nether *heauens* without stay,
Let *courage* say the while, what *courage* may.

No *harnesse* (though by *Vulcan* forg'd) can make
Fear to be hardy, or not hartlesse quites;
If *Armors* could from *Art* such tempers take,
The *Artist* should be king'd in *Fortunes* spight;
For many *kings* would crowne him for this sleight;
But he it is, whom *heav'n*, and *hell* doth *fear*,
Can take *fear* from, and arme vs with his *might*;
For he alone the faint *hart* vp doth reare,
Or make the slowest *hart* most faint appeare.

Fear is viced,
by hartlesse,

Wee must then armed be from *Fear*, by *fear*;
Gods *fear*, that strong *Vulcanian* *Armor*, must
Guard such good *Soules* as doe regard it heere;
Because such *fear* is euer full of *trust*,
that *feares* no threate of any mortal *thrust*;
For, *Hope* in him, doth make the daring *hart*,
Which *hope* no *hart* can haue that is vniust;
For *Conscience* prickes will make the same to start
When the least *Leafe* doth wagge, by *winde*, or *Art*:

Gods *fear*
expels *fear*,

Eccle. 1. 12.

The Belly
becomes
loose though
force of Feare
*Iob. 41. 16.

When therefore divine *Iustice* *sinne* wil scourge,
He doth dishart their *harts*, in whom it raignes,
In sort, that they themselves with horror * purge,
When he on them his heavy vengeance raynes;
So that their *feare* exaggerates their *paines*.
The haughti'lt *Hart* (erst swolne with *Valours* pride)
Feare striks stone-dead, whē he but vengeaunce faines;
And greatest *strength* by *weakenesse* is defide,
When as his *pow'r* in *weakenesse* doth abide.

Courage
comes from
Hope.

Then, *Courage* comes from *Hope*, & *Hope* frō *Heau'n*,
The *Donor* is the highest *Diety*,
The *praise* is His, that is to *proweesse* giv'n,
For he alone the *Minde* doth magnifie:
Then praise him *Lowe*, if courage make you *Hie*,
And laude him *High*, if feare make yee not *lowe*,
Yea *high* and *lowe* praise Him alone, whereby
You gaine the *praise* that *men* on you bestowe,
From Whom (as frō the *Fount*) al *praise* doth flowe.

* Six-penny
Champions.

How is it then, that *Diavills* in *Mennes* forme
swaggring * *Man-quellers* are so desperate?
Who with strong hand *Gods Images* deforme
Fearing no *man*, but give the *checke* or *mate*
To good and *badd* of what soever state:
This is not *courage*, but an hellish fire
That boiles their *blond*, cal'd *Ire*, inflam'd by *hate*,
And oft of *Saints* they (*Fiendes*) haue their desire;
No otherwise then *Iob* felt *Sathans* ire.

Iob. 2. 7.

Gen. 4. 8.

So, cursed *Caine* slue *Abell* in that moode,
Abell, that *innocent* the *Highests* below'd;
Yet *Caine* had *hart* and *hand* to broach his blood:
The like, *Men Angell-like* haue oft approv'd

By

By those whome God in this life nere reprov'd.
 This *secret* is *obscure*, but light to those
 That take it light, and it abide vnmov'd;
 Them *Faith* assures, He doth of all dispose;
 In whome, come *life* or *death*, they hope repose.

If divine **LOVE* desires my *Bodies* death,
 By soddaine death my *Soule* so straight to haue,
 VVhat matters it, though he bereave my breath
 By *Di'v'l*, or *Angell*, to my *Soule* he saue;
 The **pow'r* they both possesse, to them he gave,
 Both are his *Ministers* to doe his will;
 If *Sathan* then, my *Corpes* bring to the *Grave*,
 To me it is so farre from being ill,
 That *Sathan* doth me good, against his wil.

*God.

*God is the
Fountainne of
all Power.

Me good said I? well may I call it good,
 Sir it is *good* of *goods*, good all in all;
 The *fount*, whereof all *goodnesse* is the *floud*,
 That never yet was gag'd nor never shall
 By *Men*, most wise, or *Spirits* Angelicall:
 It is th' *Abyss*e of true *Felicity*,
 VVhich some *men*, more then most fantastical,
 Suppose they have, had they high *dignity*;
 VVith *pleasure* fac'd, and lyn'd with *Misery*.

thus *Ioy*, and *Hope*, were by th' *all Giver* giv'n
 As sweete *Conductors* to his 'sweetest *Sweete*;
 And *Feare*, and *Griefe*, from his *wrath* are dery'n
 To awe the *Mind*, (which first therewith doth meete)
 And that which that *mind* hath fore-done vnmeete,
 Should be thereto as **Scourge* and *Scouger* iust,
 VVhich doe remaine, when *sinnes* sowe-*Sweetes* do
 To make the *Mind* abhorre her former lust; (fleete
 For *Griefe*, and *Feare*, are iust to *Mindes* vniust.

*Sorrow re-
maines after
sinne for sin,
to make the
Soule detest
sinne.

P a

Now

Now the true pleasure which our Nature craves
 The whiles the Soule remains the Bodies Guest,
 Is the true rest some Good the Soule vouchsafes,
 Which the Hart holdeth, and esteemeth best;
 As Contemplation is Reasons rest:
 Yet can there be no pleasure in that good
 If it be greater then Hart can digest;
 For, if the Continent bound not the flood,
 Confusion must ensue in likely-hood.

If Light (ioy of the Eye) be, as the Sunne,
 Too great for the Eyes small capacity,
 They may be dymmed so, if not vndunne:
 Or if it be too small, they cannot see;
 As they are strong or weake, so ^a Light must
 The like of other senses may be sedd (bee:
 Outward or inward, bound to forme, or free,
 Who must with moderation still be sedd,
 For excesse the annoies, nay strikes the dead.

*Too great
 Light is as of-
 fensive to the
 Eye, as too lit-
 tle.

As therefore God is most most infinite,
 So hee's with ioy receaved of that part
 that's likst himself, which is the Soule or sp^rite;
 But for that he cannot himselfe impart
 (being Immense) to them by pow'r or arte,
 (they being not so) he is to them applied
 By ^b Vnderstanding, yet but so in part;
 If otherwise he should with them abide,
 They would through glory be quite nullified.

*God is by
 Intelligence
 apprehend:d
 of vs.

Now, as a man takes pleasure by these partes,
 So in that part he takes the most delight
 That to his Flesh, or sp^rite, most ioy imparts;
 And with those pleasures is he swallowed quight,

Thag.

That doe affect that *part* with maine and might:
Therefore the brutish *Vulgar*, most are pleas'd
In things substantial which appeare to sight,
And things diuine, which cannot so be seas'd,
They hold as vaine, and are therewith displeas'd.

Amonge the *pleasures* which are sensuall,
The vilit is that we *feele*, by that we *touch*;
Because it is the Earthli' *sense* of all:
The *Tast's* of better temper, though not much:
Smelling is light, and lightly more will grutch
At vnswete Savors, then in swete will ioye;
The *Hearing* is more worthie' farre then such,
Sith its more *Airey* and doth lesse annoy,
Whereby we gaine the *Faith* which we enioy.

Note which
of the out-
ward senses is
the most su-
preme.

But *Seeing*, (Sov'raigne of each outward *sense*)
Holds most of *Fire*, which is in nature neere
To the *Celestiall Natures* radiance;
Therefore this *sense* to *Nature* is most deere,
As that which hath (by *Natures* right) no *Peere*.
Thus much for *pleasures* which these *senses* giue,
VWhereof the *best* must needs most *base* appeare
Compared to the *worst* our *Soules* receave, (give.
Whose *powres* haue much more pow'r to take and

* Seeing is the
Soveraigne of
the outward
Senses, & why.

These are the *Lures* of *lust*, that never lyn
To draw the *world* to be a pray to *vvoe*;
These make fraile *flesh* & *Blood* the *founts* of *d sinne*,
From whence all mortall *miserries* doe flowe,
Which *flesh* and *blood* doe groning vndergoe;
In these are *Baites* for *Beggars*, as for *Kinges*:
VWhich pleasures streames doe (swelling) overflowe,
That they are caught vnwares; for that these things
The *World* to *Hell*, and *Hell* to *horror* brings.

* The outward
senses are the
Dores wher
through Sin
enters into
our Soules.

The Diuell
knowes not
the thoughts
of Man.

These are the *windowes* through which *Sathan* spies
The disposition of our better *part*:
Through these he hath a glimpse of all that lies
Within the secret'st corners of our *Hart*,
Which wel to know belongs to *heav'nly Art*:
For loue of *these*, the *Flesh* the *Sprite* doth loth,
Who for *their* pleasure makes the same to smart,
And for their comfort *soule* and *bodie* both
With *Care* confusedly themselves doe cloth.

A Similitude

As when grim *Night* puts on a *Sable* weede,
Fac'd with infernal *Apparitions*,
That so the next *daies* comfort might exceede:
So, are the *Minde* and *Bodies* motions
Care-cloth'd for *senses* consolations.
Fraile *senses* (Seede-plots of *impietie*
Made for our *Reasons* recreations)
Die and bee damn'd, or liue to magnifie
Your *makers Mercie*, *Might*, and *Majestie*.

The inferior
interior
senses ceite
more pleasure
then all the
outward sen-
ses can.

And as in *Pleasures* false are true degrees,
Agreeing with these *Organs* of the *sense*,
Some *base*, some *meane*, some *high*, (for so are these)
(Yet all but base to pleasures excellencie,
Whereof the *soules* low'st *powre* hath highest *sense*)
So are there like gradations in the *ioies*
Those *Powres* conceaue, as is their pre'minence;
The feeding *Powre*, in feeding *powre* imploies,
Which pleaseeth *Nature*, but the *soule* annoies.

The pleasures
of the minde
doe far excell
those of the
body.

Those *Ioies* conceaved by th' *Intelligence*
As most supreme, doe most reioice the *sprite*;
For they belong to the supreme *sense*,
Wherein the *Minde* conceaveth most delight

(though

(Though *Nature* pine the while) by *Natures* right,
 Thus then, if *iudgement* these *degrees* would way,
 Shee would reiect *ioie sensuall*, as too light,
 And not permit the same her to betray,
 Which makes fraile *sense* the strongest *Reason* way.

The *Gluttons* Gorge (*Charibdis* of *Excesse*)
 Should, being disgorg'd from surfetting forbear:
 That *inlatiate Leacher* would that *fire* suppress,
 That *Conscience* and his *secrets* oft doth feare:
 None would be *Beasts* that *humane creatures* were.
 Then, *sense* of *Touch* or *Tast*, as vil't they bee,
 So doe they bring the *ioies* that soonest weare;
 For those that come by that wee heare or see,
 Doe longer last, and with vs more agree.

And the more base and brutish *pleasures* bee,
 The more's the paine in their accomplishment;
 And the more v'd they are excessiue,
 The more's the *soule* and *bodies* dammagement;
 VVitness the *Leachers* lothsome languishment,
 The *Drunkards* dropie, and the *Gluttons* Greale,
 Each clogg'd with either, or worfe punishment,
 That *health* decreaseth with their *corps* increale,
 And *shame* increaseth with their *fames* decreale.

the more brutish the pleasures bee, the more paine is taken in their execution.

Alke sensual-*pleasure*, in her greatest ruffe,
 How little grieve will overthrow her quite
 And giue her *soule* a deadly counter-buffe,
 Shee wil (as forc'd) confesse, shee hath no might
 VVhen *Griefe*, scarce sensible, but comes in sight.
 VVe can brooke *pleasures* want with greater ease,
 then not feele *griefes* though they in *pleasure* bite;
 For, absent *good* doth not so much displease,
 As present ill our *Soules* *soule* doth diseale.

Griefes doe more annoy vs then Pleasures delight vs.

For

* Gods cōmā-
dements me-
tioned in the
Decalogue.

For *corporall pleasure* being sensuall
Consists in some *excesse*, which still doth tende
To the extreame subversion of our *All*,
The feare whereof must *pleasure* needs suspend,
And make her suffer *pennance* to the end.
No *Cōscience* * fear'd with *Lusts* Soul-scorching fire,
But feels the *Lawes* sharpe-burning *Iron* to send
An hell of *paine*, where she is most intire;
For it doth *death* it selfe with *life* inspire.

Now as the *pleasures* of the *eye* surpasse
The rest that on the outward *senses* rest:
So *Fancies* pleasures all those *pleasures* passe,
Because *Opinion* esteemes them best;
Hence is it, *wealth* with *pleasure* is posselt
For no inherent vertue, but because
Opinion holdeth the possessor blest;
This makes men (maugre *God* and *Natures* lawes)
To bite, and scrat for *wealth*, with *Teeth* and *Pawse*.

Wealth, *State*, and *glorie*, if they worldly be,
False *wealth*, fraile *state*, vaine-*glory* then they are;
Only held good by doting *Fantasie*,
Which wil no part thereof to *Reason* share,
Least thee should finde them false, and bid beware;
But *Reasons* pleasures are perpetuall,
They are all *comfote*, quitted from all *Care*,
They thrall the *Minde* to freedome spiritual,
That makes selfe *Bondage*, sweet selfe *Freedoms* thral.

Bodily plea-
sures are but
paines cōpa-
red to those
of the minde.

No marvell then, though *Men* possessing these
Doe hold al other pleasures *hels* of *paine*;
That *some* their *wealth* haue throwne into the *Sea*,
That so they might this *weale* with ease retaine;

These

These made that * *King* to hold all pleasures vaine * Eccles. 2.
 (Save these alone) that prov'd all vnder *Sunne*;
 These haue made *Princes* quit their princely *traine*,
 Train'd by these *pleasures* (which are never dunne)
 Quite from their *Scepters* and themselves to runne.

These make the *Mind* and *Spirit* so *Nectar-druck*
 That they sleepe soundly in *divine delight*;
 These make the *Soule* forsake the *Bodies Trunk*,
 Leaving it *Joy-tranc'd* whilst shee takes her flight
 Through *Natures* workes to have her *Makers* sight:
 These, these, & none but these are *Heavens* on *Earth*,
 Because on *Earth* they see by *Natures* light
 The highest *Heavens* *Maiestie* and *Might*,
 And by his *Sonnes* light * without *Sire*, their birth. * God the Fa-
 ther, father-
 lesse.

Among which *pleasures*, those which doe consist
 In *Contemplation*, are the most *divine*;
 By which this life and *that* to come are blist,
 Which made *Philosophers* to it assigne
 The *Chiefe Beatitude*, the *Spirittes* *vine*.
 If *Mindes* that never knew the *Sov'raigne Good*
 Mount vp so high to make this *Good* their *sine*,
 What shame for those baptiz'd in *Christ* his blood,
 If they (like *Swine*) doe place the same in mudd?

And as the *Soule* retaineth more or lesse
 Of *pristine purity*, so will the same
 In all hir *Actions*, lesse or more transgresse,
 And to the best, or worst, her *motions* frame:
 Therefore some place their *pleasure* in their *fame*
 For *knowledge*, and seeke *knowledge* to be knowne;
 Some in rare *handy-works*, and some in *Game*,
 Some how a *State* may stand, or be orethrowne
 When it is little, or else overgrowne.

And of all *skills* that meereley are humane,
 Civill *Policie*. This *skill* is it that most commends the *soule*:
 This can instruct the *sword* to make a *lane*
 To *Crownes*, & teach the same *Crownes* to cōtroule,
 And *slaves* in *Catalogue* of *kings* enroule.
 For *Policies* long *Arme* can compasse *pow'r*,
 Which ioi'd, at wil, the *Earths* huge *Bowle* cā roule
 In *Natures* spight, if from th' *etheriall Towre*,
 A suddaine vengeance stay not humane powre.

If the *swordes* edge be set on *Policie*,
 It wil slip through the *loints* of *Monarchies*;
 And shaue the *Crowne* of *Roiall Maiestie*,
 So be it stand in way of *Tyranies*,
 That clime to *Crownes* by *blond* and *villanies*.
 The hand of *Policie* welding the *sword*,
 Directs each Blow that wounds stil multiplies, (ford;
 That *slaves* to *Crownes* through *streams* of *bloud* may
 For *Crownes de Or*, those *sanguine streames* afford.

Crownes are
 purchased of-
 ten vniustly
 by bloudy co-
 quests.

Here *Muse* craue licence for a maine digresse,
 Of those that shal thine *Ambages* survey;
 Sith *Policie* compels thee to transgresse
 The *Rules* of *Order*, her *pow'r* to display;
 She (most importunate) wil haue no nay,
 But thou must from thy *proiect* long delist
 To blazon her high vertue by the way,
 That *sense* may see wherein shee doth consist,
 Wherein (being *much*) thou must the *more* insist.

But what I shall in this behalfe insert
 Through my no *skill* and lesse *experiment*,
 Comes from a *Muse* that can but *speake* of *part*,
 Much lesse hath skill to *teach* a *government*;

Or

Or if shee had, shee were too insolent
 So to presume; such *Reason* hath bin strain'd
 To highest reach for *Rules of Regiment*;
 Sufficeth me to touch it as constrain'd,
 By that I handle; els, would haue refrain'd.

Nor wil I iustifie all *rules* for right,
 That *Policie* approveth for, direct;
God, and *Mans* wisdom are repugnant quite;
Mans wisdom holds for good a good effect
 Caused by ill, which *Gods* doth stil reiect:
 And to doe all that *Policie* doth will
 Must needs the soule with mortal Sores infect;
 Heare, what shee wils, then iudge, if well or ill;
 And use or els refuse it, as yee will.

Whose powre if it with *puissance* be conioin'd
 Controules al *powres*, saue *hellish* or *diuine*;
 It glues together *States*, that *VVarres* vnioin'd,
 And severs thole that *Concord* did combine:
 It makes or marres disposing *Mine* and *Thine*:
 On *Sou'raignes* heads it makes *Crownes* close to sit,
 That sooner shal their *heads* then *Crownes* decline;
 It makes *VVill* law, when *VVit* thinkes *Law* vnfit,
 Yet wils that *Law* should lincke with *VVill* and *wit*.

Policy (vnder
 God) is the o-
 verruler of all
 vnder heave.

It tels the *Statesman* sitting at the *Sterne*,
 (Embozom'd by his *sou'raigne*) he must be
 Carefull the humor of his *Lige* to learne,
 And so apply himselfe thereto, that hee
 May neither crosse nor with it stil agree:
 Like *Sol* that with nor gainst the *Heaven* goes,
 But runnes ascue, by whose *obliquitie*,
 Each thing on *Earth's* conserv'd, and gayly groes;
 So *Councillors* their *councils* shoulde dispose.

To Princes
 wee must giue
 our reasons
 by waight, &
 our words by
 measure.

Similie.
 All *Policie*
 ought to tend
 to publicke
 profite.

Simil. And as the *Moone* reflects her borrowed light
Vnto the *Sunne*, that but lent her the same;
So *Statesmen* should reflect (how ere vnright)
their wel-deservings, and their brightest fame

Where the worde of the king is, there is power, and who shall say to him, what dost thou?
Vnto their *Liage*, as though from him it came.
For Princes may put shame of their *oresights*
Vpon their *servants*, who must beare the blame,
Applying praises of those mens *foresights*
Vnto themselves, as if they were their rights.
Eccles 4.

A Caveat for great subiects.
Great *Subiects* must beware of *subiects* loue,
And *Sou'raignes* hate the first oft breeds the last;
Kings wil their *Brethren* hate, if not reprove
For being too wel belov'd, who often tast
The evil speede that growes from that loues hast;

Men should not bee diuels to shun repoll death, or to be Gods on earth.
Which makes great *subiects* (in great policie)
That would of *King* and *subiect* be embrac'd)
To mix their vertues *deeds* with *villany*,
T'auoide the plague of *Popularitie*.

That which in privat persons is called Choller, in publike is called Fury & cruelty. Sal. Rigor often buyeth her pleasure with perill of life. Mercy & truth preferre the King: for his throne shal be established with Mercie. Prover 20. 28
With submisse voice it tels the *Soueraigne*,
Severity makes weake *Authoritie*,
If that too oft the *Subiects* it sustaine;
And smal fautes punisht with great cruelty
Makes *Fear* and *Hate* desp'rate rebell'ouslie.
For, death of *Patients* *Empricks* lesse defame,
Then *Executions* oft doe *Sou'raignty*,
And all that haue delighted in the same
Haue *hate* incurr'd, and often death with *shame*.

For *Policie* can hardly wel prevent
The purpose of true *Hate* made obstinate
With ceaselesse *plagues*, and extreame *punishment*.
For, when the weakest *hand* is desperate
another. Gen.

It may confound a * *Cesar*, so a *state*.
 Who death desires, is *Lord* of others life:
 He feares not *hell* that would be reprobate:
 A calme *Authoritie* represseth *strife*,
 When much *seueritie* makes *Rebels* rise.

It's better * cure, then cut of *members* ill,
 If it may be; and, if that wil not serue,
 Yet cut them off as t'were against thy will:
 For, *Men* hate not their *members* which they kerue
 Or cleane cut off, the rest so to preserue:
 For *Cruelty* sometimes is *Clemencie*,
 Its *mercy* in the *Prince* (peace to conferue)
 To cut off *Rebels* with *seuerity*,
 Lest they preuailing make an *Anarchie*.

And, if in case a mighty *Multitude*
 Of mighty *Men* for *Treason* were to dy,
Policie would not haue the *sword* imbrude
 In blood of them as t'were successinly;
 But all at once, let them al *beadle* se ly:
 For oft * *revenge* with *blood* to iterate,
 The malice may suppress of few too hy,
 But stirres the harts of *all* to mortall hate,
 Which may impeach the most secured *state*.

And therefore that which must be cut away
 Away with it at once, quoth *Policie*:
 And to the *sores* these ^b *plasters* ply straight way,
 Doe some great good that argues *Charity*,
 And pardon some to shew thy *Clemencie*:
 To shedde the blood of corrupt *Maiestrates*,
 Doth not a little the paine qualifie:
 The sacrifice of such *hate* expiates;
 Thus blood must heale what blood exulcerates.

* Which mischief (though with extreame difficulty prevented if at al avoided yet al the means to escape it are these, 4. Enquiry, Punishment, Innocencie, Dessenie.
 * By reprehension which S. Basil calls the healing of the soule: Salom6 an ornament of fine gold Prov. 25. and David a precious Balme, Psa. 41.
 Tacitus saith, every notorious execution of iustice hath some taste of iniustice therein, yet such it wrangs but some in particular it is amply recompensed in the common good.
 * Iteration of reueg for one fault, is faulty. Punishment is the companion of iniustice, Plato.
^b Salus for the sores growing from overmuch severity

Austere and
iust Maieſtrats
are like the
Ligatures of
Chirurgions,
which hurt
them that bee
wounded; for
though those
Bands be im-
ployd to cure
loose members,
yet they putt
the Patient to
much paine.

By the re-
sistance of
those that
shoul'd obey,
the lenitie of
those that co-
mand is dimi-
nished.

Tacitus.
Vsurie is a
sweete poison
compounded
vpon the
ruines of
good men.

A temperate
dread suppress-
seth high and
stout sto-
makes, feare
in extremitie
stirres men to
presumption
or desperate
resolution, &
provokes them
to try conclu-
sions dangerous.

Piety makes
Authority
most potent.

Intemp'rate Patients make Physicians cruell,
And wayward Subiects make the Prince^a leueare:
Ceaselesse abuses of Ire is the fell: (beare)
Can Sou'raignes beare, when Subiects nought^b for-
Such must be raught to loue through cause of feare:
For, oft a iyrke from a kinde Masters hand
Amōg much cockring, makes our loue more deere,
When as we know, it with our weale doth stand:
So short correction tends to long command.

Judges corrupt and all Extortioners
Like Sponges must be vs'd, squiz'd being full,
And so must Iustice handle Vsurers,
They pull from^c Subiects, Kings from the must pull,
And whē their fleece is grown, theare off the wooll.
These are the Canker-wormes of Common weales,
They mortifie and make the Members dull,
Then when the Head thereof these Cankers teele,
He needes must cleanse them, ere the Body heales.

For whosoever feares hate over much,
Knowes not as yet what Rules to Rule belong,
Let Subiects grutch without iust^d cause of grutch,
They will, whē they perceave the Prince they wrōg,
To right the same, continue Subiects long:
By Punishment, and by Rewards a State
May be ore-aged beeing over yong;
In Mould of Love to melt the Commons hate,
Is to correct without respect of state.

From Piety and cleere-Eyde Providence
Authoritie derives resistlesse forces;
For Piety constraines Obedience,
Sith all beleeves the Heavens doe bleſſe her coorſe:

And

And * *Providence* *Subjection* doth enforce,
For, it foresees where *Riots* may runne out,
And with strong *Barres* (which *Barristers* enforce)
Makes fast the *Parke*-pale there and round about,
That to goe through, no one wil goe about.

It teacheth *Princes* wisely to beware
How they exhaust their *store* for warre in peace
To maintaine ^f *Renellings*, and nothing spare
That tends to *Sensualities* increase,
Although therfore their *Flocks* they often fleece:
It ill becomes (quoth *Providence*) the *Prince*,
His owne and *publike* ^g *Treasures* to decreale
For private satisfaction of the *sense*,
Which sincks the *State* with waight of vain expēce.

If there be *factious* for *Sions* caule,
Sobee't they breake not bounds of *Charitie*,
Instruction looner then ^h *Correction* drawes
Such *Discords* to a perfect *Vnity*,
That yeelds a sweete *Soule*-pleasing harmony:
For, when a *Vsolls* strings doe not concent,
We doe not rend them straight, but leisurely
VVith ⁱ *patience* put in tune the *Instrument*;
So must it be in case of *Government*.

Is the least freedome *Subiects* can demaund
To haue but liberty to hold their peace;
Who keepe their *errors* close from being leand
Doe hurt none but themselves, in warre or peace:
If *Freedome* true *Obedience* releale
It will ^k containe it selfe in *liberty*;
And *Lenity* *Subjection* doth encrease
Where *strife* desires publike tranquillity,
And still agrees t'obey *Auctoritie*.

*The mother
of a wary per-
son knows not
what belongs
to Teares.
Paul. Emili.

^fSuperfluity
in Bâquets &
Aparrell are
tokens of a
diseased Co-
mon-weale,
or which is ra-
ther in dâger
of death.
Seneca.

^gA kingdoms
superabundâce
if it be mana-
ged by a lasciv-
ious & volup-
tuous Prince,
is the cause of
the subversio
thereof.

^hFearre & ter-
ror are slen-
der bonds to
bind loue.
Tacitus.

ⁱSimil.
^jA gentle in-
treaty is of
more force
then an impe-
rious cōmâd.
Claudian.

^kIt is an easie
matter to go-
verne good
men, salut.

10 Impious
people, & ac-
cursed times,
that doe con-
strain Princes
to doe this for
the safety of
their States, &
bodies, that is
so perillous
touching the
State of their
Soules.

"Ere the Sub-
iect be in
Armes. A Sub-
iect placed in
high dignitie
hath more a-
doo to hold it,
then others to
gett it. Brutus.
" Tacit Hist.
Abraham and
Lot must part
when their
wealth is over
grown.

" All Wisdome
assisted both
by nature and
Arte, is little
ynough to ef-
fect so great
an Act by rea-
son of the per-
vernes of
mans nature.
" They ought
to feare many
whom many
feare.

" Familiaritie
in Princes
breedes con-
tempt in Sub-
iectes.

Policy prompts the Prince, with voice scarce heard,
If any Subjects be growne over great,
By ¹ death their grandure must of force be barr'd;
But if by Lawe they cannot doe that feate,
Without the shaking of their State and Seate,
It must be done without Law by some Chance
That ^m suddainly must fall (ere blood doe heate)
So shall their Throne be stablished, (witness France)
And subiect onely to divine vengeance.

For it is sel'd, or rather never seene
That peace and powerfull men doe dwell ^a togethen
And ten times blessed is that King or Queene
Who make their Nobles live and loue each other;
Lyve like themselves, & like themselves love either
This were the Quintessens of Policie,
And ^o witte, that's seld derived from the Mother,
VWhich rather can be wisht then taught, for whic?
No pow'r from will can take wills libertie.

A King may from his high erected Throne
VWith Eagles Eyes (for Kings such Eies should have)
Behold the Members of the State alone,
And what the humors are which them deprave;
So may he purge the partes the VWhole to saue:
But to attone the wills perverst by pow'r,
As easie wer't the Ocean drie to lave;
Pow'r may constrain, but Will may choose to endure,
And they that wil be sicke, no skill can cure.

Great Minds like Horses that wil easily reare,
Are easilist ruled with a gentle Bitt;
And reverence Princes should not gaine with ^p feare,
Nor Love with ^a Lowlinesse, for State vnfit,

For none of both with policy doth sitt
 This skill is very difficult, because
Vertues of diff'rent kindes must kindly knitt
 Their powres in one, which *Witt* togeather drawes,
 And guards the Prince, no lesse the *Guards* or *Laws*.

The *Empires* ^a *Majestie* her *state* sustaines;
 The *Prince* thereby security enioyes,
 Free from *Rebellions* reach (that *State* disdaines)
 And from contempt of *Rule*, that *State* annoies
 Ingendring all misrule that *state* destroies:
 The *Scepter* and the nuptial *Bedd* detests
 To be ^b devided, or to share their ioyes;
 Yet *Sou'rainty* in extreame perill rests
 Of partnershippe, when it *Contempt* disgests:

^a *Majestie* in a
 Prince is no
 lesse commen-
 dable then be-
 hooful.

^b A Crowne
 devided vwill
 serue no kings
 head.

Empires are *Fortunes* *Obiects* and *Tymes* *Subiects*,
Law and ^c *Empire* be inseparate,
Fortune doth often *Monarches* make of *Abiects*
 And *Envy* *Monarchy* doth quite abate,
 If it assisted be with *vulgar* ^d hate:
 For *Monarches* finde no meane betwixt the *Ground*
 And the extreamest topp of their ^e estate;
 But if they fall, the fall doth them confound:
 Therefore let them be sure of footing sound.

^c The Creator
 off all cou-
 pled Envy &
 a Kingdome
 together. See
 neca.

^d The Mult-
 tudes love is
 light & their
 hatred heavy.
^e To attain to
 Empire is a
 work humane
 but to retain
 it being attain-
 ed is a grace
 diuine.

three things (saith *Policy*) doe stablish *Rule*,
 that it be *Constant*, *Severe*, and *Restrained*;
Constant: for *innovation* breeds *misrule*;
Severe: for oft by *Lenity* vnfaun'd
 Nought but *Contempt* (or ethrow of *Rule*) is gain'd:
Impunity breeds lawlesse ^f *Libertie*;
 For hope of scape (when *Iustice* is but faun'd)
 Drawes on bold *Vice* to doe all villany
 Under the *Nose* of mild *Auctoritie*.

Innovation
 most dange-
 rous to a state.
^f Over much
 pittie brings
 overmuch pe-
 rill to Sove-

For *raignes*.

An ynh of li-
berty more
then ought,
makes the Co-
mons much
more loose
then they
should.

For who is aw'd by him, whose *Sword* doth lie
Fast *sheath'd* with rust, that it wil not come out?
Who by *remisnesse*, not by *clemencie*
Makes th'edge of his pow'r (dull'd) to turne about:
This *King* the *Commons* wil command and flout,
Who are contain'd with *feare* and not with *shame*,
And nere abstaine from *Riot* or from *Rout*
For badnesse of them, but for feare of *blame*,
And *punishment* inflicted for the same.

Whē the Rod
is in the magi-
strats hand, he
may correct,
but it is be our
hee may bee
corrected.

Thirdly, *Authoritie* should be *restrain'd*,
(As erst was said) and is as much to saie,
That the chiefe *strength* from *Kings* shoulde stil bee
And stay with them, to be to them a *stay*; (drain'd,
Left *Treason* should their *trust* and *them* betray:
They may dissolue the force of *Emperie*,
When they make *Kings* of those that should obay;
For *Slaves* endu'd with *Kings* authoritie
Make *Kings* but *slaves*, through *Kings* infirmity.

It is a sure
garde of thy
principality, if
thou doe not
suffer great
commaunde-
mēt to indure
long. Livie. 4.
Hardly cā me
keepe a mean
in dignities
firmly mounting
mediocritye.

Yet *Policie* doth not forbid the *Prince*
To honor *Subjects* high, & high desert
With highest honor of *Obedience*,
And though obeying, rule an ample part:
So be't the *honor* which they thus imparte
Bee *short* and *sweete*, chiefly *Lieutenancie*;
For it, if long, with *pride* affectes the *Hart*,
Which makes the same affect sole *Monarchie*;
So put the *King* and *state* in ieopardie.

For *Men* are *Men* how ever *Angell*-likes
The highest *Angels* were ambitious:
Its death to ample *fortunes*, Saile to *strikes*;
Nay *Death* to them is farre lesse dolorous:

"For use of Rule makes mindes imperious.

Great Persons haue great Passions; state is stiffe,

Vnapt to bow, how ever curtiuious:

And when great Spirits haue tasted but a whiffe

Of praise for rule, they (drunke) would rule in chiefe.

Wee read but
of one Scilla
that having
gettē absolute
empire, gaue
it over volun-
tarily.

For as the Man orecome with powrefull wine

(Although a Beggar cloathed like a king)

When some in mock'ry made him halfe diuine

With Lauds, and Legs, stil rising and bowing,

Perfwaded was, he was no other thing:

So Sprites that are made druncke with vulgar praise

For their dexteritie in governing,

Doe weene all true that vulgar vapor saies,

And thinke themselues alone the rest should raise.

Simil.

When too great subiectes doe too well agree,

Suspitious Policie them out doth let:

For like as stones, which in firme Arches bee

Would fall, but that they one another let,

By meanes wherof the Arch more strength doth get:

So fares it with a state or Monarchie,

Whose perill might (perhaps) be over-great

By ore-much concorde of the over-hie;

Then ods twixt them still mainetaines unity.

Not to bee o-
uercome with
praises & ac-
clamations of
people is inci-
dent to God
only.

Simil.

We ought to
endeavor even
by laws to hin-
der strife and
partakings a-
mong nobles.
Axi. 5. Pol. c. 8.

* Scripture.

* Divinity.

But among other rules of policie

That are vnruley (if by that * rule squar'd

That al should rule) It sovraines learns to ly,

Dissemble, and deceaue; if it regard

The common good of the they ought to guard:

But to doe ill, that good thereof may come,

By better * Rules and more assur'd, is bard;

Then how it should a sou'rains state become

to ly at all, to this I answer *num.*

R 2

Bus

Kings shoulde
bee so framed
as they may
be altogether
good or halfe
good, and not
altogether wic
ked, but halfe
wicked.

Ari. Pol c 11
* The divine
Precepts.

But this I say from thole that wel did trie
What tis to *rule*, and ruling long to *raigne* :
If *Kings* make conscience of a little lie,
When it may good the *state* and *Soveraigne* ,
Ill may ensue, that good so to refraine:
Yet when wee knowe all *harts* are in his hands,
That *harts* and all doth rule and sole sustaine,
We muse at *Policies* so crosse *commands*
When as we know, all by the * other stands.

We haue two *eyes*, two *eares*, and but one *Tongue*
Which with the *teeth* and *lippes* is eake inclo'd,
And is the *senses Organs* plac'd among
Eies, *Eares*, and *Nose* , by *Nature* so dispos'd
That nothing by the *Tongue* should be disclo'd,
Before it hath rane counsell of each *sense* ,
That are to *falsehoode* evermore oppos'd,
Lest they should misinforme 'th' *Intelligence* ,
Which haynously procures the *Soules* offence.

The Soule is
the true lover
of Truth.

Proverb. 17.

Excellent talke becommeth inot a *foole* ,
Nor *lying lips* the *King* ; so saith that *Prince*
That rul'd in *peace* , and did his *enemies* coole
With *truth* and *equity* ; but that's long since,
And twixt the *times* there may be difference :
Yet if we may not for *Gods* glory ly,
Much lesse for matters of lesse consequence :
Kings should be *Patterns* of all *pietie* ,
VWhich doth consist in *truth* and *equitie* .

These are the
last, and ther-
fore the worst
daies.

But pious *Augustine* (canonized
For piety) saith there are certaine *lies*
VWhereof no great offence is borne or bred,
Yet are not faultlesse; in which *leavings* lies

Augin Psal. 5.

That

That *lie*, which *Kings* for *common good* devise:
 Hence may we see, how much deprav'd we are,
 VVhen *Kings* sometimes must *faine* and *temporise* A Kingdome
 For their *estate* and *common-welshes* welfare, is a schoole of
 VVhich would fare ill, if they should it forbear. decept. Sen.
 thyest.

VVho note withall, It breedeth small regard
 To bee too lavish of their *presence*, when
 Among the *commons* it might well be spar'd;
 For *Maiestie's* like *Deity* in *Men*,
 VVhen wee it see, as farre as wee can ken:
 Yet *politic* (the *proppe* of waightie *States*)
 VVould haue them present with all now and then,
 As well to comforte, as to cease debates,
 Both which their *harts* to true loue captiues.

We beare m^d
 reverence to
 Maiesty a far
 off.

It tels them other *Documents* among,
 That who so bridles their felicitie
 Shall better governe it, and hold it long;
 For *Temp'rance* ioined with *Authoritie*,
 Makes it resemble sacred *Deitie*:
 It bids them loue the *learned* with *effect*,
 VVho can with *lines* their *liues* *historise*
 That ay shall last, and their *renowes* erect
 As high as *Heav'n*, maugre *humane* defect.

It is a great fe-
 licity not to
 be overcome
 of great feli-
 city.

And here I cannot wonder (though I would)
 Sufficiently at these *guilt times* of ours,
 VVherein great *Men* are so to *money* sold,
 That *Iupiter* himselfe in *golden* Showres
 Wil basely stand, to gather while it powres.
Mars scornes *Minerva*, gibes at *Mercury*,
 He better likes *Venerian* *Paramoures*:
Greatnesse regards not *Prose*, or *Poesie*,
 But weenes an *Angell* hath more *Maiesty*.

Poets & Histo-
 riographers
 haue powre to
 giue immor-
 tality.
 The Golden
 Worlds retur-
 ned frō exile,

Yet learning
 and Armes
 should bee in
 league by the
 law of nature.

* Yet if some
mens wittes
were measu-
red by their
wealeh, they
would be ac-
counted Salo-
mons, that are
nothing else
but money-
bags, in who
there is no-
thing but mo-
ney.

As poore as a
Poet.

Artes perish wanting *praise* and due *support*;
And when *want* swaies the *Senses* *Common-weale*,
Witts vitall *faculties* wax al * amorr:
The *Minde*, constrain'd the *Bodies* *want* to feele,
Makes *Salves* of *Earth* the *Bodies* hurt to heale,
Which doe the *Mind* bemire with *thoughts* vnfit;
Hence come those dull *Concepts* sharp *witts* reueale,
Which nice *Eares* deeme to come fro want of *witt*,
When want of *wealeh* (indeede) is cause of it.

How many *Poets*, like *Anatomies*,
(As leane as *Death* for lacke of *sustenance*)
Complaine (poore *Staruelings*) in sadd *Elegies*
Of thole whom *Learning* onely did aduance,
That of their *wants* haue no considerance.
What *Guift* to *Greatnesse* can lesse welcome be
Then *Poems*, though by *Homer* pend perchaunce?
It *lookes* on them as if it could not see,
Or from them, as from *Snakes*, away wil flee.

What's this to me (thinks he) I did not this?
How then to me should praise thereof pertain?
Thou hitt'st the *Marke* (deere Sir) & yet dost misse;
For, though no *praise* for *penning* it thou gaine,
Yet *praise* thou gett'st, if thou that *Pen* * sustaine,
That can ^b eternize thee in *Deaths* despight,
And through it *selfe* thy grossest *humors* straine,
So make them pure (at least most pure in sight)
Which to *Posterity* may be a *light*.

* It is good to
doe well, so it
is also to sup-
port well do-
ing.

^b But Poets lie
open to a mis-
chiefe; for as
Alchimyfts are
suspected for
coynynge: so
are Poets for
libelling.

In common policy, great *Lords* should give, (ceau:
That so, they may (though great) much more re-
The more like *God*, the more they doe relike;
And, the more *Writers* they aloft doe heave,

The

The more *renowne* they to their *Race* doe leaue:
 For, with a *droppe* of *ynke* their *Penns* haue pow'r
 * *Life* to restore (being lost) or *life* bereaue,
 Who can devour *Time* that doth *all* deuoure,
 And goe beyonde *Tyme*, in lesse then an *how'r*.

* Good and ill
 renowne are
 immortal and
 prevaile even
 over the re-
 membrance
 of *Tyme*,
 which Poets
 haue powre to
 give.
 When Poets
 comend mens
 names to mo-
 nument they
 neede no
 Tombs.

Where had *Achilles* fame bin longe ere this,
 Had not blind *Homer* made it see the *vway*
 (In *Parchas*) (spight) to all *eternitie*?
 It had with him (long since) bin clos'd in *Clay*.
 Where had *Aeneas* name found place of stay,
 Had *Virgills* verbe of it no mention made?
 It had ere this bin drown'd in deepe decay:
 For, without *memory*, *Names* needes must vade;
 And *memory* is ay the *Muses* Trade.

But how can these *Daughters* of *Memory*
 Remember *those* of whom they are dispis'd?
 They are not *Stocks* that feele no *iniurie*,
 But sprightly, quicke, and wondrous wel adviz'd;
 Who, though with^d loose *Lines* they are oft disguis'd^d Lascivious,
 Yet when they list, they make immortal *lynes*,^{obscene, &c.}
 And, who soere by those *lines* are surpriz'd,
 Are made eternal, *they*, and their *Asignes*,
 Or wel, or ill, as *Poesy* defines.

* As good no
 compleyning
 as complay-
 ning for no
 good.

Leaue we to vrge poore *Poets* iust^e complaint
 (Sith they are deafe that should redresse the same)
 That *Policy* we may yet better paint,
 And consecrate more *lines* vnto her *name*,
 That learnes our *Pen* her *landes* by *lines* to frame.
 Shee would that *Government* should never dy,
 Which is the *Rodd* of *Circes*, which doth tame
 Both *Man*, and *Beast*, (if ledd by *Policy*)
 And tends to perfect *Mans* Societie.

Shee

The putting
vp of one in-
iurie be-
gettes
another.

They that
possesse all
things want
nothing but a
man that will
speake the
truth. Seneca.
Prov. 25. 27.

The further
Flatterers and
Avaritious per-
sons stand frō
the Sovereign
the firer hee
stands.

Take away
the wicked frō
the King and
his Throne
shalbe establi-
shed in righte-
ouines.

Prov. 25. 5.
The Frogs
(in AEsop)
insulted vpon
the Logg and
held it in
scorne.

Not to be a-
ble to do evill
is great pow-
er. It is an ex-
cellent neces-
sity not to bee
suffered to do
evill.

God governs
that common
weale that is
governed by
a written law.
Aristot.

Shee teacheth *Kinges* to give and take no *vvrong*,
One gettes *Revenge*, *Contempt* the other *gaines*:
All gainfull *Leagues* she would haue lengthn'd long,
And not to warre vntill iust cause constraines;
For, *Iustice* prospers *VVarres* and *Thrones* sustaines;
No *Secrets*, nor no *publike governments*
To *Clawbacks*, or to those that scrach for *gaines*,
Shee would haue shar'd; for badd are all their *bents*,
And evermore doe ruyne *governments*.

In such is neither truth to *God*, or *King*:
Therefore shee would haue such aloose to stand,
As farre (at least) as a bent brow can fling
Them from the *Sov'raigne*, or a straight command:
These bitter baneful *weeds* doe spil the *Land*.
But to the *tried trusty*, she would haue
The *Sov'raignes* favoure constantlie to stand;
For, with their losse they seeke the *whole* to saue,
To *whome*, like *Fathers*, they themselues behaue.

Shee tells the *Kinge* that *Treason* gathers strength
Extreamly in his *weakenesse*; and requires
That it be cut short ere it gathers length,
And level *that*, that out of course aspires:
Shee chargeth *Kinges* to quench their vaine desires
Of *vaine expence*, without the *Commons* charge,
Lest it enflame *Rebellions* quenchlesse fires,
Which oft, such large expence doth *much* enlarge,
Who, oft the same vpon the *King* discharge.

Shee wils that holsome *Lawes* should be ordain'd,
Bereaving *Kinges* of^t pow'r 't' infringe the same:
For, if their *Crownes* are by the *Lawes* sustain'd,
They should not breake the *Props*, lest al the *Frame*
Should

Should fall, to their confusion and shame:

¹ That, of *Reteyners* shee would have obseru'd,
Else most *Ignobles*, in a *Nobles* name,
Will let *Lawes* course, which should be safe referu'd,
and wrack the *Poore* which *law* would haue cōserv'd.

¹ *Statute of Reteyners.*

It is an Aphorisme amonge the *Lawes* of the 12. Tables Let the protection of the People be the churist Law.

And as the *Law* should governe *Maiestrates*;
So should the *Maiestrates* the *People* sway.
The *Governours* are living *Lawes* in *States*;
And a dumbe *Maiestrate* the *Lawe* is ay.
As *Bodies*, *Reason* and the *Soule* obay;
So *States* should *Law* and *Maiestrates* by right;
For, *Law* is *Reason*, keeping all in Ray,
By which the *wise* themselues doe guide aright;
And *Vulgares* haue it from *Law-givers* light.

• *Civill Policy*

• Over-weening a pestifer disease of the Mind, most familiar with Fooles.

• Take coucell of thine owne hart: for there is no mā more faithfull to thee then it Eccles. 37. 13.

• He is more discrete with whom provident counceils (that carry reason with them) do prevaile; the profperous deliberations which happen by chance.

Tacit 1. An. Treasons prevaile on the sodaine, good Counceils gather force by leisure.

Tacitus Hist.

She^m bids the *Sou'raigne* take heede how he heares,
Much lesse embrace th' advice of *selfe* ⁿ *Conceipt*;
For, such *Conceipt* hath neither *Eyes*, nor *Eares*,
To heare, or see *another*, but doth waite
Vpon her selfe, admiring her owne height.
In *cases* doubtfull it is dangerous
T' admitte *light* ^o *Counceils*; for, for want of weight
The'yl make the case to be more ponderous,
The whilst such ^p *Counceils* prove *Aercous*.

For its oft scene that *Publike Policie*
Occurs with matters of such consequence,
Wherein there is such depth of *Mysterie*
That it wil blunt the sharpest *Senses* sence
Of the acur'st, and swift'st *Intelligence*;
Ne shall *Deliberation* be assur'd
Of their effect, vntill their *evidence*
Time doth produce, or *triall* hath procur'd,
Wherein *rash Iudgment* must not be endur'd.

The heav'nlyest *Hav'ns*, m' haue *Hellish* entries:
 Therefore, wise *Pilots* keepe them in the *Maine*,
 And rather brooke rough *Tempests* miseries,
 Then by vnknown perrils rest to gaine:
 They shunne the *flats* by their experience plaine;
 For, in all perils such experience
 Must guide the *course*, els perillous is *paine*;
 Nay, death may follow *double* * *diligence*.
 Not set on worke by *single* *Sapience*.

* The faster
 me run being
 out of the way
 the further
 they are out
 of the way.
 Experience is
 the eie of hu-
 mane wisdom.

Experience is the *guide* of *Policie*,
 Whose nere-deceaved *eie* sees all in all;
 Shee can make light the darkest *mystery*,
 Then, her at all *affaires* to counsell call,
 Especially in *matters mysticall*:
Realmes haue a world of *crannies*, where doe lurke
 Ten thousand *mysteries* from view of *eie*,
 Which nere thelesse vncessantly doe worke,
 And often giue the *state* a deadly *Irke*

a prince ought
 to bestowe
 more in get-
 ting a wise
 couceller, the
 in achuicing a
 coquest *quin-
 tus Curtius*.
 When no cou-
 cel is, the peo-
 ple fall: but
 where manie
 coucellors are
 ther is health.
 Prover. 11. 14
 Simil.

Shee would haue *Kings* to haue such *Councillors*
 That might be learn'd in *State-Philosophies*;
 For *Kingdomes* govern'd by *Philosophers*
 No *Constellations* feare, nor *Destinies*:
 They know what should the *Soveraigne* suffice
 And what the *Subiect*; bending al their might
 T'accomplish both their long felicities
 By seeing that each *one* may haue his right,
 Preventing *foraine*, and *domestike* spight.

As when a *Shippe*, that liues vpon the *Downes*
 Of *Neptune* (mightie *Monarch* of those *Plaines*)
 Is nere at point to perish (if hee frownes,) *(For*
 Without a *sterne* and one that it sustaines:

(For maine is *perill* els vpon those *Maines*;)
 So fares that *state* that hath nor *Lordes* nor *Lawes*,
 Wherewith the *Liege* the *State* from *ruine* rainees
 In *stormes* of *troubles*, and *Contentions* flawses,
 VVherein wise *Councels* calme *effectes* doe *cause*.

They are the *VVatch-men* that stand *Sentinell*
 T'examine *all* that may impeach the *state*;
 They make the *Common-wealthe* a *Paralell*
 To that of *Rome* when shee was fortunate,
 And *Cesar* make of a meane *Magistrate*:
 VVho *Baracado* vp with *Lawes* strong *Barres*
 All that lies ope for *Vice* to ruinate,
 And stoppe the *Passages* of *Ciuill VVarres*
 VVith *martiall law*, which *Male-contents* deterres.

A good coun-
cellor is an
Arguor of the
Com-wealth.

Nor neede the *Statesman* gage *Philosophie*
 Deeper, then well to know how well to liue
 In *Peace*, and *Wealth*, (this *worldes* felicitie)
 And *Rules of Life*, to that effect to giue;
 They diue too deepe, if they doe deeper diue:
 VVhat is the knowledge of the *Transcendents*
 To him that learnes men onlie how to thriue?
 Though he nere red such wilde * *Ayres Rudiments*,
 Hee's fitter farre for *civill governments*.

*They will di-
stracte his
thoughts, and
government
requires the
whole man.

the *Mathematickes*, and the *Metaphysickes*,
 Haue no necessitie in *government*;
 But *Ethickes*, *Politickes*, and *Oeconomicks*,
 these to good *Governours* are incident,
 VVhere *morrall vertue* sitteth *President*:
 ro bee well red in all good *Historie*
 (VVhich makes the *sp^rite* much more intelligent)
 Dorth stand with *state* and perfir *policie*,
 And maketh dexterous *Authoritie*.

To bee well
scene in histo-
ry necessarye
in a *magistrate*.

Salom^o knew
all in all.

1 King. 3. 12.

Eccles. 1. 16.

The Councel-
lor should bee
vertuous, for
hee supplieth
vertues place,
which is in the
middest.

Those whom
the king will
know shall bee
to wel known,
but those hee
looks strange
upon, no man
will know the.

The boundes of *knowledge* are the highest *spheres*,
For, all is knowne in their circumference;
And what soere this *Nurse* of *Earthlings* beares?
Is subiect to *humane intelligence*:

Then *knowledge* is vnknowne by consequence:
In which respect *Men* doe their wits apply
To this or that *Arte* with all diligence,
Vnable to know al *Philosophie*,
Because it stands not with *mortality*.

In all things (as its ledd) are *three degrees*;
To weet, *Great*, *Small*, and the *Indifferent*;
And that which doth partipicape of *these*
Is in perfection held most excellent;

Which is the *Councillor* in *government*:
For, hee twixt *Prince* and *People* beeing plac'd,
Best sees what is for *both* convenient;
And for his *vertue*, is of *both* embrac'd;
For *vertue* from the midst is nere displac'd.

If any one supply that vertuous place
And is not vertuous, he a *Monster* is;
For, in the *midst* can nothing sit that's base,
Sith *Vertue* there (as in her *Heav'n* of blisse)
Her selfe enthrones to all *eternities*.
Physitions labour, aimes at nought but *health*,
Sailors, good *passage*; *Captaines*, *victories*;
So *Councillors* should for the *Common-wealth*,
Which iustly to her *limbes* her *dowry* dealth.

He had neede be more then *honest*, yea much more
Then *vertuous* (that is, vertuous past compare)
Who whē his King's with-drawn, may ope the dore
And in a *Closet* diue into his *care*,
To put into his *Head* how all *things* are;

This

This if ill *Spirits* perceine, and hee will bee
Corrupted with pure gold, or what soere,
Some *Fiend* will say, all *this* wil I giue thee
(Shewing him *Worldes*) if thou wilt honor mee.

Then how behouefull tis for *Kinge* and *state*,
to make such *Minnions* (if he must haue *such*)
That in their *Soules corruption* deadly hate,
And having *much*, desire not overmuch;
But to finde such an *one*, were more then *much*:
For to be *neere*, and *deere* vnto a *Kinge*,
Fils *hart* with *pride*, and *pride* doth emt the *pouch*,
thē for supply (sowre * *sweete*) a (weete-sowre *thing*)
(Which may the *Sov'raign* wrest, the *subiect* wring)
Call'd *Lieges-loue* abus'd, the same must bring.

A man maye
light a candle
at noone and
seek amōgst a
multitude, yet
misle to finde,
such an one.
Minions are
for the most
part so.

But where shall *Princes* then, bestow their *loue*
(Sith *loue* they must, and ought, where it is due?)
On any *one* that still his *grace* wil moue
For *Common-good*, and *private* doth ensue
But for that *good*, this *Minion* in a *Mew*
Had neede be kept; for, if he flie abroad
Diuels-incarnate will him still pursue
Till they haue made a *Diuell* of a *God*,
Or if hee scape, tis with *temptations* lode.

It is dāgerous
ventering a-
broade the
Aire is so infe-
ctious.

An *Hart* that's truly humbled and is dead
(For *loue* of *Heav'n*) to all the *earth* holds *deere*,
Yet *serpents* wisedome hath, in his *doues* head,
And from all spots of *pride* is purged cleere,
And stil would fast to make the *rest* good-cheere:
This were a *Minion* for a *God*, or *King*,
Worthy to weld the *World*; and who drawes *neere*
In nature to this *Man*, or *divine Thing*,
A *Prince* should vlc, with all *deere* cherishing.

• Maximilian
the Emperour
answered one
that desired
his letters pat-
ents to enno-
ble him, I am
able (quoth
he) to make
thee rich, but
Vertue onlie
must make
thee noble.

• It is better to
bring honour
to a mans
house then to
diffame it be-
ing there al-
ready.

• A^c. 17. 26.
The higher
the Sunne is,
the lesse shad-
ow he makes,
& the greater
a mans vertue
is, the lesse glo-
ry he seekes.,

• They will
make sale of
the Princes
favour to the
preiudice of
his people

• Eccl. 38. 33.

For, ^a *Vertue* onely makes good *Councillors*,
Who in great wisdom hold the *State* vpright;
No *Halles* orehang'd with *Armes* of *Ancestors*
Haue in their right creation any might;
But if they haue them too, they are most right;
Yet *Vertue* found not *Tully* ^b nobly borne,
But made him *Noble* by his wisdomes weight;
„ *Vertue respects not fortune, nor doth scorne*
„ *To dwell with those whose fortunes are forlorne.*

Kinges come from *slaves*, and *slaves* frō *Kinges* descend;
Bloud's but the *water* wat'ring *Fleashes* dust;
Which by its nature ever doth descend,
And makes fraile *Flesh* to fall to *things* vniust:
For, tis but ^c *Blood* in the *uniust* and *iust*:
And al alike it is in *high* and *lowe*;
Not halfe so ful of *life*, as ful of *lust*,
Making vs rather *abiect*, then to growe
To *high* *account*, for ought that from it flowes.

Yet some times evil men make *Rulers* good,
As good *Misfitions*, oft in *life* are badd;
These *last* make *discords* ioyne in pleasant *moode*;
The *first* the like in *Common-weales* have made:
So either may be *vertuous* in his *Trade*,
How ever *visious* in their *lives* they are:
But *Policy* the *Prince* doth still dissuade
From making *such* too great, for they wil pare
The *Prince*, and polle the *Commons* ^d without care.

For *Slaves* (though *Kinges*) in disposition
Are most vnmeete to manage *Kingdomes* states;
And so are *Men* of base condition
Vnfitt to make inferior ^e *Maistrates*:

The Floures of Crownes sitt not Mechanick^e Pates,
 No more then costly plumes doe *Asses* heads;
 They are call'd *Crafts-men*, *quasi* craftie mates,
 Let these rule such (if they must governe needes),
 For they at best are nought but holosome *wreedes*.

But some as voide of *honestie* as *Arte*,
 Advance themselves by ^h *wealth* (the *Nurse* of *Vice*)
 And with *good gifts* supply want of *desert*;
Good-giftes, that *Givers* of *Commands* entice
 To part with *them* though they be nere so nice:
 These (seeing *wealth* hath giv'n them *Vertues* meede)
 Doe make *port-sale* of *Vertue*, and *Iustice*
 T'enrich themselves to clymbe thereby with speed;
 From whence the wracks of *Cōmon-weales* proceed.

Did they but good themselves by some *mens* harme,
 It might be borne, although it *heavy* were:
 But ⁱ *they* hereby make *all* themselves to *arme*
 With *gold*, that seeke *authoritie* to beare,
 Because they see its gotten by such *gear*:
 When *Vertue's* thus neglected and dispis'd,
 Then *Vice* perforce doth in her *place* appeare;
 And where dam'd *Vice* hath *Vertues* *place* surpris'd,
 A *Common-woe*, with *Common-wealth's* disguis'd.

That must be deerely sold that's deerely ^k bought;
 And whereas *Judgments* thus are bought and sold,
 There, by *iust Judgment* al goes stil to nought:
 Yet *Iustice* and *iust Judgments* *States* vphold,
 Whose want wrappes them in *'mis'ries* manifold.
 The *Judgments* of that *Iust* orewhelme that *Land*
 That *armes Oppression* (gainst the *Lawes*) with *Gold*;
 For where its so, there *VVill* for *Law* must stand,
 And *Law* goes with *Confusion* hand in hand.

^e They are, as the feete, necessary members, nor could a common-wealth stand without them, howbeit they are as the feete furthest removed from the head being Reals's Seate.

^s Crafts-men, Had men no other fault yet are they therefore unfit for government, because so desirous to governe. Authority should be denied to such as seeke it, & given to those that (like wise men) refuse it.

ⁱ Example of rich men doth much good or hurt in the common-weale,

^k Alexander Severus caused such to be deposed, and severely punished that bought their Offices, saying they sold dearer in retaile then they bought in the groile.

The Philo-
sopher saith,
God is an in-
finite actuall
Vnderstanding

Intelligence (supreme pow'r of the *Soule*)

Wherein alone w're like the *Deity*,
Is that alone which makes vs meete to rule;
For *Natures* lawes, and *Reas'ns* authority
Requires that such should haue highest dignity;
That by their *vertue*, and their *highest state*,
They might conserue men in prosperity:
For right it is they should be rais'd to *State*,
That make the state of all most fortunate.

Honor, is
the Prize for
which Vertue
endureth
what not?

For *Honor* is high *Vertues* sole *m Reward*,
For which all vertuous *Men* all *paine* endure:
If then such men from *Honor* should be barr'd,
All to be vicious it would soone procure;
For *Vice* doth raigne where *Vertue* hath no pow'r:
Where *Honors* are bestow'd without respect
On good and badd, as cloudes bestowe their *shower*;
There must of force ensue but badd effect
For who'l be good, if *Grace* the good neglect.

Honors given
to vertue in
former times.

In ancient *Common-weales* they wonted were
Statues of mettall, *Arches* triumphal,
With *Publike Sepulture*, and *praises* cleere,
These, and such like, they did bestow on all
That to their *Common-weales* were as a *VVall*:
For they that watch whilst others sound doe sleepe
To stay the *State*, that else perhaps might fall,
And laboure stil the *Lambes* from *VVolves* to keepe;
Such *Shepherds* should be honor'd of the *Sheepe*.

Small

For to give *Rule* to none but *Midas*ses,
Is ev'n as if a *Shippe* were rendered
In greatest *Tempests* and *VVindes* outrages,
To richest *Marchants* to be governed,

Not

Not to the *skillfulst* to be mastered:
Whereof ensues the wracke of *shippe* and *freight*,
From which in *Stormes* it is delivered
By *skillful* *Pilotts* which haue gott the *steight*
by their experience to direct her right.

Themistocles is iustly famoused,
For that by *Valor* and great *Policie*
He did reduce th' *Athenians* beastly bredd
To live by *Lawes* in great *civility*,
But *Solon's* prais'd more meritoriously,
Who finding *Athens* at the point to fall
With shooke of *Civill warre*, he readily
Did staie the same, and reestablisht all
The *Lawes* & *Maiestrats*, driv'n to the wall.

* From whence
the liberty of
disorder is ta-
ken away, he is
over-ruled for
his owne be-
nefit.

Nor did *Camillus* that repulst the *Galls*
And *Rome* preserved from their furies flame
Deserve lesse, (if not more) *memorials*,
Thē the two^b *Brethre* that first built the same:
Nor yet can *Casars* or great *Pompeies* fame
(Though they *Romes Empire* stretcht from East to
Be so renowned, as his glorious name (Vvest)
That found it neere by *Haniball*^c posselt,
Yet rescu'd it, and gaue it roome and rest.

^b Romulus &
Remus.

^c Scipio Affri-
canus.

^d The oath of
xpian Kinges
is. I will mini-
ster Lawe, ju-
stice and pro-
tection aright
to every one.
It behoues thē
thē to see that
their vnder-
Maiestrates
make a effici-
ence of thē
owne oathes
& the Kinges.

Then *Rule* should not be given to the *rich*,
If with their *wealth* they were but *fooles* vniust:
The *Common-wealth* would^d *private* be to such,
For they would *rule* by *Lawes* squar'd by their *lust*,
And for their *gaine* stil buy and sell the *lust*:
Wisedome and *Iustice*, with *wealth* competent
Should be in *Rulers*: such the *Prince* might trust
With greatest *charge* (next them) in *government*;
For each will rule as *Virtues* President.

* to make laws
for others &
transgress the
our felus, is to
teach others
to transgress the
* They that fa-
vor sin are as
worthy of
death as they
that commit the
sin Rom 1.31.
The way by
precepts is ob-
scure & long,
but by exam-
ples short &
plaine, Senec.
b Princes and
Priests ought
to be the Ex-
chequers of
Gods inestima-
ble Graces.
c Good works
are much more
persuasive to
good life than
good wordes.
d Good life is
the effect and
glory of the
church militat-
e & of the good
Pastors there-
of. Blessed is
the Prince &
Priest whose
liues serue for
vnwritten law.
f M^{is}-govern-
ment for the
most parte is
cause of rebel-
lion; an argu-
ment of the
goodnes of
ours,

For how ist possible men should perswade
Others to *vertue* and to keepe the *Lawes*,
If they them-selues them-selues there frō * dissuade,
And by their *lewdenesse*, others *lewdenesse* cause?
c A *Rulers Vice to vice the People drawes*:
Sylla might wel be laught to scorne, when hee
Perswaded *Temperance* to all; because
He liv'd himse (none more) *licentiouslee*,
For none lesse loved *mediocritiee*.

Lisander was no lesse to blame, for hee
Allow'd those Vices in the *Multitude*,
Frō which himsef selfe refrain'd a *religionslee*:
For, if by *Princes, vices* bee alowd,
It is al one, as if they *vice* ensude.
But iust *Licurgus* nere did ought forbid,
But by himsef selfe the same should be eschude
Whose *subiects* did no more than himsef selfe did,
Such *Legislators* should bee *deside*.

Such *Prince* or *Priest*, such *people*, b saith the *Saw*;
Examples more then *Lawes* make men liue wel:
Doe *Priests* liue so? their liues like *Loadstones* c draw
The *people* to the same: And doe compel
Sans-force to *obedience* such as would rebel:
Then weigh what *good* or *ill* your d *lines* doe cause
Ye *Prophets* *Sonnes*, that should in *grace* excel;
Is your *life* il? its double il, because
It hurts your *selues*, and to *vice* others drawes.

And where *Vice* raignes, *Rebellion* oft doth *rule*
That dissuades the best vnited *state*:
Which growes from *Governors vice* or e *mis-rule*
That makes the *Commons* (with no common *hate*)

Watch

Watch al *advantage*, to abridge their *date*.
 The forraine *Foe*, then findes domestick *aide*,
Aide that assists all that wil *innovate*;
 So by their *Subjects* *Sov'raignes* are betraide,
 VVhen their *mis-rule* makes them be *disobaide*.

And here my *Muse* leads me as by the *hand*
 Out of the way (as it were) by the *way*,
 To view the lues of *Princes* of this *Land*,
 Since first the *Norman* did the *Scepter* sway
 And scanne their *undertakings* as I may:
 For by th'euent of *Actions* past, wee shall
 the *present*, and *future*, the better sway;
 Which is the vse of *storie*, for they say
 Seldome or nere, that haue *light* to see *All*.

Willia Duke
 of Normandy.

Others harme
 teachvs to shu
 what caused
 them.

William the *Norman*, surnam'd *Conquerer*,
 By his successeful *sworde* having subdude
 This compound *Nation* (weake through *civil war*) Brittan, Sax-
 on, Dane.
 The *Conquest* hee so thorowly pursude
 As that an admirable *peace* ensude:
 This fierce *Invader* with resistlesse *force*
 Dissolv'd the *state* and made the *Multitude*
 To liue by *Lawes*, which *Lawyers* yet enforce,
 Which, of all former *lawes* did crosse the *course*.

It is a glorious
 matter to co-
 quer, but a
 much more
 glorious to vse
 the *Conquest*
 well.

Hee pull'd vp all that might pul downe his *state*,
Supplanting, or *transplanting* ev'rie *plant*
 that might proue *poison* to his frolicke *fate*;
 And *planting* in their *place* (ere *Plants* did want)
 Such as were *holsome*, or lesse discrepant:
 So that no *Brittaine*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *all*,
 Could to this day his *Offspring* here supplant,
 But *they haue, doe*, and *still continue shall*,
 Vntill this *Kingdome* from her *selfe* doth fall.

The way to e-
 stablishe a *state*
 purchas'd
 with the *sword*

A consequent
 of removing
 great ones in
 a newe-con-
 quered king-
 dome.

If

It was no little worke, nor *disedome* lesse,
 From so smal *wealth*, and *powre* which he possesse,
 Not onely such a *people* to suppress,
 But erst at *ods*, to make them liue in *rest*
 For ten *descents* twice tolde and more at least;
 Not as a *Nation* mixt, but most *intire*,
 And with new *Lordes*, new *Lawes* the land invest,
 Which straight extingnish might *seditions* fire,
 And keepe *Ambition* downe that would aspire.

As this of this
 Conqueror, For vvh^o so reacheth vvith his *sworde* a *Crowne*,
 If *head*, and *hand*, vve not *like *government*,
 the reeling *Crowne* may soone be overthrowne,

France.

though it (perhaps) be propt by *Parliament*:
 VVitnesse our *Conquests* in the *Continent*:
 That vv^{ere} more *glorious*, then *commodious*,
 Because we made the *sword* the *instrument*
 Onely to make our selues *victorious*,
 But not to keepe vvhat made vs *glorious*.

Our glory &
 shame.

From *VVilliam*, vnto *Edward*, *Longshanks* nam'd,
Turmoiles, and *Brals*, to that *state* incident,
 that is not throughly *staide*, the *Land* inflam'd;
 For no *peace* is so sure or permanent,
 But *Avarice* or *Pride* makes turbulent.

Avarice and
 Pride the per-
 verters of
 Peace.

It is meermad-
 nes to trust
 the Crown in
 their handes;
 that long to
 put it on their
 owne heads.
 Rich. 1. taken
 prisoner in
 Austria.

Richard the first, transported by desire
 to helpe to conquere *Iurie*, thether went;
 And made his brother *Iohn*, *Regent* intire;
 Who did *vsurpe* the *Crowne* ere his *retire*.

In which *retur*ne, hee vv^{as} tane *Prisoner*
 In *Austria*, from whence b'ing *ransomed*,
 Hee repossesse his *Crowne*; but in the *warre*
 He made (when he his *Crowne* recovered)

Vpon

Vpon his foes, he life surrendered.
The end of *Kings* thus causing their owne grieve
To leaue their crownes to neede anothers Head;
A pleasant prayenticeth many a Theefe,
And who'l bee second, when he may be chiefe.

The sincere
minds may be
repted about
their strength
by the glue-
ring glosse of
a crown lying
within reach.

Neither did *John* escape, the heauie hand
Of iust *Revenge*, to all *Vsurpers* due;
In whose dire *Raigne*, two curses crost the Land,
Gods, and the churches, which made all to rue,
For ceaselesse *Troubles* did thereon ensue:
And in conclusion his life hee lost;
For *vengeance* to the ende did him pursue;
So, al his life hee beeing turn'd and tost,
Before his time gaue vp his tired Ghost.

The Pope in-
terdicted the
land.

By poison as
some saie.

But to descend to *Longshankes*, in whose time
The common-wealth (tast rooted) gan to sprout,
And by this *Pillar* to high *State* did clime,
For he was prudent, painefull, valiant stout,
And dextrously his busnesse brought about:
He wisely waide how incommodiouly
The *Conquests* stooode archiv'd the Land without,
Therefore he bent his powre, and industry,
It to reduce into a * *Monarchie*.

Edward. I.

All kings that
thought so-
thrived the
better.
* W^a Scotland.

On *VVales*, and *Scotland* he that powre imploide,
Reducing both to his obedience;
And long might one the other haue enioy'd
Without hart-burning inbred difference:
If hee had vs'd *King VVilliams* diligence:
Prosperous he was abroad, and iust at home,
A no lesse vertuous, then a valiant Prince,
Leaving his Sonne (that next supplide his rome)
A demonstration what dorch kings become.

That which is
got e with the
Sword must so
bee maintai-
ned, which lit-
tle instrument
can remooue
Obstacles bee
they never so
great, or keop
them downe
that wold rise
without per-
mission.

^aTo rule is as much as to amend that which is amisse or awry.
Edward his *Sonne*, succeeded him in *Rule*,
But not in ^a*Rules*, by which he rul'd aright,
Who being seduc'd by *Masters of Misrule*,
Referr'd the *government* to their *oresight*,
Who, *all* *oresaw*, but *what* *advance* them might:
Vntill their *rapine*, and *ambition*,

^bA Prince once in obloquie, doe hee wel, or ill, al is ill taken of his subiects
Tacitus Hist. Simil.
The loue of *all* from their ^b*Liege* parted quight;
So that the *Sire* assail'd was by the *Sonne*,
And being *subdu'd*, was murth' red in *Prison*.

A direfull end to *Kinges* misguides, due;
Who like to *figg-Trees* growing on the side
Of some *steepe Rocke*, doe feede none but a crue
Of *Crowes* and ^c*Kites*, which on their *Toppes* do ride,
And plume on them (*base Birds*) on ev'ry side:
A *States* abundance, if it manag'd be
By a lascivious *King*, which *Slaves* misguide,
Subverts the ^d*State* which *Kinges* cannot foresee,
When they are compast with ill *Companee*.

^eClaw-backs, and Sinn-foothers.
^dThe more wealth, the more woo, if evil imployed.
Edward 3.

Edward the third, was most victorious,
In all *attempts* and *Actions* fortunate,
No lesse *indicious* then *valorous*,
Yet were his *Conquests* hurtfull to his *State*,
For they the same did but debilitate:
So that when through his *ages* feeble plight,
And this ore-racked *Realmes* most poore estate,
The *Synnewes* of the *warre* were cracked quight,
His wonted *fortunes* then plaide least in fight.

^eThe divine Vengeance sleepes not though it wincks.

His *Fathers* blood with never-ceasing *cries*
Filling *Th' almighties* iust al-hearing *Eares*,
Importunes *Vengeance*, which with *Argus Eyes*
VVatcheth his shaking *house* for many ^e*yeares*,

And

And to his *Sonnes Sonne* fearefully appeares:
 Disastrous ^E*Richard* second of that name,
 Pestred with *plagues*, and ceaselesse cause of *feares*,
 (Through his *misrule*) can well averre the same,
 VVho did the *forme* of this *State* quite vnframe.

^E*Richard of*
Burdeaux.

He, like his *Grandfire* great, great troubles rais'd
 Through his more great *oppressions*, and *excesse*:
 He lov'd and praised none that *vertue* prais'd;
 Liv'd like his *Grandfire* great, with like ^B*success*,
 VVho, blest a few, that few or none did blese:
Edward, and *Richard*, second of their *names*,
 (The *last*, the *first* did second in *distresse*)
 Both over-rul'd were by base *past-shames*,
 So Both alike, lost *Kingdome*, *Life*, and *fames*.

² One evil cor-
 rupteth ano-
 ther and evill
 put to evill is
 cause of mutu-
 all destructiō.

And if there be *wrench* in this *Paralell*,
 It is in that one had a sory *Sonne*,
 The *other* a like *Cousin* to compell
 Him yeeld his *Crowne*, before his *Daies* were done,
 VVhich were abridg'd (as *Edwards*) in *Prison*:
 But, if this *King* had not so *childish* bin
 VVhen *Mowbray* peacht th' *Vsurper* of *Treason*,
 He might haue bin secure from al his *Kin*:
 But blinded *Iudgment* is the *hire* of *Sinne*.

Thus fares it with weake *Kings*, and *Cousins* stronge;
Richard, lies *naked* clothed with his ^h*gore*,
 Exposed to the *view* of old and *yonge*,
 A woefull *Spectacle*, if not much more
 For *Kinges* that live, as he had liv'd before:
 But though *Examples* (freshly bleeding yet)
 Doe *Cane* crie, (or rather lowde doe rore,)
 Yet *Kings* thus *clawde*, where they doe *ytche*, forgett
 The future *paine*, on present ⁱ*pleasure* sett.

¹ God exe-
 cutes his owne
 iustice by the
 iniustice of o-
 thers.

¹ Present plea-
 sures take a-
 way the
 thought of fu-
 ture paine.

Hen-

Henry 4.
²A King
 should be able
 to counsell as
 chiefe coun-
 cellor and di-
 rect as chiefe
 Captaine.

*Henry the fourth, which thus vsurpt the Crowne;
 Of all vsurpers had the best successe.
 For, he was provident to hold his owne,
 And for the Common-wealth he was no lesse:
 In Field, and Towne, he would direct the Presse;
 Chiefe Captaine, and chiefe Councillor was he
 Who rul'd in height of Wisedome, and Prowesse;
 Into obscurest Treasons he could see,
 And if they Wwere, loone caus'd them not to Bee.*

Henry 5.

*This held him Kinge as long as life he held,
 Which was as long as Nature gaue him leave;
 And courage gaue the Scepter wel to wield
 Vnto his Sonne to whome he both did leave,
 Who, did accordingly the same receave:
 He rul'd as did his Sire, in Wisedomes strength,
 And heighth of Valor, which he eke did give;
 Who caught fast hold on fleeing France at length,
 „But weak arms loose, what ere the ströng arme geint'h.*

¹Vengeance
 attends the 3.
 and 4 genera-
 tion of mercie-
 lesse maſquel-
 lers.

Henry 6.

*And now as rowled from a tedious Sleepe,
 (After this Kinge with glorie was interr'd)
 The Divine Vengeance gan againe to peepe
 Vpon his Sonne, that longe had bin deferr'd;
 The Cries of Richards blood now well are heard:
 And silly Henry (though a Saint he bee)
 Must beare the plagues his Grandfires guilt incurr'd,
 When he imbrude his hands, or did agree
 To haue his Sou'raignes blood shedd savaglee.*

*His Vncles (more like Fathers) first he looſeth,
 Then by a woman most improvident
 He is ore rul'd, for ſhee of all diſpoſeth,
 Till Hate and Factions ore-grew government.*

Then,

Then Richard Duke of Yorke in *Parliament*
Claimed the *Scepter*, (being so ill swai'd)
Where was examin'd his *claime*, and *descent*,
And then gaue waie to it, when all was wai'd;
So, silly *Henry* was by *law* betrai'd.

Rich. Duke of
Yorke claimed
the crowne in
Parliament.

The *title* of Duke *Richard* thus admitted,
But an *Vsurper* needes must make the *King*;
Yet t'was decreed that he should bee permitted
For *life* to hold the *Crowne* which *death* doth bring
When as the *Crowne* is held as no such * thing:
Making the *Duke* by *Act* of *Parliament*
His *He. re apparant*, without altering,
Which for them both was most 'malevolent,
For hardly can one *Crowne*, two *Kings* content.

*No king, if
but halfe one.

This was a fond conspiring *Parliament*
Against their *Liege* directlie, and the *Lawes*;
No lesse *disloyall*, then *improvident*,
And of *effeetes* most bloudie was the *cause*;
For, now the *King* his *Friendes* together drawes,
VWho, for his safetie straight began to lay,
VWhich could not be without the fearefull *Pawse*
Of *Yorke* (that *Lion*) cleane were * cut away,
Downe must his *Den*, his *Howse* must haue no *stay*.

The fruites
springing si6
the powe of
Parliaments to
make Kings
in England.
*Germanicus,
because one
or two in the
Army had on-
ly a purpose to
salute him by
the name of
Emperor, was
never wel
brook'd til by
his own death
he had paid
the price of o-
ther mēs rash-
nes. Tac Hist.
*No wisdom
prevailes a-
gainst Gods
decree.
Edward 4.

VWho like him *selfe* (beeing truely *Leonine*)
Stood on his *strength*, so to defeate his *foes*;
And having *wisedome* truelie *serpentine*
Still *compassing* about the *crowne* he goes,
Whom *Henry* tripping in his *course* * orethroes:
But his *Sonne* *Edward* kept the *claime* a *foote*
Vntill that *civill* bloud the *Land* oreflowses;
Who, in conclusion, pull'd vp by the roote
All *Lets*, & got th'imbrued *crowne* with *mickle* boor.

V

Whilst

Whilst this was doing, the Realme was undunne,
The Common-wealth, became a Common-woe;
Justice, and government by Rogues ore runne,
The Ministers whereof tost too and fro
Like foote-balls over which al men may^a goe:
All was quite out of square, by squaring thus;
The Ground did grone enforc'd to vndergoe,
Continued Armies (most contentious)
That made the State poore, as prodigious.

^a The effects
of civil warre:
for looke how
much Peace
is better then
warr, so much
is forraigne in-
vasion better
then civill dis-
sentation.

This Claime was wel examin'd, and admitted,
Here was Succession wel established,
What villanie was not thereby committed?
What vertue was not quite abolished?
And who so high that were nore down'd in drades?
Tonge, olde, rich, poore, and Babes vnborne,^b or borne,
Beasts, & things senselesse had cause Teares to shedd,
For all hereby away perforce were worne,
And far'd at least, as Creatures most forlorne.

^b Civill warre
tendes to the
preiudice of
the yet vn-
borne.

Woe woorth such vip'rous^c Cousins that wil rend
Their Mothers wombe (the Cōmon-wealth) to raigne,
From such apparant-Heires God vs defend,
That care not who doe lose so they may gaine:
And long may Hee in peace the Crowne sustaine,
That for our peace, & his such Heires hath brought;
We all of late for such did stil complaine;
Then now sith we haue such, and cost vs noughr,
Let's thankfull be and know them as we ought.

^c For a poore
and hungry
Army cannot
observe mili-
tary disciplin.
Cassiodorus.

As Pow'r doth want, so Claimes, & Fa^dctions cease;
Might Right orecomes, chiefly in Kingdoms claimes,
Pow'r Titles stirrs, and Conquest makes their peace:
The Sword the Law (how firme soever) maymes.

Which

Which at a *Conquest* (though vnlawful) aymes:
 Though *Prince*, and *Peeres*, provide for future *rule*,
Ambition hardly her estate disclaimes,
 Though for a time the *Lawes* her over-rule,
 Yet when *time* serues, the *Law* shee wil * misrule.

*Ambition vpon the least opportunitie sets vp what so ere hinders hir rising
 More comon weales are ruined for want of good obeyers, the good commanders.

Our *State* stands not on *Armes* as others doe;
 Our *force* lies most disperfed at the *Plow*,
 Vnready, rude, and oft rebellious too,
 Whose *Sun-burnt Necks* oft rather breake the bow,
 Not caring *whom*, ne *what* they doe allow:
 These and such like enduced our late *Prince*
 Such *motions* vtterly to disallowe,
 For this, and many an inconvenience,
 Whereof all *Times* affoord experience.

This made this careful *Queene* as knowing well,
 (By fortie five yeares *prooffe*, and her sharpe sight
 Into *events*, whereof al *Stories* tell)
 How safe to *rule*, and keepe the *State* vp right,
 For her *rights* sake, right close to keepe this *right*:
 Better (she thought) such *Heires* two daies old
 Then two yeares, and as strong in *Law*, and *Fight*:
 So, lou'd her *States* life, and her owne to hold,
 And made her *Hart* that *Heires* securest *Hold*.

*Icalously is gluced to loue and to a Crowne.

But sith shee did conclude this great *affaire*,
 Both *Law*, and *Conscience*, doe conclude the *State*:
 And who resists (by birth) that lawful *Heire*,
 Resists the lawful *Sou'raigne Maiestrate*,
 Made both by birth and *Law* from iust *estate*:
Monarchicall-inheritance resides
 In him from her, ^h then, who doth violate
Obedience to him wounds the tender sides
 Of *Law* and *Conscience*, and al good besides.

*Birth, Bequest, Lawes of God, Nature, Nations, and Reasb, together with all kingly worshines makes good our now kings possession.

Edward the fourth thus having caught the *Crowne*,
 The weak *Lancastrians* drave to the wall,
 And spared none, till all were overthrowne
 That might lie in his waie to make him fall:
 His *Brother Clarence* (6 *Crime Capitall*)
 He did rebaptize in a *Butt of Wine*,
 Being ielous of him (how soere *Lorall*)
 A *Turkish* providence most *indivine*;
 Yet *Crownes* wil rest on such, ere their le decline.

The Lawe it
 selfe will ra-
 ther admit a
 mischief, the
 an inconveni-
 ence.

He alwaies
 shal be sus-
 pected & hated
 of the Prince
 in possession
 who men doe
 account wor-
 thy or like to
 be Prince in
 succession.

Tacitus Hist.
 The Valor &

sierce courage
 of the great
 Cousin, dis-
 please the
 ielous Sove-
 raigne, Tacit.

All crafty &
 Achitophell-
 like counsels,

are in showe
 pleasant, in
 execution
 hard, and in
 event deadly
 dangerous,

Besides, a sliding and new fangled *Nation*
 Full of *Rebellion* and *Disloyaltie*,
 May cause a *Prince* for his securer *Station*
 To stand vpon the like *extremities*
 Where *Virtue* hath no place of certenty.
 What *Prince* (if providēt) wil stick to straine
 Both *Law* and *Conscience* in secrecy
 To cutt one *Member* off, that letts his *raigne*,
 Which the *states Body* doth in *health* maintaine?

The more *perfection* and Heroick worth
 Such *Heires*, great *Cousines*, or great *Subjects* haue,
 The more the *Multitude* wil set them forth
 And more and more their *rule* they seeke and craue;
 Then must we lose a *part* the *whole* to saue:
 These haue *Achitophells* to egge them on
 And make them much more restlesse then a *wave*,
 Vntil their *Soveraignes* they sett vpon
 To make them yeeld vp their *Dominion*.

Manie a busse- *Head* by *VVords* and *Deeds*
 Put in their *Heads* how they may cōpasse *Crownes*,
 That *Crownes* at last may compasse to their *Heads*
 And sit victoriously on stedfast *Thrones*:

All these like humming Bees ensue those Drones;
To gather *Hony* if they chance to rest,
And store themselues with sweete ^p *provisions*,
VVhilst the *Crown*-greedy *Cousine* in vnrest
Lives but for them with *fears* and *cares* oppress.

Now though *King Edward* (like a wary *Prince*)
To remoue *Obstacles* bent all his might;
Yet could no *skill* or *humane* *providence*
Protect his *Sonnes* from their *Proteffors* spight:
VVho as he seru'd *King Henry*, seru'd them right.
The blood of *Innocents* on *Innocents*
VVith heavy *vengeance* mixte, amaine doth light:
Thus, *Innocents* are plagu'd for the *Nocents*
Such are the *Highsts* inscrutable ^o *judgments*.

And as He murdred *Henric* for his *Crowne*;
So for their *Crowne* were his *Sonnes* ^p murdered,
By hardest *Harts* in softest *Bedd* of *Downe*
they were (deere *Harts*) at once quite smothered,
VVhich some ignoble *Nobles* ^q furthered:
And, rather then they should not die by force,
Or want a *VVant-grace* to performe the *Deede*,
their *Vncle* and *Proteffor* must perforce
their *Crowne* from *Head*, and *Head* frō *Life* divorce.

Now vp is *Richard*, (*Monster*, not a *Man*)
Vpon the Royal *Throne* that reeling stood;
Now *Rule* doth ^r end, when he to *rule* began,
VVho being perfect *ill*, destroy'd the *Good*,
And like an *Horseleech* liv'd by sucking blood.
Now as desire of *Rule* more bloody was
In *Torke* then *Lancaster*, so did the flud
Of *Divine Vengeance* more in *Torke* surpasser.
For to maine *Seas* of blood, *Blood-Breakers* repasse.

^p A Būkerous
peace is in ci-
vil discord, &
his discord is
in peace.

^o Gods iudge-
ments are in-
scrutable but
none vnjust.

^p Justice equal
in quality, &
quantity for
Henry 6. and
his Sonne
were murde-
red, &c.
^q Man ought
not to vie ma-
prodigally.
Seneca.

Richard 3.
^r Vnder this
King, to do ill
was not al-
waies safe, &
alwaies vnsafe
to doe well, as
Tacitus re-
ports of Ne-
ros raigne.
Princes that
tyrannously
governe their
people haue
greater cause
to feare good
men then the
that bee evill.

They which
cōfesse peace
and covet ho-
nour, doe lose
both peace &
honor.

A good cause
in publike war
(like the Cape
Bong spei) con-
ducts to the
lā of triumph.

Men. 7.

a good prince
maketh war that
hee may haue
peace, and en-
dures labor in
hope of rest.
Salust.

Eccles. 5. 8.

• Where God
is praised mē
endeavors are
blessed.

• Two things
doe establish
the Throns of
kings prudence
& pietie, the
one appearing
in their Acti-
ons, the other
in their man-
ners.

King. 3. 12.

Bloud-sucking Richard (swolne with sucking *Bloud*)
When *Horseech*-like he had his bloody pray,
Away fals hee in *bloud* bemi'd with *Mud*,
Making his *Nephewes* vs her him the way.

For from his *crowne* the *crowne* was cut away.

Henrie the seventh's keene-edg'd victorious *Sword*
Slipt twixt both *Crownes* vnto his *Crownes* decay,
And got the *Crowne* that was much more assur'd
VVhich hee to his, and his to theirs affoord.

God amongst *Men*, no *King* but demi-God

Henrie the seventh the *Scepter* takes in hand,
Who with it (as with *Moses* powrefull *Rod*)
Turn'd *streames* of euill *bloud* that soakt this land
To *silver streames*, that ran on *Golden* sand:

He turned *Swords* to *Mattocks*, *Speares* to *Spades*,
And bound vp all vnbound, in *peaces* Band,
Who draue the erst long *idle* to their *Trades*,
And chang'd iniurious *Swords*, to *Iustice-Blades*.

No more *Plantagenet*, but *The wdor* now
Sits in the *Kingdomes* late vnstable *Seate*:

Plow-men praise *God*, and *God* doth * speed the *Plow*,
For such a *King* that makes their *Crops* compleate,
And multiplies their *herdes* of *sheepe* and *Neate*:
Vpon *Ambitions* Necke hee sets his *foote*

Keeping her vnder; * And amongst the *Wheate*
He puls vp *Darnell* dulie by the roote,
And nought neglects that may his *Kingdome* boote.

This *Salomon* lookt into *High* and *Low*,
And knew all from the *Cedar* to the *shrub*;
He bare the *sword* that gaue a bitter blow
As well to *Cedars*, as the lowest *stub*

Thae

That in the *course* of *Iustice* prou'd a *Rub*:
Wisedome and *Promesse* did exalt his *Throne*,
Iustice and *Mercie* propt it, which did curb
 Those that would shake it, so that he alone
 Did rule the *Roast* that all did liue vpon.

Homer fa-
 neth all the
 Gods to sleep
 except Iupiter
 implying ther
 by the care of
 a good King
 for his subiects

He, (vertuous *King*) still fear'd the *King* of *Kings*
 With louing feare, that made him *Lion-bold*.
 He ordered things as pleas'd the *Thing* of *Things*,
 Like *David*, that of him his *Crowne* did hold,
 That on his *Throne* his *Of spring* doth vphold:
 Laden with *happinesse*, and blessed *daies*,
 His *Realme* repleat with *blesings* manifold;
 This prosp'rous *Prince* (to his immortal praise)
 Left *Life*, *Realme*, *Children*, all at happy *staies*.

Princes ought
 to measure
 their Actions
 by the stan-
 dard of their
 Laws; as this
 did.

Then no lesse fear'd, then famous *Henry*,
 (That had a sacred *Cesar* in his pay)
 With some what more then *mortall Maiestie*,
 Sits on the *Throne* (that *hands* diuine did stay)
 As *Heire apparant*, and the *state* doth sway:
 He weilds the *sword* with his victorious *hands*
 That the whole *Continent* doth sore affray,
 Wherewith he makes to crouch the *Neighbor lands*
 Which in a manner lie at his *com.mands*.

Hen 8.

His sword was
 so successfull
 as made his
 neighbours
 glad of his
 friendship, &
 fearful of his
 indignation.

Hee was as *circumspect*, as *provident*,
 And by his *Fathers* obseruation
 Did right well know, what kinde of *government*
 Was fitt'st for this ynkinde revolting *Nation*:
 Well knew hee how to part a *Combination*
 That stood not with the *state*; or his *awaile*;
 And if he were severe for *reformation*,
 'Twas *Emperik*-like, that knew what it did aile,
 So, kill the *cause* lest all the *VVhole* should faile.

Mercie may
 haue her ex-
 celsse in humā
 things.
 Clemency is
 most daunge-
 rous where &
 whe soft quiet
 dealing draw-
 eth on more
 euil then seve-
 rity.

His

His forraine *Varres*, and famous *Vittories*
 More glorious were, then for our *Contrie goods*.
 For, such *Wars* haue these *inconueniences*,
 They make vs spend our *Treasures* with our *bloud*,
 Where both are cast * away in likelyhood,
 When *Wars* abroad drinke vp our *wealth* at home,
 The *fire* must out, when spent is all the *wood*,
 And if nought from without come in the *wombe*,
 The *Body* needes must die by *Natures* dombe.

* Forrain Ob-
 questes were
 costly in achi-
 ving costly in
 holding, & oft
 no lesse costly
 then dishono-
 rable in for-
 going

The *wealth* hee prest from *Monastries* suppress
 VVith the *Revennues*, which to them pertain'd,
 The *Crowne* possesse, but hee it dispossesse
 With open *Hand*; which, had they, still remain'd
 T'had bin aloft; for lesse hath *Crownes* sustain'd.
Lone, *Reliefe*, *Subsidie*, and such as these
 Might (for the *subiects* seale) haue bin refrain'd:
 The *crownes* *Revennues* such might well releafe,
 And haue maintain'd the *state* in *warre* and *peace*.

* In liberal lar-
 ges to his
 friends & ser-
 vants,

Our *Kinges*
 might haue
 had a double
 intrest in their
 subiects.

If these had still bin *adiuncts* of the *crowne*,
 And all that hold them hold as of the *same*,
 Our *Kings* might *warre* with *Tenants* of their *owne*,
 Who would vnprest haue yet bin prest for shame
 To follow their *Liege-land-lords* by that name.
 The *Crowne* then, like a *Condit* neuer dry,
 Stil might haue stream'd (to th'owners endles fame)
Rivers of *Riches* vnto *Low* and by
 That well deserv'd of *King* or *Contery*.

Those *harts*, whose life their *Liege* should thus main-
 (No lesse then *bodies* to their *souls* are bound) (tain
 Should haue bin tied vnto their *Soueraigne*
 To goe with him at ev'ry needfull *Sound*,

And

And in their service bin most faithfull found,
 But that ~~that~~ *that* shalbe, shalbe. That high hand
 that all disposeth, thus did it * confound
 For purposes which hardly can be scand,
 But for the Crowne ill, how ere for the Land.

The hearts of
 Kings are in
 his hands
 that disposeth
 all things to
 effect his in-
 evitable de-
 crees.

Hee, *Cæsar*-like in's fortunes confident,
 Ere first he crost the Seas to warre with France,
 The *Marquesse* of *Exceter* made *Regent*
 And *Heire* apparant; but no ill by chance
 Ens'd till he did him quite * disadvantage:
 Hee had forgot the direfull *Tragedie*
 Of the sixth *Henry*, and like *heires* apparance:
 But more advi'd, he held it policie
 to spare that *heire* till more necessitie.

Beheaded him

He knew it was
 not the speech
 of a wise man
 to say, who
 would haue
 thought it?

When he had cleer'd the coast, and clens'd the waie,
 Of all that lay in either to molest,
 And having put the state in perfect staie,
 He with his *Fathers* laid him downe to rest,
 And left a *Sonne* in whom the Land was blest:
 VWho being young, could not yet stirre the *sterne*,
 But rul'd by those his *fire* esteemed best;
 And while the vertuous King to rule did learne,
 His Realme (misrul'd) in up-rore did discerne.

Edw. 6.

Heere reign'd *Ambition*, like *Obedience* clad,
 There rul'd *Sedition*, in *Concordes* coate;
 And here and there *Rebellion* rag'd as mad,
 And ev'ry where the *Common-wealth* did floate
 Like to an halfe-suncke tempest-beaten Boate:
 Each for him selfe, no one for King or Sate,
 Vpon the *Wedge* of Gold the best did doate,
 All stood as falling still in each estate,
 Knights giving *Earles*, *Earles* giving *Dukes* the state.

Siml.

Many a *Demas* then forlooke poore *Paul*;
 In Summe, the Summe of all was out of square,
 And yet (strange Paradox) at square was all,
 None *Compassse* kept, yet ^a compassing they are,
 And *Circumvention* held discretions care:
 Thus whilst the *Sou'raign's* in *minoritie*,
 Each would be *sov'raigne* that about him were;
 The smal in grace strave for *majority*,
 And *Youth* with *Age* for *Seniority*.

^a Disorder mo-
 ther of Con-
 fusion.

^a Sedition the
 plague of per-
 veriness.

^a Fortune oft
 reserveth to
 the hardest
 chance them
 who she advi-
 ceth to the
 greatest dig-
 nity.

The fortunate
 cannot doe ill
 if they would.

^a He is made
 wise too late
 that is made
 wif: by his
 owne harne-
 and irrecov-
 erable losse.

^a Deput from
 thine enemies
 and beware of
 thy friends.
 Eccle. 6. 13.

Disorder thus dividing the whole ^b *State*,
 And subdividing thole *divisions*;
 The *Lord of Love*, to show his vrged *Hate*,
 Tooke the wrong'd *Kinge* from his *Dominions*,
 And left the *Land* fir'd with ^c *seditions*:
 By *Angells* hands this *Kinge* Angelicall,
 (As one of high *Iehovahs* *Minions*)
 Was borne from this *Nation* vnnaturall,
 That vengeance on it, so, might freely fall.
 No sooner had the *Heavens* seisd his *Soule*,
 But a left *hand* began to seize the *Crowne*,
 Which seisure a right *hand* did soone controule,
 And *VVrong* that would aspire, *Right* straight putts ^d
 Which fatally in fine was overthrone: (downe;
 Yet was that *VVrong* made *Right* by their consents
 That were to see that each one had his owne;
 But *Heav'n* disposeth *Earth* and her intents,
 And *Earth* gainst *Heav'n* oppos'd, too late ^e repents.
 Who trusts in *Men* in whome was never ^f trust
 (Except they were at warre with *VV* *wealth* and ^g *state*)
 Few *state* *men* such) shal see how much *distrust*
 Doth *Men* advantage, and prolongs their *date*;

Trea.

Treason's in Trust: Repentance comes to late:
 When Pow'r deriv'd from those that are but weak
 (Weak ev'ry way) it stands in desperate state:
 Frailty sticks not fidelity to^s breake
 VWhen it doth favoure, and advantage seeke.

^s Frailty is full
 of fallshood.

In case of Crownes (when it our Crownes may cost,
 If we misse holding when at them we catch)
 It's deadly dangerous at al to trust,
 Much more to trust^h all that advantage watch
 By thy losse, from losse themselves to dispatch:
 Religion cannot dwell in doubleⁱ harts;
 Such Harts haue All that with al states doe match:
 Then where Religion slideth, promise starts,
 And feare of perill, worldly frendshippe parts.

^h There is no-
 thing more
 profitable to
 mortall men
 then distrust,
 Euripides.

ⁱ They that
 stand with all
 worldes will
 stand with no
 world if the
 world stand
 not with the.
 Queen Mary.

^h Love covers
 the multitude
 of sins in our
 neighbour
 what should it
 doe the in our
 Soveraignes
 that haue
 more meanes
 & inducemets
 to sin the pri-
 vate persons.
ⁱ Queene Eli-
 zabeth.

^m All that vn-
 derstand the
 worth of blef-
 sed Peace will
 say Amen to a
 praier for
 Peace.

Queene Mary (for, she was that which shee was,
 Namely our Queene, and neere to our late Queene)
 Her fautes in silence we will^k overpasse;
 Let them be buried with her, sith I weene
 Sh' hath bin well taxt whole memorie is greene:
 Shee now is Crown'd, and Crown'd to others cost;
 VVith Spaine shee matches, being overseene,
 Her Kinge forsakes her, Calis quite is lost,
 All goes awry, which makes her yeeld the Ghost.

Now sacred^l Cynthia's girt with silver Orbe
 From out Cimerian Clouds of Prisonment,
 (Faure Queene of Chastity) appear'd to curbe
 Contention, which oreranne this Continent;
 And ioyn'd the same with peacefull government,
 VVhich we doe yet enjoy, and long may wee
 The cause of it^m possesse in all Content;
 Amen say I, and all that peacefull bee
 In him that saith Amen when all agree.

God will rather
heare the Orisons of
the that pray
for Peace, the
the Trispeters
that pro-
claime warres

*So often wee
play with
Gods iudg-
ments because
we feeble nor
the force ther
of, that at
length (like
the Fly in the
flame) we are
consumed of
them.

* Civil warre
is faire worse
then Tyranny
or vniust iudg-
ment plutarch.
in Bruto.

* Gods com-
mandements.

A Recapitula-
tion of what
hath bin dis-
coursed touch-
ing the Kings
of England &
their govern-
ments.

William Con-
queror.

* Vis vinita for-
tior.

New Lords,
new Lawes.

Pray for thy King (blest Ile) lest that a *Change*

A five-fold *change*, to *Desolation* tend;

Or thou made subiect to a Subiect strange,

Which may thy publike-weale in peeces rend,

And make it private onely to the friend:

Gods Mill grindes slowly, but small meale it ⁿ makes.

Then praise him for thy peace and lesse offend;

Be not as *one* that stil occasion takes

To *sin* the more, the more he peace pertakes.

Farre be it from *Religion*, to pretend

Obedience whil't it *aymes* at Princes spoile;

Its not *Religion* *Soveraignty* to end,

That *Servitude* thereby may keepe ^o a coile,

And for her *freedome* covert *Freedoms* foile.

If *Kings* *Commands* do crosse the Divine will,

In their discharge *Religion* must recoil,

But not confound the *Charger*, for its ill;

And ill can never good ^r Commands fulfill.

Now, brisly t're collect what we haue sedd
Touching the *Actiōs* of these *Potēstates*:

In *William Conqueror's* considered

How soone are conquered devided *States*;

„ *For force disioyned, small force ⁿ ruimates.*

He, being desirous to reteyne the *Pray*

His *Sword* had purchas'd, it quite dissipates;

And like a *Chaos* at his feete it lay,

To *forme* it as he list'd ev'ry way.

With the new *Kinge*, he gaue new *Lords* and *Laws*,

Which curb'd the head-*strōg*, & did yoke the *Wild*,

Till *Disobedience* with *obedience* drawes,

And *all* as *one* to *one* and *all* did yeeld,

That

That with and for that One did winne the field;
 VVho, finding his possession to bee sure
 Did ease the thrall-dome wherein they were held,
 And that which erst he wounded, he did cure;
 And ev'ry waite their loves did then alure.

* To hurt and
 heale for
 more health
 is holisome.

Now are the *Kinge* and the *Nobility*
 True friends, and fathers to the *Common-weale*;
 The *Commons* now obay^r vnfeynedly:
 The *Victors* and the *Vanquished* doe feeble
 How much these *Corpses* deadly hatred heale:
 Now all, being whole and sound, are made intire,
 And all aboute, their *Liege* doth *Larges* deale,
 By meanes whereof he hath his *harts* desire,
 Whilst with his love, he thus sett's *harts* on fire.

* Blessed is the
 affliction that
 procures grea-
 ter perfection.

If he to *mercy* had the *Peeres* receav'd,
 Or trusted to their *Oathes* (true *Fallacies*)
 And so departed when hee had perceav'd
 The *State* well settled leaving *Deputies*,
 H'had lost the value of his *Victories*:
 Ne had the *Land* bin free from *vvarrs* and *woes*,
 That doe consort divided *Monarchies*;
Ireland a woefull witness is of those,
 That for a *Conquests* want, wracks *Friends* and *Foes*.

* Scone ripe,
 soone rotten.

Omitting other *Princes*, to descend
 To the first *Edward*, that did first refine
 This *Common-weale*, and made the same ascend
 VVhen through *mis-fraying* it seem'd to decline:
 In whom we see the *Providence* divine
 VVorke by his *Wisdome*, *Valor*, *Industrie*,
 Glorious effects, which in the *State* doe shine;
 For Hee it made an intire *Monarchie*,
 Which now remains so to *Posteritie*.

Edward 1.
 Longshanks.

Edw 2. Rich. 2
Hen. 6. Edw. 5.

*Edward and Richard, second of their names,
VVith the sixth Henry, and the Infant King,
By these (bee't spoken not without their blames)
Is seene the dire and diuerse altering
Of kingly State, through euill managing.
These beeing childish, fraile, improvident,
Laie open to ^a Ambitions canuasing;
VVho (spying time) vsurpt their government
Making them Mirrors for Kings negligent.*

^a Ambition ga
thers resistles
strength in a
Kings weak-
nes.

^b Maiesty' with-
out magnani-
mity is vnassu-
red. Livie. 2.
^c I haue seene
seruants on hor-
ses, & Princes
walking like
seruants on the
ground. Eccl.
10. 7.

Edw. 3 Hen 4.
Hen. 5. Edw. 4.

*The faults fore-mention'd in these haplesse Kings,
The vnjust rule of those that ruled them, (brings,
The subiects strength which Sov'raignes weaknesse
A fatall Potion made for King and Realme,
Whereof they dranke a deadly draught extreme:
Kings must be Kings indeede and not in show,
Like as the Sunne is Actiue with his Beame;
For if they suffer Subiects, Kings to grow,
Kings must bee slaues, and to their Subiects ^b bow.*

Loving feare
a sure garde
to Sovereigns

No kingdome
free fr^o Am-
bition.
Kingdoms the
objects of for-
eigne & Envy.

*Edward the third and Henrie Bullenbrooke,
Henry the fift, and the fourth Edward,
These Princes were of Fortune nere forsooke,
Because they governed with due regard;
And whilst they watcht, they made the rest to warde:
By others errors they did rule aright,
Who made their subiects loving feare their garde:
Ambition durst be dam'd ere come in sight,
Or but once moue her head to looke vp right.*

*Kings cannot safely raigne without mistrust,
Because no state without Ambition is,
Which ever hath her Traine (for so shee must)
To helpe to guide her, when shee guide amisse;*

For

For shee is *blind*, and oft the way doth misse,
 Impatient of *delay* in her *desire*,
 Now running *that waie* and streight trying *this*;
 Like to a restlessse ventlesse *Flame*, of *fire*,
 That faine would finde the way streight to aspire.

Simil.

There's * no *perfection* without some *defect*,
 Yet may't be cur'd, or tolerable made;
 One's *Ambition* doth all *cure reject*,
Wealth doth augment it, *want* makes it not fade;
 And into *deeper* vnkowne in *both* it will wade:
 In *doing well* it is most *insolent*,
 And nolesse *impudent* in *doing bad*,
 Too wil'd to *raime*, and violently bent
 With *Tooth* and *Naile* to catch at *government*.

* Perfection
humaneambition a sore
of the minde
incurable.

The *Conquests* which these *Kings* in *France* obtain'd
 (As those in *Scotland*) were by others lost:

"(For *Vice* will lose what is by *vertue* gain'd.)

Their keeping put the *state* to ceaselesse ^b *cost*,

VVhich lost the *Commons* (rag'd) being racked most;

And with *their* losse, the *King* lost many *friends*,

VVhich were as *Fortes* to guard his *Kingdoms* coast;

" But ill *beginnings* haue vn lucky *ends*,

And worse *proceeding*, worse in fine offends.

An inevitable
inconvenience

In the last *Richard* may be 'liuely scene

Ambition really *annatomiz'd*;

VVhich orelooks *all*, and yet is *overseene*,

Advising *all*, yet none more vnadvis'd,

Destroying *all* till shee be sacrific'd:

Shee, * *Faith*, *Sex*, *Age*, *Blond*, *State*, and *Contery*,

Divine and *humane lawes* (immortaliz'd)

Respects nor, in respect of *Empery*,

All which appear'd in this *King* copioullie.

Richard. 3.

* Ambition
would destroy
al to be about
all.

In

Men. 7

In his Successor (*Englands Salomon*)
 Are diuerſe things well worth the imitation
 In our *ſtates* policie: for he alone
 Bent all his powres to benefit this *Nation*:
 He ſaw our *ſorraine Conqueſts* ill probation,
 And that for *Iſlanders* it was vnmeete
 To ſpend their *wealth* for *ſorraine domination*,
 Which was no ſooner fixed, but did fleete,
 And did this *ſtate* with ill *Salutes* regreete.

Vniuſt peace
 it to be prefer
 red before iuſt
 warre. *Livie*.
 Yet open war
 is more ſecure
 the ſuſpicious
 peace. *Tac. 4*
Hiſt.

Great heapes
 are made of
 many lile
 things in peace,
 & brought to
 nothing in
 warre.

Peace & good
 government
 the Parents of
 Proſperity.

God ſelleth vs
 riches for the
 price of labor.

We are ſaid to
 be well backt
 when wee are
 no worſe ſtren
 ded

He thought it loſſe to purchaſe * warre and hate,
 Where *loue* and *Traſſicke* might be helde with *gaine*,
 He well remembred, how each *Runnagate*
 And wandring *Nation*, here ran in amaine,
 Making their *profit* of this *Nations* paine:
 He ſaw the *ſafetie*, and * weale of this *ſtate*
 Reſted in *wealth* and *peace*, and *quiet raigne*,
 And not in *ſorraine Conqueſts*, and *debates*,
 VVhich haue as *ſhort*, as moſt *uncertaine date*.

Through *Peace* and perfect government this *Land*
 May in her rich * *Commodities* abound,
 Which may cōfirme the *Neighbor-friendſhips* band,
 And intertraſſicke with them, *tunne* for *pound*,
 So make the *Landes* adiacent, to her bound:
 Thus *God* is pleaſd, and *King* and *Contrey* eaſd,
 The *Tradſmen* * thriue, that *dearth* & *Wars* cōfound,
 The *People* are (as with great profit) pleaſd,
 And none, but thoſe that liue by ſpoile, diſpleaſd.

This prudent *Prince* perceau'd this *Common-weale*
 To be by *Traſſicke* ſtrong made in the * *backe*,
 So, as an *head* that *Members* 'wants doth feele,
 He leagu'd him, where might be ſuppli'd their lacke,

Or

Or be as walls to keepe the *Realme* from wrack:
He seeing that (which he did often trie)
The ^a *Money-Sacke*, best kept the *Land* from ^b *sacks*
Therefore the *Angells* which from him did fly
Had but short *wings*, and lighted but hard by.

Among the things which he did least regard,
His *Belly* and his *Backe* were more then least;
He fared wel, when so his ^c *Commons* far'd,
(Although his *commons* were not of the best)
Yet fared like a *King* without a *feast*;
He rather chose to haue *Exchequers* ^d rich
Then wealthy *Wardrops*; yet would well be drest
When it his *Maiestie* and *State* did touch;
Yet held, save *Common-wealth*, all wealth too ^e much.

Where *Kings* be not in ceaselesse ^f *guard* of *Armes*
(Like these of *ours*) the *State* lying open so
To *invasion* and *Rebellions* soddaine *harmes*,
Let not the *King* looke *Friends* should soile the *Foe*
At their owne *charge*, for feare of *overtbro*:
And in *tumultuous times* to breake their *backs*
Will make them from their *Necks* the *yoke* to thro,
And to be freed from such tormenting *Racks*
Wil ruine all, though them with al, it wracks.

Such great *improvidence* ^g and want of *heede*
in *reasonable Taxing* (*Tempting* rather)
Hath made the *Soveraigne* with the *Subiect* bleed;
Witness the two last *Richards* among other,
That knew how greivous *then* it was to gather:
Store is no *Sore* (they say) except of ^h *Sores*,
Yet tis sore ⁱ *store* with *hate* to heape together;
Hate havocks in each hole in al *uprores*,
As Water havocks *life* through all the *Pores*.

Y

This

^a Gold makes
al thin, s preg
nable.

^b Money is the
very sinewes
of a State,
Mucian.

^c The good of
the Subiects
is the object
of the good
Prince.

^d Money (saith
Thucidides)
makes weaps
forcible and
profitable.

^e Cyrus was
wont to say, he
heaped great
treasures whe
he enriched
his friends &
Subiects.

^f Let *Kings*
that desire to
live in peace,
provide in
time things
necessary for
warre.

^g Tiberius of
Constantino-
ple accounted
that for coun-
terfet coyne,
that was
levied with
Teares and
cryings of the
people.

^h The bitings
of enraged ne-
cessitie are
most dange-
rous Portius
latro.

Microcosmos.

This *spectacle* of *Kingly providence*
Nere cloi'd the *subiect* with too great estate,
Nor would he of a *Peasant* make a *Princee*;
His best *belov'd* he held in sober *state*,
That he might live with them without *debate*.
Of all the *Kings* that ere this *Land* posselt,
For *government* discreete and temperate,
This *King* deseruedly is deemed *best*,
And to be imitated *worthiest*.

Hen. 7. a true
Patrone of a
wine and ver-
tuous Prince.

Hen 8.

In his *Triumphant* most victorious *Son*
Henry the last in *name*, and first in *fame*,
Is to be seene great *wisedome*, vsd to shun
Crosse Accidents and *courage* in the same:
Yet some suppose, that he incurred *blame*
For be'ng too open-handed in expence
And *giftes* excessiue; but it is a shame
For *Kings* not roially to recompence
The rich desert of any *Excellence*.

Bounty doeth
cover manie
faults, & Aua-
rice obliureth
many vertues.

Guiftes doe
superinduce
the heart to
loue.

Ingratitude in all's most monstrous,
But most of all in *roiall Maiestie*,
Wherein its more then most prodigious:
Munificence makes great, *Authoritie*;
And standes with *Greatnesse* in great *politic*:
The force of *Guifts* doth offer violence
Even to savage *Inhumanity*,
Forcing therefrom such loues 'obedience,
As *singlie* workes with *double* diligence.

He more re-
spected honor
then profit.

His *forraine Conquests* much more *famous* were
Then any way *commodious* to this *state*,
Yet them his a^{ctiue} *sp'rite* could not forbear;
For *Caesar*-like he would predominate

Where

VWhere he had least iust colour of estate:
In raising lowest shrubs to Cedars hie
He from his sage Sire did degenerate;
Yet *vertue* though it nere so low doth lie,
Is vworthy of high praise and dignitie.

In the last Edwards and *Queene Maries* raigne
Is seene, what to those *states* is incident
VWhere *subjects* doe not feare their *Soveraigne*,
But striue to liue beside their *Regiment*,
Contemning so their too-weake *governments*:
This made the *Rebell* rise in strength and pride,
From *Sov'raignes* weaknesse taking couragement,
T'assault their *Gates*, led by a feeble *Guide*,
Shaking their *Thrones* a while from side to side.

Edward 6.
Q. Marie.

Contempt in
subjects is the
confusion of
government.

In our *Queenes* no lesse long then *peacefull* reigne
Blest (as appeer'd) by that blest *Prince of Peace*,
VWas seene much more then *wisedome feminine*,
If wee respect how soone shee made to ceale
The *olde Religion* for the *oldes* increase:
That suddaine change that did the soule acquite
Of *olde devotion* (which none will release
Vpon the suddaine) still to stand in might,
May make a *Newster* deeme sh'was in the right.

Q. Elizabeth.

Act. 5. 35, 36,
37, 38, 39.

And now descend yee *spirites* Angelicall,
That, charge, doe guard th' *Anointed* of your *Lorde*,
Crowne my *Liege Lord* with crowne *imperiall*,
And put into his hand the awfull *Sword*
Of *Iustice*; so, the good shall bee assur'd,
And so may yee bee freed from your charge,
VWhereby the good are evermore secur'd;
For, hee that *office* will for you discharge,
Sith *Iustice* good mens surance doth enlarge.

Y 2

Blesse

Blesse him & ever-blessed *Vnion*,
 Making a no lesse blessed *Trinitie*;
 Blesse him as thou hast never blessed one
 That ever did possesse this *Monarchy*;
 Showre downe thy blessings on his family:
 The blessings of the womb giue to his *Queene*,
 And let them as the *Sea-sand* multiplie;
 That frō their roiall loines may still be seene
 Heires, as the starres of heau'n, for store, and sheene.

Thus haue I breath'd my *Muse* in *Policie*,
 Or rather runne her out of breath therein;
 That so shee may with more facility
 Runne ore the *rest* lesse difficult, vvherein
 Shee hath much more then much delighted bin.
 But *Policie* is but abus'd by me,
 I doe but mangle her, and make her *sinne*:
 But were shee whollie seene as shee should be,
 Sh'would seeme no daughter of *Mortalitee*!

Returne my *Muse* frō whence thou hast digrest,
 (To toile thy selfe in *States* deepe misteries)
 And now directly prosecute the *rest*
 Touching the *soules* yet vntoucht *faculties*:
 VVee varied, where we toucht varieties
 Of *dispositions* of the *soule* and *spirite*;
 In touching which, vvee toucht these *Policies*
 Wherein the *worldlie* wise so much delight,
 Because they tend to rule the *VVorld* aright.

The Mindes
 pleasure much
 more pleasant
 the corporal
 delights.

The pleasures of the *Minde* (as erst vvas said)
 As farre surmount all pleasures corporall,
 As the *Minde* doth the *Bodie*, which is swa'd
 But by the *Minde*, with svaie *Monarchicall*;

Yet some base *bodies* keepe the *Minde* in thrall:
 VVho doe ſo extremely doate on *fleſhly ioies*,
 That they doe wiſh they had no *minde* at all,
 That ſo they might not feele the *Mindes* annoies,
 For thoſe *delights* which *Fleſh* and *Sprite* deſtroies.

Theſe *Men-beaſtes* are as if they never were,
 They burden but the *Earth*, yet are too light,
 VVho liue to *luſt*, yet ſtreight away they weare,
 (Like *Dew* againſt the *ſunne* in higheſt height)
 With *fleſh*-conſuming *fleſhly* fraile delight.
 Theſe ſenſleſſe *ſponges* of *Improbability*
 Are full of *pleaſure*, but it is vniſight;
 For *Gods* hand ſquizeſh out their *iollitie*,
 And fills their *Mindes* with reall *miſerie*.

Senſuall per-
 ſons are viſe-
 leſſe: burdens
 to the earth.

The *Minde*, her *pleaſures* needs not intermit
 And then rerake them, as the *ſenſes* muſt:
 But changeth them as ſhee thinks requiſit,
 (Sometimes the *iuſt*, for *pleaſures* moſt *uniuſt*,
 So changing *Loue* too oft to lothſome *Luſt*)
 Except the *powre*, from whence the *motion* ſprings
 Be hindred by (and ſo betrai'd in truſt)
 Some let in th' *Organs*, uſd in her *workings*,
 Which *VVines* exceſſe, and *ſickneſſe* often brings.

The ſenſes
 ſoone weery
 of their plea-
 ſures.

But thoſe *impediments* bee'ng tane away,
 Shée, like a *River*, keepes her wonted courſe
 In *motion* ſtill, till ſhee bee at a ſtay
 By ſome ſtrong *Damme*; yet doth her ſelfe enforce
 (ſtill gath'ring *ſtrength*, & *courage* from her *Source*)
 To breake away through all *Impediments*,
 That ſo ſhee may imploy her wonted force
 Vpon the *pleaſures*, which her moſt contents,
 Be they vaine *ioies*, or *diuine raviſhments*.

Wine & ſick-
 nes 2. Obſta-
 cles that lets
 the mindes
 actions,
 Simil.

Wee ought to
 propoſe no-
 thing to the
 minde vnwor-
 thy of her.

It then behoves vs to be wel advis'd
 What *matter* we propose vnto our *minde*,
 Or *good*, or *ill*, or *ill* with *good* disguiz'd:
 For if shee should therein a liking finde,
 Shee will thereto be evermore inclin'de:

Simil.

Like some pure virgins, that nere knew the sport
 That men doe yeeld them, in the kindest kinde,
 Having once tasted it, are all amort
 But when (though damn'd) they are at that disport.

If then we would cheere this ay-moving *mind*,
 We must haue care, that that be perfect good
 Which shee doth *chew* (how different e're in *kynd*)
 For, corrupt *Aliments* breede corrupt *blood*,
 And *blood* corrupted is *Confusions* flood:
 But *sensuall pleasures* cannot please the *Sense*
 Without being cloied, though they change their
 For *Sense* sometimes must hold the in suspence, (*mood*;
 To sett an edge the while on her dull'd sence.

Sense must a-
 while so. bear
 pleasures to
 make them
 more pleasur.
 * the pleasures
 which sense
 receiues from
 naturall things
 are more plea-
 sant the those
 fro Artificiall.

Likewise, the *pleasures* which we doe receave
 From * *Natures* works haue much more force, then
 That we from *Artificiall things* conceaue: (those
 For lett all *Artes* vnto our view expose
 What *Arte* it selfe in each kinde can disclose,
 They bring *satiety* soone with the sight;
 But who is cloid to see a flowred *Clofe*, (dight,
Hills, Dales, Brooks, Meads, Woods, Groves, all daintie
Sunne, Moone, and Starrs, & al in perfect *plights*?

For we, being *naturall*, doe best agree
 With things in nature no lesse naturall;
 Yet, to confesse a wel-know'n veritee,
 Our often seeing these faire *Creatures* all

Doth

Doth make the pleasure much lesse **Cordial*,
 Herehence it is, that we doe lesse admire
 The pow'r of that *Hand* supernaturall,
 Which did this *al* with al these *Faires* attires;
 And so not praise him, as his *workes* require.

*Nothing vnder the Sūne
 long cōtents;
 therefore wee
 should seeke
 contentment
 aboute the
 Sūne.

Yet if a *Child*, confin'de t'a *Dungeon* deepe
 Vntil he had attained *Manhoods* yeares,
 Should on a *Somers-* day frō some high *steepe*
 Vpon a suddaine see these glorious *Fayres*,
 His *Eyes* would rayisht be, how ere his *Eares*;
 For *Eares* should solac'd be, as well as *Eyes*,
 With the melodious *nimble-winged *Quiers*;
 Nay I suppose such *ioy* would him surprise,
 As he were plung'd in ioyes of *Paradize*.

*Birdes.

But while he's *Dungeon'd*, let the expert *ft Tonge*
 (That able were to create *Living wordes*) (*yonge*,
 Paint out the *Earth* with quicke-*words*, great with
 And though that *Fry* againe like *Spawne* affords,
 And ev'ry one had pow'r to pierce like *Swords*
 Into the nature of these *Rarities*,
 To make him comprehend the highest *Lords*
 Inferior *ft workes*, he could not well cōprize
 The thousandth part of *grace* which in the lies.

As when a *Man* (though with an *Angells* tongue)
 Whilst we are *Dungeon'd* in this *World* of *vvo*,
 Tels vs of *Heau'n*, and all that dorth belonge
 Vnto the state of those that thither go,
 With words that from a well of *Wisdom* flo,
 Yet tells he not the hundred thousandth part
 Of that rare *blisse* which none on *Earth* can kno;
 As good *Soules* wel perceave, whē hēce they *part;
 Which farr surmounts the highest thoughts of *Hart*.

Simil.

*None know
 it but they
 that feele it.

But

But herein's faulty this Comparison:
To *Mundane things* is fixt *satiety*,
But those blest *Things* that are about the *Sun*
Are priviledg'd from such deficiency;

* The proper-
tie of true fel-
icity is alwaies
to content the
desire and ex-
clude feare.

For they are ful of all ^a *felicity*: (may,
The more they are beheld the more they
For they content *Desires* best-sighted *Eye*,
And please the more, because that *still* they stay;
" For true *ioyes* are compleate by their delay.

* St. Paule,

Aske that same third-*Heau'n*-rapt ^b *Saint*, what hee
Or what he *heard*, when he was ravisht so; (*saw*
Hee'l tell you (though most learn'd in sacred *Law*
And no lesse learn'd each way) he doth not kno,
The *ioye* thereof his *Sense* did so oreflo.
If then so great a *Clark*, so pure a *Saint*,
Being but in the *Heau'n*, two lofts belo,
Wants *words* the *ioye* thereof aright to paint,
Who can the highest *Heavens* blisse depaint?

Thus the *Affects* of *ioy* and *Griefe*, are giv'n
By him, that giues all onely to one *end*,
To weat, his *Glorie*, and *desire* of *Heau'n*;
Ioie to allure, and *Griefe* th' *Affects* to bend
From that which doth to *Griefe* and *Horror* tend.
Now then, to runne through other strong *Affects*;
And to descend to *Love*, (that doth ^c descend)
Which is a *Passion* powrefull in *effects*
And chiefly the chief-*good* by kinde respects.

* Love doth
descend not
ascend.

When *Judgment* hath allow'd a thing for *good*,
Shee foorth-with tenders it vnto the *VVill*,
Which doth embrace the same in ioyful mode,
Because it doth hir *Soules* desire fulfill:

And

And when that *joy* (conceav'd) doth tarry still
 Its called *Loue*, which doth the wil incline
 To *simple good*, or *good* scarce toucht with ill:
 Thus *Loue* is bredd or *humane* or *divine*,
 Which in the *soule* like a faire *Flame* doth shine.

How love is
 bredd.

But *Loue*, that hath respect to any *thing*
 Besides the *goodnes* of the *thing* belov'd,
 Is rather *doating*, which doth *loathing* bring
 Whē *things* therby desir'd are wel approv'd:
 If *God* himselfe bee for his *bounty* lov'd
 And *onely* therefore, who doth loue him so
 Doth loue him for his *goodnes*, by him prov'd,
 Yea for that *goodnes* which to him doth flo,
 Not for that *good* which he cannot forego.

Doating
 brings loa-
 thing.

Who loveth vs for his owne *goodnesse* sake,
 And for no *good* in vs, (for we have none)
 We should loue him, not for he did vs ^a make,
 Put for his *goodnesse* onely and alone,
 And loue at *goodnesse*, for, and in that *One*:
 A *father* loues his *sonne*, not in regard
 Of any *gaine*, but for he is his *owne*;
 Nor should a *Sonne*, his *Sire* loue for *reward*,
 But for he is his *Sire* in *Nature* dear'd.

^a God should
 simply be lo-
 ved for his
 own goodnes.

For, if we loue *ought* for the *good* we have
 From it, we loue our *selves* more then the *same*,
 Or loue *it* for our *selves*, our selues to save
 From want of *that* which from it to vs came:
 So such loue is *selfe-loue*, which *Love* doth blame:
 But we must loue the *Lord of Love* for *love*;
 Nay, though he hate vs, we must love his *name*,
 Sith to make *man*^b *Loue* onely did him move
 But to loue him againe for *Mannes* behove.

It is selfe-loue
 to love God
 for his bounty
 towards vs
 onely.
^b Loue made
 vs to loue.

God is mans
beginning &
his end.

If then we weigh, by vvhhat *degrees* wee mount
To him from vvhom our *soules* did first descend,
We finde that as through *loue* (which doth surmount)
They came from him, so to him they ascende
The selfe-same way, as to their proper end.
For comming from *him*, they must *know* him needs;
And knowing *him*, they needes must to him tend,
But so they cannot, but by *loues* good-deedes;
For what is not of *loue*, from *sinne* proceedes.

The order of
loues progres

The order then, of the *'degrees* to *loue*
Is, first vvee at *things corporall* beginne;
For, our *birth* to that *Steppe* vs streight doth moue;
Vnto our *outward senses* then wee rinne,
To *Fancie* next, and so wee never linne
Till through *Reason, Iudgement, Contemplation*,
VVe come to *loue*, and so wee rest therein:
But to descend by the selfe same *gradation*,
And there to rest, descendeth to *damnation*.

He workes in
vs both the
will and the
deede.

For, to dismount from true *loues* loftie *pitch*
(*Loue* of the *Higb'st*), so lowe as to *selfe-loue*,
Is, *Sow-like*, to lie mired in the *disc*
Of lowest *Hell*, where we all *Sorowes* proue,
And cannot for our *soules* from thence remoue
Without kinde heav'nly *loues* all-helping *hand*;
Which onely and alone hath powre to moue
Our *Mindes* from *Earth* vnto the *Living's Land*,
And breake the *linckes* of *selfe-loues* mortall Band.

Loue makes an *Vnion* of *Diversitie*;
If then wee loue *God*, *hee* and wee are *One*,
One (although diverse) through true *amitie*;
VVe loue *him* and our selues for *him* alone:

So may we loue our selues, as wee loue none.
Likenesse breedes loue, which makes him loue vs so
 Who made vs to his *Image*; and his *Sonne*
 Assum'd our *shape*, which makes his loue the mo:
 then, by like reason, wee should loue him to.

Selfe loue is
 iustificable whe
 we loue our
 selues for god
 only.

The more his *Image* is renew'd in vs,
 The more he loues vs, and wee loue the more;
 Then to deforme the same's most odious,
 And he detesteth vs alone therefore,
 Which makes vs likewise loath *him* and *his love*:
 All which proceedes from *dissimilitude*,
 For, *God* and *Beliall* are foes evermore;
 Then sith wee are with his faire *Forme* indu'd,
 Let it by vs bee euermore renew'd.

For, *Beauty* is an vrgent cause of *Loue*;
 If so, wee should embrace the fairest *Faire*
 With loue that should be farre all *loue* aboute,
 Yea, die for loue, that *Loue* might *life* repaire,
 And glorifie the same as *Beauties Heire*:
 See wee an hue that mortall *beauty* stains
 (As doth the *Sunne* the *Moone* by his repaire)
 This sov'raigne *Beauty* all the glorie gaines,
 Sith but a sparke thereof the same sustaines.

Beauty is a
 speciall cause
 of loue.

God the Fount
 of all Beauty.

Then *Beauty* blush to glorie in thy *Blaze*,
 And much more blush to blaze thy *glorie vaine*
 With *coulers* fresh, to make fraile *eyes* to gaze,
 And such as cannot iudge of *coulers*, faine;
 No *color* hast thou so thy selfe to staine:
 The *best* is too too *bad*, and *bad's* the *Best*,
 That without * *color* doe their *face* ingraine:
 In earnest such (I thinke) doe loue to *leste*,
 As *Chaucer*, but my, *Muse* will owe the rest.

Painting the
 face.

Without color
 of Reason.

But

Outward argues inward beauty.

But *outward beauty* loue procures, because
It argues th' inward beauty of the *Minde*;
For *goodnes* is th' effect, *Beauty* the Cause,
And both together commonly we finde;
For *Nature* both together stil doth binde.
A good *Complexions* disposition
Is, for the most part, vertuously inclinde;
But *Womens* beauty by permission
Being often temptred breeds suspicion.

Sinne is conceived in the womb of concupiscence.

For hardly is *that* kept, that *many* craues,
And *chastitie* with *beautie's* stil at strife;
For, much more beautiful are *Frailties* slaues
Thē (for the most part) they of vertuous life:
And, alke a *man*, that hath a beautilous *wife*;
How much he fears the fowle fal of his *saire*,
Because that nothing in the *world's* more rise
Then at faire *beauties* byding *mens* repaire;
And where they *haüt*, they do not stil * *repaire*.

* They rather ruine then repaire the tender honors of women.

A well tépred body makes a like tempered mind ordinarily.

But this by *accident* is rather thus,
Then any waie to *beauty* naturall;
For it, by *Nature*, is most vertuous,
Sith *Temper* good, to *Ill* are seldome thrall:
For, *bodies* meerely are *Organicall*,
Wheron the *mind* doth play al *parts* in one,
If then they be in *tune*, most cordiall
Their *motiōs* must be needs, sith there is none
That moues thē but the *minde* or *God* alone.

An vnchaste eie loues to looke vpon a light eie.

But for that *beauty* stil alures the *eie*,
The *eie* the *hart*, the *hart* the *soule* & *Sprits*
Of those, that on the same do chance to pry,
Because it doth beheu'n them with delight:

This

This makes them instantly the same incite
 to yeeld to *loue*, or *lust*, and their *desire*;
 then being subiect thus to restlesse fight
 It oft enflames, and is enflam'd with *fire*,
 That *Flesh* and *Sprite* makes but one *flame* intire.

How many may wee see distracted quight,
 Or pyning liue, or rather dy with *paine*?
 Yea some to spill themselues (with all despight)
 For others *beautie* which they cannot gaine?
 If *beauty* then so ore fraile *sense* doth raigne,
Sense, being subiect to her *sovr'raintie*
 Doth sue and serue, her *favour* to obtaine,
 VVith most impetuous importunitie,
 Till shee as subiect, to her *Subiect* lie.

Beauty signifies
 rizeeth the
 sense.
 The beauty of
 a Woman chee-
 reth the face,
 and a man
 loues nothing
 better. Eccl.
 36.22.

And never times (except the *times* of old
 For whose *corruption* al the world was drown'd)
 But these curst *times* of ours, durst be so bold,
 to make it common with *estates* renown'd
 to court bright *beauty* * *match'd*, as t'were *unbound*: * Married.
 Call yee it *Courtshippe*? cal it what yee please
 (though it be in *request*) it was not found
 In chaster *times*; for oft it doth disease
 the *head* with *swellings* which nought can appease.

Meethinks I see, (as I haue often scene)
 A well-made *Male*, as male-content to stand
 (In *silke* or *silver* clad right well-beseene)
 VVringing a *match'd faire Female* by the hand,
 VVhilst, in her *care*, he lets her vnderstand
 How much shee ought to loue him for his loue;
 Meane while hard by stands *Patience* the Husband,
 And lets *Temptation* his weake *vessell* proue,
 VVhich in his sight her vnseene *Spright* doth moue.

Adultery Lux-
 ury, wanton-
 nesse, sloth,
 Pride, &c. are
 sins in Specie,
 the Genus to
 all these is
 Caro.

Its prettie *pastime* so to passe the time,
 It favoures of good *breeding*, and good *Witt*:
 The *Howres* are made more pleasant by this *Chime*,
 Who would not stil to here the same stil sitt,
 Although a *man* transformed were by it?
 O tis a iolly matter to give eare,
 Nay to give leaue to *Musicke* in her sitt:
 He is a *Beast* that wil not then forbear
 Though he thereby be made a *Beast* to beare.

4. Kindes of
 divine furie.

1.

Foure kinds of *divine fury* are obseru'd,
 The *first* (and first by right) *Propheticall*,
 Which by *Apollo* is rul'd, and conserv'd;

2.

The *next* by *Bacchus*, called *Mistickall*;

3.

The *third* by *Muses*, hight *Poeticall*;

4.

The *fourth* and last, by *Venus* governed,
 Is call'd the *Fury Amatoriall*;

Which doe inferre, that *Love* is borne and bredd
 Without the breach of *Natures* Maidenhedd.

Loues force is
 invulnerable.

What *force* it hath, is better felt then showne,
 For *WVords* cannot expresse the *force* of *loue*;
 Call we it *Love* or *Lust*, it is well known
 It hath the *force* of both, the *Heart* to move;
 Which *these* can testifie that it did prove:
Semiramis (whole *Vertue* past compare)
 This furious *Passion* her did so remoue
 From that shee was; that lusting to reshare
 Hir *Sonne*, her *Sonne* her *Threed* of *Life* did share.

* Alexander
 Mag.

The *Macedonian Philipps* peerelesse * *Sonne*,
 That over-ranne the *WVorld* with *Sword* and *Fire*,
 This flaming *fury* yet did so ore runne,
 That for his *Tbau* (that kindied his *desire*)

He

He burnt ^b *Persepolis*, sans cause of fire:
 Yea, did not onely that fowle *fact* command,
 But with his *Hands* he lab' red (as for *hire*)
 To burne the *buildings* which as yet did stand,
 Till he had laid al level with the *Land*.

A *Wonder* worthy of all wonderment,
 That he that foil'd what ere his *force* withstood,
 Should bee thus *foil'd*, and made a *President*
 Of *Lusts* fell *force*, which so enflam'd his *Blood*
 That made his *Flesh* Wild-*Fire* in likelyhood:
 A *Man* by woman, a *King* by a *Queene*
 To be so overcome through *Lustfull* moode,
 (Being to *effeminate* and most *obscene*)
 Argues, in *Loue* and *Lust* there is no *meane*.

Loue is lawles

Strange are th' effects of *Lust*. For, *Men* with *Men*
 Nay, *Man* with *Beast*: A *Sinne* not to be toucht
 So much as with the *Tongue*, much lesse with *Pen*,
 And least of all with *that* too oft bewicht,
 With loue of *that* which is by *Nature* grutcht:
Lust is so blinde that it cannot discerne
 A *Man* from *Beast*, (how ever beastly coucht)
 But doth a *Man*-beast moue (though *Nature* yerne)
 The tricks of *Beasts*, with lothsome *Beasts* to learne.

Graue *Xenophon* lov'd *Clinias* in this kinde;
 So as hee crav'd of *Loue* when *Clinias* di'de,
 That (if he might see *him*, and still be blinde,
 Or not see *him*, and still be perfect *Eyde*)
 He rather mought the want of *sight* abide
 To see *him* once, then still to haue his sight
 And not see *him*; See see how blinde a *Guide*
 Is lothsome *Lust*, that leades *men* so vnright,
 As for her pleasure so themselues to spight.

Lust is blinde.

Semi-

Semiramis an *Horse* (ô brutish *Lust*!)
 Did lust to haue (ô môstrous *Mare* humane!)
Pasiphaë long'd for a *Bull* to thrust
 Her from a *woman* to a *Cow* vncleane:
 And *Cyparissus* made an *Hynde* the meane
 To coole his *courage*; *Aristomachus*
 A silly *Bee* would haue to be his *Queene*.
Lust whither wilt? wilt be so monstrous
 To long for *Bees* that be but moates to vs?

Such lovers
 are as senses
 as the stones
 which they
 loue.

Publius Pilatus fell in lusting lone
 With *Hellens Image*; and *Pigmalion*
 For his owne *Picture* did like *passion* prove.
 Damn'd *Lust* what pleasure prov'd'st thou in a *stone*
 That's cold by *kind*, as *Snow* on *Libanon*?
 To tell the *Mischiefes*, *Spoiles*, & *Masacres*,
 By *hate* effected, though through *loue* begun,
 Were but to tell the *number* of the *Starrs*;
 For *Lust* and *Mischiefe* are ioynt *passengers*.

Lust is most
 willfull.

Troy might (perhappes) haue stooode vnto this *Age*,
 Had *Lust* not laid it leuell with the *plaines*;
 And *seas* of *Blood* spent in that ten yeares *Siege*
 Might still haue kept the *Chanells* of the *Wynes*:
 But lewde *Lust* is so loose that shee restraines
 Her will in nought, though it brings *all* to nought:
 Shee pleasure takes in *pleasure* causing *paines*;
 For by her painfull pleasures such are wrought,
 Yet on such *pleasures* shee doth fixe her *thought*.

Shee will not let the *Thoughts* so much as prie
 A *minutes* space, on *ought*, but what shee loues;
 Shee (*Tirant*) captivates the *Fantasy*,
 So that it cannot stirre till shee it moves:

Or if it doe shee forth-with it removes.

My *Fancies Mistress*, saith some *slave* to *Lust*,
Is my *Thoughts* Heav'n: So swallowed with his *Loues*
Are all his *Thoughts*; and though as dry as *Dust*
He lusts to please his *love* with love vniust.

For this, al that pertaines, must be in *print*,
VVeeds, *VVords*, *Lookes*, *Loks*, in *print*, not one awry,
Whose *Motions* must be currant for the *Mynts*,
His *glances* must keepe iust time with her *Eye*,
And seeme to die, se'ng her rich beauties *dye*:
Yet with a *carefull carelesse*ness, he must
Avoide the *hate* which too much *love* doth buy,
And love no more then may provoke to *lust*;
These are their love-*tricks*, *trickes* of love vniust.

O toile in-
tolle. able!

One makes an *Idoll* of his *Mistress* Glove,
And offers (thrice a day at least) a *Kisse*
Vnto each *finger*, so to shew his love;
Another her *Haire-Bracelett* makes his *blisse*,
And *Night* and *Day* t'adore it wil not misse.
These *Fancies*, *fancie* doe with *kindnes* cloy,
VVitt nere, in love, taught *Pupill* so of his,
(as saith the *Brook*) but doth his *powres* employ
With *kindnesse* coy, to winne his witty *Toy*.

Quoth Spe-
culation.

Whist *Muse*, be mute; wilt thou like *Naso* proue,
And interlace thy *Lynes* with *levity*?
Wilt thou add *Precepts* to the *Arte* of *Love*,
And shew thy *vertue* in such *vanity*?
So to polute thy purer *Poesy*! (much)
No more, no more, ynough, (if not too
Is sedd already of this *Mystery*;
My *Conscience* at the same doth (grieving) grutch,
But let it goe this once, with but this *Touche*.

A a

And

Beauty prom-
iseth more
honesty, then
deformity.

And how-soere *Beauty* may bee abus'd,
It promiseth more good then *shaplesnesse*:
If it proue otherwile, its thus excus'd;
The *Hig^hst* to shew that good *guists* (more or lesse)
Proceede from him, and not from *Natures* largesse,
Lets *beauty* fal, and soile it selfe with sinne,
VVhich is more dam'd if *beauty* it doth blesse,
As *Vertue* is most faire, that blest hath bin
VVith *beauty* being resident therein.

3. Causes of
loue viz. Plea-
sanr, profit-
ble, & honest.

But *loue*, that *Beautie* breedeth, is threefold,
According to thre *objects* of that *loue*,
All faire, some good, which thus we may vnfold;
The *Pleasant*, and the *Profitable* mooue
As doth the *Honest*, true *loue*, which vve proue:
The *first* concerneth things that pleaseth *Sense*,
1 As *beautie*, and at what the *sense* doth roue;
2 The *second* hath to *welfare* reference;
3 The *third* and last to *Iustice* and *Prudence*.

The *first* and *second* kinds of *lust* or *loue*;
Among the *Perturbations* may be put,
Sith they so many ill *affections* moue
That make *mans* life to be in *Sorrow* shut,
VVhich like a *Razor* off the same doth cut:
But *loue* of *honest things* is vertuous,
And from *mans* praises takes away the *But*;
It shows the *Minde* is right magnanimous;
'For that's most *great*, that is most *gracious*.

Perfect loue.

This *loue* is kindled by that heav'nly *Flame*
That like fine *Gold*, doth purifie the *Sp'rites*,
And like it selfe (transmuted) makes the same
Good, gracious, holy, wise, iust, clear, & bright,

Glory'ng in *him* that makes her *glory* right;
 This is the loue of *beauty* most extreame
 VVherein celestial *soules* doe most delight;
 Of *loue* that feedes the *Sp'rite* it is the *creame*
 Insul'd by *Iustice* Sonnes inlightning *Beame*.

God, the fixt
 chequer of
 Beauty.

This *loue* resembles that of *Seraphins*,
 VVho burne in loue of the *extremest Good*;
 And makes *Men* like the sacred *Cherubins*
 Still priuileg'd from *outward charge*; whose *moode*
 Is stil e'tend on *LOVES Trin-union-hood*.
 This *loue*, this *beauty*, (Loue of vertuous *things*
 Whose *beauty* flowes from diuine *beauties Flud*)
 Doth make *Men Gods* among the mighti'ft *Kings*,
 And *Kings* with highest *God*, in high'ft *dwellings*.

Goodnesse is *Beauties* Mother, and true *Loues*;
Beauty and *loue* are both bred in one *VVombe*:
 then *loue* and *beautie* stil it much behoues
 to tend to *Goodnesse*, as vnto the *Tombe*
 that must at *last* for ever them enwombe.
 But there are diuerse *loues*, and *beauties* mo,
 According to the *creatures* all or *some*
 Proceeding from that *LOVE* and *BEAVTY*, who
 Sheds both on *things* about, and *things* belo.

Goodnesse is
 mother to
 loue & beauty

Fowre special *beauties*, *Goodnesse* hath created;
 the *first* is that, whereby the *Minde* and *Sp'rite*
 Hath *VVit* and *Vnderstanding* in them seated:
 the *second*, them adornes with *Knowledge* bright
 that mounts the *Minde* to *Contemplations* heights;
 the *third*, in *seede* preserving *mortall things*;
 The *last* in *corp'rall things* that *sense* delight:
Science the *Soule* to *Contemplation* brings,
 But her to *things* materiall *Fancie* flings.

Goodnes hath
 made 4 espe-
 ciall beauties.

I

2

3

4

457 *Consideration*

The little consideration we haue of Gods goodnesse towards vs, is the cause of our coldnesse in loue to him

Yet, did the *soule* but weigh how shee is bound
To her *Creator*, for his matchlesse loue;
Shee would from thence (by *Reason*) soone rebound,
And wholly stil contemplate *things* about:
For this, his loue requitlesse doth approue;
He gaue her *being*, meereley of free *grace*
Before shee *was*, or could his *mercie* moue;
Then if shee loue him, her loue is but base
Compar'd with *his* that made her what shee *was*.

VWho giues a *Guist* much more affection shoue
Then the *Receiver* for it can bewray;
The *giver* giues, beeing free to giue or choose,
But the *Receiver's* bound to loue alway:
Yet, if the *giver* giues to th'end to *pray*,
Its not of *Loue*, but *Lucre*, (loth'd of *Loue*;) *GOD*
cannot giue so, in whom *all* doth stay:
But *Men* giue *thanks* for *Blessings* which they proue,
And *god* thereby to giue them *more* doe moue.

The loue that
is bought is
stark nought.

Such *loue* in *giver* and *receiver* both
Is meereley merc'nary corrupt, and base,
VWhich hatefull *loue* the Lord of *loue* doth loth,
And from such *lovers* turnes his loving *face*,
As from false *Hypocrites*, abusing *grace*:
But true *loves* scope, is (in a gracious *moode*)
To loue all those that *Mercie* shoulde embrace,
Respecting nought, but to streame forth the *flud*
Of *goodnesse*, which it hath for others good.

For *loue* is free, and freely would be lov'd;
Its active, like a *Flame* in operation;
Saue that, like *fire* it is not *upwardes* mou'd,
But doth *descende* by *Reasons* computation,

For such descent on Reason hath foundation:
The Sire doth loue the Sonne, more then the Sonne
Doth loue the Sire, because by generation
Part of the Sire into the Sonne doth runne,
But no part of the Sonne in Sire doth wonne.

A natural rea-
son why loue
descendeth.

Sith loue in nature stil doth thus descende,
God loues man more then Man his god can loue;
For Man proceedes from god who is his ende;
But God from Man likewise cannot remoue,
For Man is finite, and in god doth moue:
This made him loue Men when they were his foes,
And for their loues a world of woe did proue:
Therefore hee's Fount of Loue whence all loue flows
Which loues for hate, and hate doth loue-dispose.

In him we line
move, & haue
our being.

Now, how to loue this VVell of loue the more
Loue doth direct, by kindling the Desire
Truely to know and minde it evermore;
Both which so sets the soules frame all on fire,
That it is made one flame of loue intire:
The more wee know it, it the more wee minde;
The more wee minde it, it wee more require;
The more we seeke, the more wee it doe finde,
And being found, it quite doth lose the Minde.

To know gods
loue is the
way to make
Man loue.

For then the Mindes no more that which it was,
For to this loue it's transubstantiate,
To weete, as itere as loue can bring to passe
Its ev'n the selfe-same thing immaculate,
And like this LOVE, this loue doth contemplate;
Reiecting all that would inueagle it
To loue ought els, and stil doth meditate
To loue nought els, and bends all powres of wit
To make it selfe for this Loue onely fit.

* All true loue
is either amor
Coeli or amor
Seculi, this of
our neigh-
bour, that, of
God.
As there is no
loue without
faith, so there
is no faith
without loue.

Thus *Sinners* may turne *Seraphins* by ^a *Loue*,
wounding with *Loue-shafts* Gods hart (pure alone);
So, as the *ones* hart to the *others* moue
As twixt them al there were no *Hart* but *one*:
This is to lye next the chiefe *Corner stone*.
In the *Church militant*, (*Triumphant* rather,)
For God and *man* this *Loue* doth so atone
As doth, nay more then *loue* doth *Sonne* and *Father*;
For *loue* makes both inire still altogether.

Loue, of all
humane Affe-
ctions is, the
most purtiant
& passionate.

^b Loue is the
Bond that
vnites God &
man.

For *Loue* doth graue (though in an *Hart* of *Brasse*)
The *forme* of the *Beloued* in the *Hart*,
So that a *Louers* Hart is like a *Glasse*
Where the *Belou'd* is seene in eu'ry part;
So, in Gods Hart w'are graven by *Loues* Arte,
And in our harts *Loue* doth his *forme* ingraue;
Thus interchang'd we eithers *forme* impart
To others liking by the ^b *Loue* we have,
And make the *Hart* the *Lodge* it to receave:

The *ende* or scope of *loue* is to *vnite*;
The faster therefore it conglutinate
Two harts, or of them makes an *union* right,
So much the more her *vertue* shee elates,
And perfectly her *kinde* effectuates:
Then, *Loue* in God (in whom *Love* perfect is)
His *vertue* so to *man* participates, (his;
That they become ^c *one* through that *loue* of
For *Man* partakes his *Image* and his *Blisse*.

* Brothers by
redemption
ought to be
more neere &
deere to each
other, the Bro-
thers by crea-
tion.

But *man* (meere *Chaos* of extreame *Defect*)
Doth loue, but loveth onely in *desire*:
He longs (perhapps) to loue with al effect,
That God and *be* thereby might be *intire*,

Wherto

Whereto his leaden *loue* would faine aspire;
 From which *desire* proceeds a pleasant *paine*,
 Pleasant, in that it sett's the *soule* on *fire*
 With *loue* so good; and *paine* it breeds again,
 For that it hath not, what it would haue fain.

In good de-
 fires there is
 pleasure and
 paine.

But what is lacking in *Mans* *loue*, the same
 God doth supply out of his boundlesse *loue*;
 And makes *Mas* *loue* therby a working *flame*,
 Which to presse through al *Pressures* stil doth prove,
 And towards God (her *Spheare*) doth ever move:
 This *Flame* doth melt the *marrow* of the *Sp'rite*
 Making it *liquid* sooner to remove.
 In't *Mercies* Mould, where its reform'd aright,
 And made *intire* with * *LOVE*, true *loues* delight. * God.

For when the *lower* *loues* himselfe no more,
 But the *Beloved* in whom he abides,
 Or, if he *loue* himselfe, it is *therefore*
 To weer, for that he in his *loue* resides;
 Then *Loue* is pure, & at high'st *pitch* besides.
 But such high *Raptures* are too rarely found,
 In fraile *humanity*, that on *Earth* bides;
 Though *loue* the *soule* therefore perhaps may wound
 Yet stil t'wil be to the owne *Body* bound.

When loue is
 in the height
 of perfection.

How shal I end with everlasting *Loue*,
 To ease my *Reader* tir'd with heavy *lines*?
 Vnto this *Labarinth* of *Loue* (I prove)
 The *Author* (*LOVE*) no *comming out* assigns;
 Yet rest I may, though it my *Muse* confines:
 As *Zeuxis* drue a *vaile* (with curious skill)
 Ore that, hee wanted skill t'expresse by *Lines*,
 So I the like in *Loue* must now fulfill,
 And leave the *Reader* to thinke what he will.

Now

NOW may we range next to the *Rank* of some
 Other *Affections*, and to doe it right
 We must place *Favoure* there, by which w^e approve
 Of some thing wherein we conceive delight,
 For that it's good in deede or so in sight:
 Herein *Loves obligation* doth commence;
 Yet *favoure* may haue force where *love* lacks might,
 But without *Favoure*, *Love* is a non EⁿS;
 For, *Favoure* waites vpon *Loves* excellence.

Howe fauoure
 is bredd.

Then *Reverence* with *Favoure* we may *Rank*,
 Bredd by comparing some high *Dignitie*
 With some inferior *State* (that *Fortune* sanck)
 Which then is in it's right especially,
 When extreame *fear* and *Hatred* come not ny:
 For though in *Rev^rence*, *Feare* and *Shamefastnesse*,
 VVith *moderation* doe obscurely lye;
 Yet *Feare* (by some ill caus'd) *Good* doth suppress,
 Still seene in that which breedes our *humblenesse*.

Reverence
 springs from
 powre and
 goodnesse.

True *rev^rence* therefore beare we vnto *God*
 Who is all good, as he almightie is;
 For, fear'd we nought but his revenging *Rodd*,
 Our *Rev^rence*, would be turn'd to *hate* by this:
 Then *Rev^rence* growes from *pow'r* and *grace* of his;
 And, who soere with them he most endowes,
 Of *Rev^rence* from lesse *Rev^rend* cannot misse:
 For *Rev^rence* *Pow'r* and *Goodnesse* still ensues,
 And the lesse *worthie* to the better bowes.

For when we cie the vertue, *pow'r*, and *grace*,
 Of the most *Noble*, (true'y called so)
 And looke vpon our selves, and weigh how base
 VVe are compar'd with them, then bend we lo

As vnto them that vs in good out-go.
 For, as *selfe-liking* doth enlarge the *Hart*,
 Or puffe it vp (like *Bladders* which we blo)
 So it contracts it selfe in ev'ry part,
 When we see *others* passe vs in desart.

Small.

Then as we rev'rence God for *goodnesse* more,
 Then for his *might*, and awfull *Maiesty*;
 So, if we would be rev'rent of the *Low'r*,
 We must surmount them in that *ex'lency*
 That makes vs most resemble *Deity*:
 For whereas *Goodnesse* doth associate *Might*,
 There the most *Insolent*, most rev'rently
 (Though otherwise repleat with al *Dispight*)
 VVill doe their *Homage* freely with delight.

We reverence
 God more for
 his goodnesse
 then for his
 powre.

For *homage*, *fealty*, and *honor*, are
 To sacred *Vertue* due by *Natures* Law:
Honor we owe to *Vertue* (though but bare)
 and *Vertue* matcht with *might* doth *Rev'rence* draw.
 Then *Honor*, *Reverence*, and loving *awe*
 Are due to *Maieſtie*; and that is due
 to *Magistrats* that *Men* frō *Vice* with-draw,
 And make them *Vertue* eagerly ensue,
Themselves therein be'ng *Leaders* of the *Crue*.

To whom ho-
 nor and reve-
 rence are due
 vpon Earth

the last *Affects* to *Love* subordinate
 Are *Mercy* and *Compassion*; these are they
 VVhich make vs (like *God*) to commiserate
 the *miseries* of those that still decay,
 Or are at point to perish without stay.
 these, these, bewraie that we are *Members* quick
 Of that same *Bodie*, whose *Head* doth bewray
 that they are *Members* mortifide, or sick
 VVhich feele no *paines*, that fellow-*members* prick.

Mercy and
 compassion,
 Affects flow-
 ing from loue

Loue hath
nothing in
private.

These make vs make the *band* of the *distrest*
Our *Mucke* and Earthly *Mammons* continent,
Yea make vs make the *Orphanes* home our *Brest*,
And our right *Arme* the *VVedowes* Sustainent;
And all that want, our *All* them to content.
O that these were more frequent then they are
With those that doe our *Churches* so frequent!
*For damnd*s *Devotion* that will nothing spare,
But for *selfe* comfort also *gither* care.

Man made of
earth.

These, *Colledges* and *Hospitals* erect,
And both endow with copious *maintenance*;
These are so prevalent in their effect,
That they vnto the *Heav'ns* doe * *Earth* advance,
Wherein there is no *want* or *sufferance*:
These doe *forgive*, as gladly as they *giue*,
Vnto their *foes* milcarried by *Mischance*;
These *good* and *bad* (like *God*) in *lacke* relieue,
“ For *Mercies* *Bowels* melt when *anie* grieue.

Compassio ex
tendeth her
vertue to man
and beast.

These *Bridges* builde ore *Rivers* (*semi-Seas*)
And turne deepe *VVaies* (though endlesse in extent)
To *Cawse*s firme, for *Man* and *Beasts* more ease,
And ev'ry *waie* provide for *bothes* content,
Through fellow-feeling of their dryriment:
These make their *VVaredrops* and the *Needies*, one,
And their owne *Limbes*, *limbes* of the *impotent*;
Ioy with the ioyfull, mone with them that mone
And sigh in *soule*, when they in *Bodie* grone.

O that my *sohle* could (as it gladly would)
It selfe infuse into each worde or *line*
That tendes to *Mercies* glorie, then it should
(So as it ought) at least like *Phæbus* shine,

If not at most, bee more then most divine:
 For, *Mercie* and *Iustice* are gods mightie *Armes*,
 But he most *might* to *Mercie* doth assigne
 As bee'ng the right *Arme*, holding all from *harmes*
 Though *All* do fall through *Frailties* least *Alarmes*.

Mercy & Iu-
 stice are gods
 almightie
 Armes.

Mercie's the true *Idea* of gods Soule,
 Wherein his matchlesse *glorie* glitters most;
 Which is of force his *Iustice* to controule:
 For when in *Iustice* all that *are*, were lost,
 Then *Mercie* them redeem'd, to *Iustice* cost;
 The Lord of *Iustice* was vniustly slaine,
 That *Mercie* might triumph, and iustly boast:
 As *Lowe* first made, so *Mercie* made againe
Man-kind, that *sin* had marr'd with monstrous *stain*.

Gods Mercie
 triumpheth o-
 ver his Iustice
 towards Man.

Sith *Mercie* then is of so high account,
 Shee should bee most familier with the *Hy*:
 For, *God* in mercy doth himselte surmount,
 That is, it doth himselte most glorify:
 So they that eie the *Poore* with *Pitties* eie,
 And haue most *mercie* seated in their soule,
 Draw neer'st the nature of his *Deity*;
 Whose *names* engrossed are in his *Check-rolle*.
 And next him ought the *VNIVERSE* to rule.

Princes and
 Maiestates.

THuſhaving toucht th' *Affections* most humane
 That *humane nature* doe confociate;
 Now follow those that are most inhumane,
 Bred by *Opinion* of *Ill*, which wee hate
 Which make vs savage or in worse estate:
 The vnrest of our *soules*, the while they rest
 Within our *Bodies*, and predominate,
 Proceedes from *fowre* chiefe causes of vnrest,
 Which thus by *Natures* searchers are exprest,

Inhumane af-
 fections howe
 bred.

4. Perturbations
from who
do flow al im-
moderate pas-
sions of the
soule,

Desire, Feare, Griefe, Joy, all immoderate
(Which perturbations be) from these proceede
Al *Passions* which the soule excruciate,
Which the *Mindes* ignorance doth (sitting) seecke;
As knowing not what's good or Ill indeede.
Desire and *loie* thole goods accompany
Which be not good, further then *Natures* neede;
And that a little (God wot) doth supply
For, *overmuch* doth her loone mortifie.

Wherefore
God doth
bless man
with abun-
dance.

Aske *peace* and *plenty* what fell fights they haue
With these three *Monsters*, *Pride*, *Strife*, & *Excesse*,
Hardly themselues, if they at all, doe saue,
From their fell force, they easly wil confesse.
Yet, *God* with *Peace* and *Plentie*, *Man* doth blesse,
That *Man* might blesse *God* both in word and deede,
Not take occasion from thence to transgresse:
But from these *Fountaines* pure doe oft proceede
(By their abuse) *Abuses* which exceede.

There is no
greater temp-
tation thence-
ver to be tep-
ted, & no so-
rer punishmet
then of God
never to bee
punished.

For, *sinne* in *peace* and *plentie*, is so arm'd
VVith all that may allure the simple *sense*,
That *sense* by those allurements is so charin'd,
That soone it yeeldes to *sinne* obedience,
As it were forc'd by some *Omnipotence*:
When *sinne* so sweetly doth *intreate* and *pray*,
And promise *Flesh*, *Heav'n* in *Incontinence*,
(To which *prosperity* doth *Flesh* betray)
How can fraile *Flesh* and *Blond* say sweet *sinne* nay?

Sinne offers
the senses
their severall
satisfactions.

If *Tast* would tast, what might her *Pallate* please,
Sinne offers *Manns*, *Nectar*, and what not?
VVould *touching* seele? *sinne* opens *pleasures* Seas
To plunge the *sense* therein, it to besor,

The *smell* thee ioies with *sents* as *sweete*, as *hot*.
 The *ear* thee tickles with such *wordes* and *Notes*,
 That *Hearing* (ravisht) hath her selfe forgot.
 With *eye* bewitching *Faires* the *eye* thee dotes:
 And thus each *sense* in *pleasures* seas thee flotes.

These *senses* thus bewitch'd, *Fancie* allures
 to share the *sweetnesse* which they say they finde:
Fancie consents; and *Iudgement* loone procures
 to approue their *pleasure*, which betraies the *Minde*,
 (Betraid and quite misled by *Iudgement* blind)
 thus in *prosperitie sinne* domineers,
 VVho vvith strong *cordes* of *Vanity* doth binde
 The *soule* and *body*, as it vvell appeeres
 By those whom *welfare* to the *world* endeeres.

Vertue with-
 out aduersitie
 withereth and
 loseth her
 force.

O *Flesh*! didst thou but know how *suger-sweete*
 the *pleasures* vvere proceeding from the *Crosse*,
 th'wouldst runne amaine, the cōming *crosse* to meet
 And count al gaine, saue that alone, but losse:
 All sensual *ioies* doe thee but turne and tosse.
 With restless proofes of *false felicitie*,
 Which *ioies* retaile, but vtter *griefes* in grosse,
 For, *corp's* all *pleasure* in extremitie
 the center is, of endlesse *miserie*.

There is no
 other passage
 to heaven thē
 through the
 fire of Afflictions.

Now *Griefe* and *Feare*, though they accompany
 These evil *goods* (*goods* evil by abuse)
 Yet they respect all kinde of misery
 Which we conceiue, vvhen wee haue not *their vset*:
 through vvant vvhereof, as through an open *sluce*
 Flow all *wexations*, and *annoies* of *minde*,
 Into the emptie *soule*, which they reduce
 to their *abedience* in rebellious kinde;
 For *Reason* they in *rage* doe rudely binde.

Griefe & feare
 accompanie
 transitory ri-
 ches.

Simil.

The *Body* hereby (puling) pines away
(Like to a *Bladder* whose winde is out strain'd)
By such degrees, as it doth by the way
A whyning make as if the same were pain'd:
So, fares the *Body*, by the *Minde* constrain'd,
Till she be breathles, she breathes out but *mone*,
For want of *Goodes* but fain'd, her griefes vnfain'd
Doe drie vp quite the *Marrow* of the *Bone*,
As if shee were in wretched plight alone.

Good Affections
proceede frō
the opinion
of good, and
evill, frō evill.

Offence, whar.

For as a good *Affections* doe proceede
From the *opinion* which we haue of *Good*;
So doth th' *opinion* of *evill* breede
All ill *Affections* and each evil moode;
For ill Concept, conceaues this cursed Broode.
Now the first touch of *ill*, is call'd *Offence*,
Frō whence (if it contynewe) foorth do budd
Griefe, Envy, Hate, and sell Impatience,
As *Loue* proceeds from true *Goods* residence.

All mundane
things are as
they are takē.

And sith ther's nought that doth to *Earth* belonge
In which both *Good* and *Ill* in deede, or *sho*
Are not (like *Phisick-Potions*) mixte amonge;
Therefore frō thence may be drawne *VVeale* or *VVee*
As they are tane, sith both from thence doe flo:
For *that* which likes some, some doth most displease;
According to the *humors* which they owe,
Some take repose, in that which most disease,
As some delight in *VVarre*, but most in *Peace*.

And the more inly that *offences* touch,
So much the more they doe thereby offend:
The inward'st is the better part by much;
Then that which thereto doth annoyance send,

To the tormenting of the *Whole* doth tend:
Offences done to the externall *Sense*
 Are not so grievous, as those which doe wend
 To the internall; Nor is *VVitts* offence
 So sore, as that which doth the *VVill* incense.

Offences a-
 gainst the out-
 ward Senses
 are much lesse
 offensive then
 those against
 the inward.

Nay, if our *VVill* be not offended, we
 Can suffer, what not? without al offence;
 In which respect we willingly agree,
 That *Friēds* reproofs should proue our *patience*,
 When with our *Foes* we would not so dispence;
 Likewise our *selues* of our selves so may speake,
 That *others* speaking so would vs incense,
 And make vs mortally *revenge* to seek. (breake.
 Thus *VVill* bee'ng pleas'd, nought can our * *patience*

Nothing
 moues our
 patience that
 moves not
 our will.

Then sith *Offence* most grieues the tender'st *Sense*,
 Therefore are *they* offended soon'st of all,
 Whose *Mindes* and *Bodies* haue most excellence,
 And are most delicate and *speciall*,
 Bee it by *accident*, or *naturall*:

And mong the *Hoast* of *Natures* Creatures, *Man*
 Is hard'st to please, and most to *Anger* thralls;
 For he with nought will beare, nor suffer can,
 Yet al haue cause this wayward *VVasse* to ban.

Man of all
 creatures har-
 dest to please.

If therefore *One* it be so hard to please,
 How much more hard to please an *Hoast* of *Men*?
 What can be saide or done so wel, but these
 Will * *all*, or some of *all*, speake there agen?
 They care not against *whom*, nor *where*, nor *when*.
 Aske *Generalls* if this be true or no, (agen

* Who so plea-
 seth all doth
 more then he
 that made all.

Who though they make their *Purs*-strings cracke
 To please the *Presse*, yet they shal not doe so,
 But some will murmur, and speake broadly to.

For

Some, to bee
thought more
iudicious are
most cenfori-
ous.

For, some are so invred fault to finde,
That they offended are without offence,
Nothing they *beare* or *see*, but inkes their *minde*,
So all offends them without difference:
And, to be thought of tall intelligence (praise
Their *Tongues* dispraise, what their *Thoughts* highly
Because they weene great praise proceeds frō these,
For he (thinke they) that sees what to dispraise,
Sees and knowes how t'amend it many waies.

Criticks of
these times.

How many may we *beare* and *see* of these,
Who with bent-brow, scuc-looke, and mouth awry
Sleightly survaie the *workes* that wise-men please
Protesting them to be but *poore*; And whie?
Because they proue their *VVitts* base povertie:
They faine would *faine* to haue vnfaigned skill
In ev'ry thing wherein they *faults* espie,
And by depraving *VVitt* t'haue witt at will,
When all's but *fain'd*, and *strain'd* and passing ill.

A Foole may
make the wise
ridiculous to
Foolcs.

When Men adore their owne *sufficiencie*,
And weene their *excellence* doth check the *Skies*,
What marvel ist, if al beneath the *Skie*
They check; and through their *selfe-conceite* dispise?
(Who, but to see their owne *woorth*, haue no *Eyes*)
These *Men* are inly mov'd with much offence,
When they another see by *Virtue* rise,
Because high *State* (they weene) should recōpence
No *others*, but *their* onely *excellence*.

These be men
of partes that
would have al
whollie.

The cōplaint
of base male-
contents.

Bee they most *poore*, yet be they much more *proude*,
Exclaiming on the *times* wherein they live:
For *Men* of woorth (say they) with *parts* indow'd
The *times* doe not respect, nor wil relive,

But

But wholly * vnto *partlesse Spirits* giue;
 Thus doe they melt awaie in *Enuies* fire;
 And whilst *hart-burnings* the of rest deprive,
 They them bestirre to part that is *intire*;
 And *Commō. wealthes* orethrow, so to aspire.

* Without
 good partes.

These vnwise wittie *Mal-contents* are they
 That egge on *Men* vnwise, and violent,
 T'attempt the over-sway of *Princes* Sway,
 Or rather to confound their *government*,
 That so they might be made preheminent:
 For, by *Vhses* must point out the place
 gainst which the force of *Ajax* must be bent,
 And *Men* made *desperate* hold it no disgrace
 To be directed in a desp'rate case.

Divells incar-
 nate tempe-
 rē desperate.

These *waspsish* over-weening idle *Drones*,
 Are mortal * plagues to ev'ry *Publike-weale*:
 Right *anti-Kesars* vndermyning *Thrones*;
 Yet *Princes* hardly shal their *motions* feele
 Vntil their *States* and *Seates* begin to reele:
 And then too late (perhapps) seeke fast to fitt
 VVhé they must rest vpō the pointed *Steele*;
 These are the effects of mal-contented *VVitt*,
 Which not lookt to, wil haue a madding fitt.

The Pestilēce
 which infects
 al that comes
 neere it.

All which proceedeth meere of *Offence*,
 Cōceav'd by hateful natures hard to please;
 VVhich, *mischiefe* and great *inconuenience*
 Bring to a *State*, and neither *Land* nor *Seas*
 Can possibly be priuilegd from * these.
 VVho still doe feare, their mis-imploied time
 VVill bring vpō the *that* which wil displeale;
 VVhich to prevent they seeke aloft to clime,
 VVhich to effect, make cōsciēce of no *crime*.

* They walke
 like Devils
 invible.

Anatural rea-
son of rebels
civill iury.

For, feare of *evill* (though of *ill* to come)
Doth grieue the *minde*, as if it present vvere;
Cold *feare* and *griefe* then *Reason* so benumme,
That it feelles nothing but cold *griefe* and *feare*.
This *cold* made *hot* by *Ire*, which it doth steere
Becomes *hell fire*, which like a quenchlesse *flame*
Consumeth all it toucheth or comes neere,
And leaues noight els behinde but lasting *blame*,
So, *Feare* turn'd *Fury*, *Man* doth all vnframe.

Simil.

For, as in *nature*, *things* that are most cold
Made *hot*, are most extreame *hot*, like the *Fire*:
So *Feare*, most cold by kind, yet if it should
Bee chaf'd vncessantly with *Hate* and *Ire*,
It would be more *hot*, then all *fires* made intire.
For, *Man* is more out-ragious, wilde, and wood
In *Passions* heate, then *Passion* can desire;
No *Beast* is halfe so fell, in maddest moode,
As *Man*, when *Furie* sets on fire his *blond*.

A man in fury
more furious
then a beaſt.

A diſcription
of an angry
Man.

From which *fire* flie out *Sparkles* through his *eyes*,
Vvho stare, as if they would their *holdes* enlarge,
The *Cheekes* vvith boiling *Choler* burning riſe,
The *mouth* doth thundring (*Canon*-like) diſcharge
The *fire* which doth the *Stomacke* overcharge:
The *teeth* doe (grating) one another grind;
The *fiſts* are faſt, in motion to giue *charge*,
The *Limbes* doe tremble, *feete* no footing find
But ſtampe, or ſtand vnconſtant as the *Winde*.

All anger
ſprings from
offence burial
offence grow-
not to Anger.

Which heillih *Paſſion* from *Offence* proceedes,
But all offence proceedes not to the ſame;
Offence the *Mother* is that *Anger* breeds,
But not it ſelfe in *nature* nor in *name*,

Ne

Ne can they bee confounded vwithout blame:
 For *things* offend vs oft which haue no *sense*,
 With vvhich vve cannot *angrie* befor shame;
 For, that must haue (like vs) *Intelligence*
 VWhich can to *Ire* provoke our *patience*.

For, *Ire's* a vehment *motion* of the *Hart*,
 Stir'd vp by *trespasse*, *scorne*, or such like *ill*
 Offred vnto vs, *wholie* or in *part*,
 Which in the high'st degree offends our *will*,
 For which, we would *revenge* in hast fulfill:
 For, each one rates himselfe by the *Assise*
 Of *selfe-concept*, by him conceaved still,
 From that great *good* which, he weenes, in him lies
 VWhich none (as he supposeth) should despise.

What *Iger* is

The more therefore a *Man* himselfes esteemes,
 the more and sooner he to *Ire* is mou'd;
 Because that so great *worth's* despi'd he deemes,
 For which hee rageth, as from *wit* remov'd;
 then, *Rage* to *Rancor* easily is shou'd;
 VWhich is an *Anger* most inveterate,
 By *Charitie* and *Reason* most reprou'd,
 And *God* and *good-men* mortallie doe hate;
 therefore to bee eschu'd as *reprobate*.

The better a
 man thinks
 of himselfe the
 sooner hee is
 moued to an-
 ger.

What *Rancor*
 is.

For, *Rancor* is so fell and violent,
 that ioint by ioint, the *Soule* it rudely rends,
 Forgetting *Iustice*, and the *Innocent*
God, *man*, *sex*, *age*, *good*, *bad*, or *foes*, or *friends*,
 For, *this* all *these* indifferently offends:
 then who consults with such a *Councillor*,
 that *Argumentes* with *tooth* and *naile* defends,
 Shall bee of all (but *Fiendes*) an iniurer;
 For sure the *Diu'l's* in such a *Comrayer*.

Rancor is in-
 different to
 good & bad.

Some call it
honorable to
revenge with
the sworde all
injuries done
against a mā's
honor. But
how can that
be honorable
which God
abhorreth &
condemnech
to eternall
death.
The quality of
Rancor.

A reason why
angry men
for the most
part are pale.

VVhose furie is inflam'd so with desire
To wreake it selfe on that which it enflames,
That on it selfe it brings confusion dire,
And oft with suddaine death her *subject* shames;
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, and all therein thee blame;
Nay railes against, if they wreake in other wronge,
And for her selfe an *Hell* on *Earth* thee frames,
To wreake it on her selfe, if thee be long
Bar'd from *Revenge*, for which her *Soule* doth long.

VVhich is a motion of the *Heart*, then vvhich
None can be more immane, or violent,
VVhich turnes frō *that* which doth it roughly touch
And seekes to quell the same incontinent,
Or on the *cause* to inflict *punishment* :
Here-hence it is some irefull men are pale,
Because the *bloud* returns from whence it went,
VVhose *harts* haught-courage so doth fore exhale,
That they dare doe what nor come *Blisse* or *Bale*.

But commonly the *bloud* doth not returne
As to the *Heart* it doth in *Griefe* and *Fear*,
But in the *face* in *furie* it doth burne,
And all the *Spirits* it enflameth there,
As if no more vvithin the *Body* vvere :
The *bloud* and *sp'its* inflam'd, the *braine* ascend,
VVhich they (confusedly distracted) sterc,
For how so ere *heate* may the *Heart* offend,
The *Minde* doth rest, if *heate* it not transcend.

To the brains

Similar

No otherwise then as a *man* that drincks
More then a *man*, yet if it not ascendes
Vnto the *braine*, no *man* him *drunken* thinks,
Nor is he *drunke* though *drinke* his *belly* rends:

So, though the *heart*, an *hell* of *beate* offenders,
 Yet beeing still vwithin the *heart* confin'd,
 The *soule* vwithin the *braine* her worke attendes
 Without disturbing of the *VV*it or *Minde*,
 Who wonted freedom in the *braine* doe finde.

But giue *Men* wit at vwill, nay *visedome* too,
 (If possibly *men* furious * might be *wise*)
 And put exceeding *Anger* therevnto,
 All's to no purpose, for all in it lies
 As *fat* in *fier*, which to *nothing* fries;
 Moue but their *choller* once, and all's on *flame*
 That should them coldly any vway aduise:
 For, when the *soule* by heate is out of frame,
 Her *Iudgement* must be blinde, and *Actions* lame.

*Salomon de-
 nies it. Eccl.
 Chap 7. 11.

So that in true effect the furious *Man*
 Is good for nought, (for *nought* is all as good)
 But to blaspheme, and raue, and rayling ban,
 And make *good men* amazed at his moode;
 God sheild I should be any of this broode:
 Yet must I (to my shame) for shame confesse,
 Because its scene what *humor* haunts my *bloud*,
 That *Anger* to my *heart* hath oft access
 Against my *will*, which faine would it suppress.

I know no ma
 worle the my
 selfe, God
 helpe me the
 while.

He is mine arch-foe gainst whom still I fight,
 And though I bee to weake, and he to strong
 Yet fight I will, and aie in his dispight
 I will refraine my *hands*, much more my *Tonge*,
 Both vvhich in *wrath* are apt to * offer wronge:
Heav'n helpe me to subdue this hellish *Iye*,
 And all that doth or shall to it belong,
 So with the *drops* of *grace* quench out this *fire*,
 That to my *heart* it neuer more aspire.

Instruments
 of revenge.
 The heare of
 the hart makes
 the fingers
 nimble.

Yet let me coldly speake in praise of *Heate*,
 VVhich be'ng *temperate*, yeeldes most sweete effects;
 For, *Choler* makes the *VVitt* and *Courage* great;
 Yea, makes the *Hart* abound with kinde *Affects*,
 And abiect * *humors* vtterly reiects;
 In the best *Natures* commonly its plac'd
 By *Natures* finger, for these kinde *respects*,
 And if with *fury* it be not disgrac'd,
 It should by al *meanes*, by all be embrac'd.

The praise of
 Choler

* Anger is bet
 ter the laugh,

ter for by a
 sadd looke

the hart is
 made better.

Ecc. Cap. 7. 5.

How like to liuelesse *Logges* some *Dastards* are,
 Whole *witt* & *Courage* are quite drown'd in *Eleame*,
 VVho, though *wrongs* prick their *Harts*, yet stil they
 As they vvere either *dead*, or in a *dream*; (fare
 Nothing shal moue them, be it nere s'extreame:
 heare they their *frēds* deprau'd (though nere so dear)
 Nay heare they *Fiends* the *Highests* name blasphemē;
 they dare not speake a vvord for them for feare;
 VVhat vse of such that such *base-mindes* doe beare?

A Coward cā
 not be truly
 honest.

Simil.

For as a little *fire* vvhen we are cold
 Doth vs but little good, and be'ng too great
 Doth warme vs otherwise then *fiere* should;
 But being *moderate*, it so doth heat
 As neither lets vs *coole*, nor makes vs *sweat*:
 So, *Choler* if too little, little steeds, (fiere;
 And if too much, too much doth make vs
 But being *meane*, it many *Vertues* breeds,
 and with an *active* warmth, the *blood* it feeds.

For to be angry and not to sinne,
 * Eph. 4. 26. Is an obligatorie * *Heast* diuine;
 For whiles we are that holy *anger* in
 (Not wholly angry) it is a signe

VVe

We flame with that which doth our *soules* refine :

For, in our *Soules* the *irre* pow'r it is
That makes vs at vnhalloved *thoughts* repine,
And lober *soules* are zealous made by this,
Then zealous *soules* can hardly *Anger* misse:

Virtue cannot
performe her
functions with-
out anger.

Thus *Ire* I pleade for thee, but thou hurt'st mee;
O be propitious therefore, hurt me not :
Then *Volumes* large, Ile write concerning thee
Which without blott of blame, I al wil blott (hott:
VVith *blacke* that shal thy * *bright*, make bright as * *Glory* laud.
So, leaue I thee, and would thou me would'st leaue,
Yet leaue me not, as one thou hast forgott,
But mind me stil, when I should thee conceaue
Gainst *ill* that would my *soule* of good bereaue.

For so thou didst poffesse Gods patient *Soule*,
When he as *God* and *Man* the *Temple* clear'd
(With *VVhipps*) of *money-Changers*, who did proule Luke 19.25.
For filthie *Pelfe* in place to him endear'd,
Where most of al he should be *seru'd* and *feard*:
So, be with me, deere *Ire*, till thou and I
Must part,, or I by thee no further steer'd,
Then may agree with perfect *pietie*
And well may stand with true *felicitie*.

NOW from vnloving *Ire* doth *Hatred* spring,
Which is more Hellish; for, its lasting *Ire*
As some suppose; which is a damned *thing*,
Like to the *Deuill* her prodigious *Sire*,
VVho *Loues* to hate, as *Loue* hates that desire.
Sith *God* and *Nature* hath made *Man* in loue,
To loue *God* and his like with loue intire,
VVhat *Vice* can *Virtue* in *man* more reprove,
Then that which *Man* to misse his *Ende* doth move?

Hatred is a
child of Ire.

Yet.

*Ire & hatred
distinguished.*

Yet *Ire* from *Hatred* must distinguish be,
For *Ire* proceeds frō some wrong done to vs,
But *Hatred*, is conceav'd as soone as we
Suppose a *Creature* to be odious;
Though to vs it were nere iniurious:
And *Time* can *Ire* alwaie, but hardly *Hate*,
Ire would but vex, but *Hatred*'s murderous,
Revenge cooles *Ire*, but cannot *Hate* abate,
Ires hart can melte, but *Hates* is obdurate.

*Love linckes
men together,
Hatred puts
them a sunder*

Love is the *Linck* that lincks mā kind (by kind
Loving and *kinde*) in perfect *Vnion*;
This *Statute* (sans defelance) *men* doth bind
To succour one another woe-begon,
As if they were not diverse but al one:
But *Hatred* is the hatchet, which doth cleave
Mankind to peeces in confusion;
Releefe refusing, and eake to releefe,
Yet giues more *dāmage* thē it would receave.

*The proude
and envious
are like the
Devill.*

None harbresth *hatred*, but *men* like the *Devill*,
(The *Proude*, & *Envious*, which are ful of *hate*)
These hateful *Hell-hounds* loue this lothsome *Evill*,
Because it seekes *mankind* to ruinate:
VVhat can the *Devill* worle excogitate?
It is the *Toade* that swells with *Venome* such
That no *force* can resist, much lesse abate;
The *Moath* of *Mā-kind*, worle thē *nought* by much,
Yet most indiffrent to the *Poore* and *Rich*.

*A good vse of
Hate.*

But *hate* inhabits *Man* to good effect,
VVhen he loues nought, that is not perfect good,
For he through *Hate* doth *Evill* still reiect,
VVhich would corrupt his *Nature*, *Mind*, & *Moode*,
And

And make it (like it selfe) a *Nihilhood*:
Such *hate* is happie, holy, and divine,
By which the force of *ill* is still withstood;
This *Hate* we ought to loue, which doth repine
At all which doth not *Loue* aright refine.

Hate, worthy
of Loue.

Then sacred *Hate* let my *Loue* thee embrace,
And to an *Habit* grow'n, inhabit mee,
Sith thou flow'st from the *Fountes* of *Loue*, & *Grace*,
O let my love be ever backt by thee;
Then *ill* from *Loue* (so backt) wil ever flee.
It is a *feaver* of the *Minde* to hate,
That's hate to *Loue*, but whē they both agree
They doe preserve the *Soule* in perfect state,
Whilst *ill* of *ills* they quite annihilate.

Sinfull *Hate* is
hatefull but
gratious hate
is behoofull.

The hate (my *Soule*) that thou maist ever love
That which this *Hate* doth loue, with loue intire,
That is, al good below, much more above,
Wherto this hate through loue would faine aspire;
For perfect Love inflames iust Hates desire.
No other wise then *Water* hott or cold,
Though in some sorte it doth oppung the fire,
Yet makes the flames thereof more manifold,
VWhen it is cast thereon, so as it should.

Simil.

Thus *Ire* and *Hatred* may be good or ill
According to their *obiects*; And *Envy*
(Their aie-*familier*) doth follow still
Hatred and *Ire*, to make a *Trinity*,
Which may be vs'd well, ill, or *neut' rally*:
It is well vs'd for *Gods* foes good successe,
But ill, when it anothers good doth eye,
And *neut' rally* when it doth not transgresse
The boundes of *Loue*, for loving more or lesse.

Envy is a
branch of in-
iustice.

Ire & Hatred
the Parents
of Envy.

Envy is opposit
to Mercy.

Shee is to *Mercie* alwaies opposit
In her true kinde; for *Mercy* stil doth grieue
At others harmes; but *envy*'s glad of it,
And pines with paine, when others wel doe thrive,
Ye alives in *death*, when others liue to *line*.

1. Some envy others *gains*, that hinder theirs;
2. Some, others *weale*, whē they cannot arriue
3. Vnto the like: some, other that aspires
to *that* they sought, but faild of their desires.

4. But some there are that envy others *good*,
Without respect of their owne benefite,
Only because they think their *fate*'s withstoode
When *others* on the least *good fortune* hit,
Or doe the least *good*, getting *praise* for it:
This is the *envie*, than which none is worse,
Ev'n that of *Sathan*, for *Men* most vnfit,
This is the *envie* that incurses his curse,
That from *Heav'n* for the like did *Angels* force.

The envy of
the diuel what

It is safer to
be conuersant
with a Tyrant,
then with the
envious perſon
for the one
takes away
but life but
the other ho-
nor and good
name.

For *envies eyes* pry most of al on *praise*,
The noblest *goods*, *goods* of the noblest *Minde*
They most envie; and stil themſelues they raiſe
To highest *vertue*, where they (fixt) it finde;
Heereat the teeth of *envie* most doe grinde:
For looke how much the *Minde* the *Corpes* excels,
And the *Mindes riches* are of rarer kinde;
So much the more the hart of *envie* ſwells,
At thoſe that haue theſe *goods*, then any els.

Shee is *Prides* ſecond-ſelfe, or other name,
Monſters diſtinct, yet vndiuiduall;
In *heav'n* and *earth* hath wel appeer'd the ſame,
For both made heau'nly *Lucifer* to fall;

So doe they *Lucifers* terrestrial:
Pride's more apparāt, for it needs must swell;
 But *envy* euer lines *Prides* *Pectorall*:
Pride's as the high'st, *envie* the lowest bell;
 Worle *Hags* the either, 'can in neither dwell.

Envy is more
 obscure, then
 Pride.

Pride, before all desires to be preferr'd;
 If *anie* therefore be preferr'd before,
 Shee instantly is with sel *envie* stirr'd;
 And the more rise, her *envie* is the more.
 though *meeknes* mount, *pride's* hart doth ake therfore:
 For shee thinks, only *shee* doth al excel,
 Then others excellence her *heart* must gore:
As others heav'n on earth, is Envies hell;
So others rising makes Pride still to swell.

Envy is as the
 shadow of
 vertue.

For, where there is no *sunne*, no *shadow* is;
 And, where's no *weale*, or *glory*, *envy's* not:
 Shee feedes on her owne *hart*, and others *blisse*,
 Shee skornes to looke so low as to their *lot*
 That are of *Fortune*, or the *world* forgot:
 Therefore shee lurkes about the *Courtes* of *Kings*,
 (Whose *Crownes* are ever subiect to her *shot*)
 There like a *Snake*, that hisles not, shee stings,
 And oft ere shee is seene *Confusion* brings.

Envies natu-
 ral home is in
 Kings Courts.

For, not without iust cause doe *Poets* faine
 That shee (as one of the infernall broode)
 Doth *poison* sucke, to vomit it againe,
 And makes of *Snakes* her flesh-consuming foode;
 Which makes her like a *blind-worme*, without *bloud*:
 Who often creepeth like this abiect *Worme*,
 Not wotting which *way*, each *way* but the good:
 And in *Preferments* way shee doth enorme
 All *feete* shee meets with, which none can reforme.

Ovid Met. l. 2.
 Simil.

The envious
are ashamed
to bewray
their envie,

Such lookes
hath the envi-
ous,

Envie therefore the *hart* doth macerate,
Because the *Tongue* dares not the *griefe* disclose,
That makes that *griefe* still on the *hart* to grate,
Which the *leane* lookes alone in silence shewes;
Yet *eyes* shrinke in (as loth to tell the woes)
And looke asleepe, as if in looking straight
they might directly so discover *those*,
All which makes woe to haue the greater waight
The *soule* and *bodie* so to over-fraight.

Bion,

Envy is as
much grieved
for others
good as her
owne hurt.

One said, beholding one with *envie* pin'd,
I know not by thy *lookes* (which all doe loth)
If *they* fare well or *thou* ill; for thy *Minde*
Is vext alike, alike thou look'st for both:
Which *subtill* speech included *simple* truths,
For, *envy's* griev'd no lesse for others good
Then for her proper ill; and is as wroth
For others *praise*, as if hers were with-stood,
And for both, sucks alike her *Subiectes* bloud.

Envy flattered
sleepes for a
while.

Shee envies all to all, except *envie*,
And that shee envies to, if it exceeds;
Like *Argus*, shee nere sleeps but when her *eye*
Is charm'd by *Mercuries* sweete sounding *Reedes*,
“For *envie* flattered is well agreed:
When all respect is had of her and hers,
And all neglected els, her *All* to feede,
No more, till shee neglected be, shee stirres;
Then as before her selfe shee straight bestirres.

Sirail.

The *sunne* at highest shee resembles right
(Though base shee be and darke as nether *Hell*)
For as the *sunne* obscureth *things* most bright,
And makes the light of *things* obscure, excell:

So *envie* seeks *men famous* most to quell,
And praiseth most, *men* least deserving praise,
Such as their deereſt *fame* to *ſhame* doe ſell;
All ſuch (if any at all) thee moſt doth raiſe,
And all *men* els, doth moſt of all diſpraiſe.

The more *Men* want of what they faine would bee,
The more their want with *envie* is ſupplide,
The leſſe, if *provid*e, they are in their degree
The leſſe they can their *bett*ers farre, abide;

“ And *horſe* prowd *Beggars*, they like *Kings* will ride.

Now as each *Vice* doth in it beare about

An inbred *plague*: ſo in this doth reſide

The plague of *plagues*; to weare it ſelfe quite out

With fretting againſt the rich or roiall *Row*s.

The *envious*, privie to their owne *deſect*s,
Doe witneſſe to themſelves their ſmall eſteeme,
For which the *World*, they ſee, them ſtill reiects,
through which they inly burſt with griefe extreme,
But dare not let the *world* them *envious* deeme.

For, no *Affect* is leſſe diſcloſ'd then this,
Be cauſe it makes men leſſe then *worthleſſe* ſeeme,
therefore the much more dolorous it is;

“ For *griefes* doe breake the heart if vent they miſſe.

Before how
many the
more the en-
vious perſon
ſlandereth a
man, the more
high in glory
hath he plac'd
the crown of
the ſlandered
if he take it
patiently.

Each Vice ca-
ries with it its
own torment.

The envious
condemne
themſelves
for moſt un-
worthy men.
No affection
is leſſe diſclo-
ſed then envy

What *Common-weales*, and mighty *Monarchies*,

What glorious *Kings*, and famous *Generals*,

Yea (which is ſtrange) what heau'nly *Hirarchies*

Whoſe wretched ſtate and miſerable ſals

(By *envie* wrought) remaine in *Capitals*!

Whence all may ſee, how active and how fell

this *Furie* is, who reſts in *Funerals*:

Or when on *earth* *Men* reſt in ſuch an *Hell*,

What to th' infernall may be *Paralell*.

Envies reſt in
funerals.

Envy is the
parent of sea-
lousie.

*Obtrectation
is seallousie in
the largest
Sense.

seallousie a
Linx in loue.

seallousie good
or bad accor-
ding to her
object.
How seallousie
is good.

From *Envy* springs ay-watchful *Jealousie*,
(Ore-plus of *Loue*, as iealous *Lovers* would)

Which (worse then *Hell*) hates al *Rivalitie*,
And cannot brooke that any other should
Possesse that *wee* or *ours* would, or doe hold:

Yet some restrain it onely vnto *Loue*;

For being (as they say) more manifold,

It **Obtrectation* hight, which who doth prove
Shall finde the *Minde* vnlike it selfe to moue.

For, she can thinke of nought but *that* alone
That makes her iealous, and when shee's restrain'd
Of former freedome, shee is not her owne;
But like a *Body* bound t'a *Racke*, is pain'd,
And thinks of nought but *paine* be'ng so constrain'd:
This is the *Linx* in *Loue* that never *sleepe*s,
And oft (too oft) by *Lust* is entertain'd,
Who through nine *walles* of *Mudd*, or *mettle* peeps,
And so (like *Argus*) *Loves* beloved keeps.

Now, as the *things* belov'd are good or badd,
So iealousie is good or badd thereby.

If *Men* be iealous of their *thoughts* that gadd
From the chiefe-*Good*, good is that iealousie;

And in a *Prince* tis no *impiety*,

When he suspects *Ambition* in his *State*;

Nor in the mari'd ist an *Herefy*,

If loving-*iealousie* without debate

Doe keepe each others *Love* from cause of *hate*.

Like may bee sedd of *Parents*, *Kinne*, and *Frendes*,

So long as it aymes but at like *respect*,

An harmelesse iealousie, from *harme* defends

Those whom they governe, and by kinde affect:

Such

Such *iealousie* doth in God our good effect; (leepe; Gods *iealousie*
Which makes him watch vs, where wee wake or touching vs
VWho in his loue thereby doth vs protect, doth procure
From al those vnseene *ills* that on vs creepe, our good.
And by the same his *honor* safe doth keepe.

But *iealousie* conceau'd through cause vniust,
Be it in *VVedlocke*, *Freindshippe*, or where not,
Makes *Loue* a *Languishment*; for *false mistrust*
Is not by God, but by his *Foe* begott,
Which *Loue* with *Lust* doth evermore belott:
Hence come the *Quarrells* twixt the mari'd *Paires*,
When they through *iealousie* are overhott,
This makes *Affraies* too oft of great *Affaires*,
And ruynes that which loyal *Loue* repaires.

Evil *iealousie*

Quarrells rais-
ed through
Suspicio caus-
leffe.
iealousie, what,

The fell disturber of *Loves* sweete repose,
Cope-mate of *Care*, tormenter of the *Minde*,
The *Canker* of faire *Venus* sweetest *Rose*,
The *Racke* that over-racks the over-kinde,
The over-watchful Eye of *Loue* stil blinde:
The *Hart* of *Caution* wherein ay are bredd
The vital *Sp'rites* of *Arte* to *State* assign'd;
Soule of *Regard*, alive when it seemes deade,
All this is *iealousie* that holds the *Heade*.

The *Cancaus* whereto *Loves* Hart is bound,
The *Vulture* which the *thoughts* thereof deuoures,
The *Primum mobile* which turneth round
The *Braine*, which to the *rest* vnrest procures,
A *Sore* which nought, that's good for ought, recures,
That's *Mummy* made of the meere Hart of *Loue*,
A temp'rall *Hell*, whose torment still endures,
The Pennaunce of *Mistrust*, which *Lovers* proue,
All this is *iealousie* which I reprove.

Prov. 6. 34.

And

And now to ende (where we should have begunne
 When we began to touch corrupt *Affects*)
 With *Pride*, because from her all *Vice* doth runne
 (As from the *Fountain*) which the *Soule* infects;
 Which may be thus describ'd by her *effects*:
 A swelling of the *Hart* which doth proceede
 From *Selfe-conceite*, that gainst the *Soule* reflects,
 And shoves more glorious then it is indeede,
 Which makes vs thinke our *gifts* al *mens* exceede.

The proude
 person hates
 pride in all
 but in himself.

THis *Prodigie*, this more then mounstrous *Pride*,
 This *Soules* envenom'd *Botch*, This *Sourse* of
 Can nothing lesse the hir owne selfe abide, (*Sinne*),
 When shee doth see her selfe *another* in:
 If shee her selfe doth hate, what can shee wyne
 But hate of *all*, that see her as shee is?
 Still loth'd may shee be, for had shee not byn,
 We stil had liv'd in earthly *Heavens* blisse,
 And *Lucifer* held heav'nly *Paradis*.

Pride holdes
 all in scorn
 but her selfe.

Sith *Man* was made a creature sociable,
 And that his liues-joy should therein consist,
 What *vice* in man is more detestable,
 Then that which doth this ioy of life resist?
 For *Pride*, as if shee were with nature blist
 That farre surmounted more then *half-divine*,
 Scornes al *Humanity*; if so, what ift
 On *Earth* that shee thinks (be'ng so superfine)
 Worthie to *suite* her, but alone to reigne?

If Humility be
 the mother of
 true piety,
 what is pride,
 her contrary?

Shee (swelling *Toade*) looks with disdainful *Eyes*
 On highest things that are *sublunarie*,
 And (*Lunatick*) above the *Moone* doth rise
 In minde, though she mindes nought but *villany*,

So

Soto aspire to highest *Dignitie*:

Therefore the most *proUDE* are most ignorant
Of *wisedomes* hid in blest *Theologie*,
Because they meerely minde *things* miscreant,
As earthly *pompe*, and *port* extravagant.

If not impossible, yet hard it is,
For the most *learn'd* and *lowly* wel to know
Themselves in ev'ry *part*, and not to misse;
Then sith the *Proude* doe never looke so *low*,
that *skil* nere comes but with their overthrow:
For they by nature are most prone to *pride*
that know all but themselves; and yet doe show
they know themselves too wel, for, nought beside
they loue; which loue, that knowledge doth misguid.

the proud are
taught to
know them-
selves by their
proper over-
throw.

For who so lookes with vwell-derscarning *eyes*
(If he be mortal, be he what he wil)
Into him *selfe*, he wil him *selfe* despise;
For in him *selfe* he findeth nought but *ill*,¹
Corrupting *Soule* and *Body*, *Minde*, and *Vill*:
The *best* shall finde but matter too too *bad*
To humble them, and so to keepe them still;
The *worst* shal see ynough to make them mad,
Seeing themselves through *Ill*, so ill bestad.

He that knows
himselfe best
esteemes him-
selfe least.

Al vnder *Heav'n* mans pride hath made so vile,
So fraile, so ful of *sorrow* and *vexation*,
That should a *Man* possesse al, yet the while
He should possesse but temporall *damnation*,
And with it likely *divine indignation*.
Can *Men* be *proUDE* then, of an earthly *hell*,
Affording nought but *griefe* and *molestation*?
Or can their *harts* with *Pride* and *Sorrow* swell
When one puffes vp, the other downe doth quel?

All vnder the
Sunne is vani-
ty and vexati-
on of spirit,
Ecclesi. I.

Proude men
are senselesse
in the strictest
sense,

If so they can, it is for want of *sense*
To feele the *griefes* that are most sensible;
And senselesse *Soules* haue no preheminance
Of *humane Nature*; nor extensible
To *brutish*, which is not insensible:
Then what are proud *Soules* by this iust *accounte*
But either deade, or comprehensible
In that of *Plants*; which from *Earth* cannot mount,
But that a worthlesse *VVren* may them surmount.

* The proude
haue Hell
with the
Prince there-
of abiding in
their hartes.

The *Eyes* that *Sunne*-bright *Robes*, or smoke of *praise*
Doe dimme, are feeble-sighted, and such *Eyes*
Cannot themselves as high as *Heaven* raise,
Nor pierce to *Hell* which in their *Owner* * lies:
For if they would or could in any wise,
Pride could not possibly surprize their *Hart*,
For *Heav'n* they would admire, and *Hell* despise,
And from that *Hell* they would their *Eyes* convert;
To highest *Heav'n*, and from it nere diuert.

Simil.

Spiritual
pride God
doth most de-
test.

But as the *Toade* to *venome* turnes her *foode*
(How *pure* so ere it be) shee feedeth on:
So *Pride* turnes *Virtue* to her venom'd *moode*,
Then which no *pride's* more neere *Damnation*;
For sp'ritual pride *God* hates as he doth none:
Which *pride* is *Luciferian*, and the fall
Of those, whose *Soules* are with it over gon,
Shal be like *Lucifers*, for no one shall
Be sav'd that weenes his *vertue* passeth all.

Over-wee-
ning, an odi-
ous Vice.

Pride is a winde that makes the *Soule* to swell,
And without Issue it the same wil rend:
Therefore the *proude* their owne *perfections* tell;
Yea, onely tell of what them most commend,

And

And with whom not, for *praise* they stil contend;
Which if they misse, or others praised more,
Out goth that *wind*, (which they with thūdrings sēd)
Against al thole that are preferr'd before,
And as distracted, raile, and rave, and rore.

Doth *Pride* a *Tenent* hold, it must be so,
Although it cutt the Throate of *Reason* quite;
All her *opinions* can abide no *No*:
And though them to defend shee hath 'no might,
Yet to defend them shee wil rage and fight:
No *time*, no *truth*, nor no *authoritie*,
Shal putt *Pride*, if shee wrong be, in the *right*;
For shee desires to haue the masterie
In al, that al may give her *dignitie*.

Nothing so much shee dreads, as to be deem'd
Any's *inferior* in any *thing*;
This makes her loth to *learne*, sith shee hath seem'd
To *know* much more then al, by her learning:
Shee * scornes *reproofes* that *information* brings;
Her *Vices* shee wil haue for *Vertues* tane;
Or like a *Serpent* shee wil *hisse* and *sting*,
Blaspheme and what not, for shee's most profane,
And if shee can, be her *impugners* bane.

The *friendshippe* is as dang'rous as vnure,
Where * *Pride* hath any place in any *friend*;
Pride wil the downfall of a *friend* procure
If by such *fall* the *proude* *friende* may ascend,
For al his *friendshippe* to him selfe doth tend;
Comes *good* from him, to him must goe the *praise*,
As if *good* in him did *begin* and *end*;
So robbes *God* of his *glorie* many waies,
And faine about his *God* him selfe would raise.

The proude
obstinate in
their opiniō.

* Reproofes do
enrage the
proud,
though for
their good
bestowed.

* The proude
mā, the drū-
kard and the
Coward are
nought to
make friends
of; the proude
will scorne
thee if he out
start thee in
fortunes, the
drūkard wil in
wine bewray
thy secrets, or
what is in the
hart of the lo-
ber, is in the
tongue of a
drunkard, &
the Coward
dares not
speake one
word in de-
fence of thy
reutation
though hee
heare it slan-
derously de-
praved.

Sith the earth
cannot hold
her, Hell must
and can.

If he with fained modestie doth vaile
His height of *Pride*, and doth himselfe dispraise,
Tis but the higher to advance the *Saile*
Of swelling *Pride*, which he to *Cloudes* doth raise,
nay thūder-cracks the *Clouds*, that clouds his *praise*:
The highest *Heau'ns* (he weenes,) must giue it way
Vnto the *Throne* where perfect *glorie* staies,
And there sitt cheeke by lowle with *Glorie* ay;
This, *Pride* desires, and those that her obay.

Pride the
Fountainne of
all Heresies.

If shee associate *Learning*, shee will leade
That Heav'nly *Lady* into Hellish waies;
Then shee misledd, each *Soule* must needes misleade
That on her seeming-wel-sta'd *Judgment* staies;
Hence spring al *Heresies*; which *Pride* doth raise:
Forlett a *Scholer* famous for his *skill*
Maintaine dam'd *Error*, he for peevish *praise*
Wilranlacke *Bookes* and *Brains* to do it still,
Though he thereby his *Soule* with *Millions* pill.

* If a man live
Soule & Bo-
die in Heil to
all eternities
that his name
may live in
the mouthes
of men to all
posterities, he
hath buran
hellish pur-
chase.
* Each man
seemes to
know more
then he doth.

For should we harrow al the *Soules* of those,
The *Soules* of al the *Heades* of *Heresies*,
We shal finde *Pride* did thereto them dispose,
That they might liue to al * *Posterities*
In *Mouthes* of *Men*, though but for *Blasphemies*:
Knowledge puffes vp, and if the dewes of *Grace*
Swage not the swelling, it so high wil rise,
That *Earth* nor *Heav'n* shal hold it in that case,
Till *Hell* doth take it downe and it embrace.

The knowledge of the *Best* consists in * *know*,
This *Man* is wise compar'd with one more *fond*;
Yet this great wise man nothing lesse doth know
Then he would *seeme* to know, and vnderstand:

Suff.

Suffizeth him he beares the *World* in hand;
That he is *wise* and *learned*; Nothing lesse:
But *wise* in this, that can *Mens* thoughts command
To thinke him *wise*, when should he *truth* confesse,
His *wisdom*e were but wel cloakt *foolishnesse*.

Latine and *Greeke* are but *Tongues* naturall,
Which helpe, but not suffice to make men *wise*;
For the effect of *speech* is al in all,

* *Sound Sentence*, which from *wise Collections* rise
Of diuerse *Doctrines*, which *Witt* wel applies:

* Eccl. 39. 1. 7. 3

Then he that hath but *Tongues* (though *all* that are)
And not the *wisdomes* which those *Tongues* cōprise,
May amongst *fooles* be held a *Doctor* rare,
But with the *wise* al *Tongue*, and nothing spare.

Not the tongs
but the matter
contained in
the make men
learned.

Giue me the *Man* that knowes more then a *MAN*,
Yet thinkes he knoweth no more then a *Beast*:

Giue me him (quoth I) where is * he? and who can

Give me that *Gifte*, such such are al diceast,

Or if they *bee*, not to be found at least?

gage *Socrates* is deade, and with him gon.

His *Pupils* that knew more then al the rest,

Yet thought they knew farre lesse then ev'ry *one*,

But now al *seeme* to know, yet know doth none.

* Wee may
light a Torch
at none day &
seeke such a
one among a
multitude &
yet misse to
finde him.

O! had a *man* al *learning* in his *braine*,

And were to *heare* or *see* the wondrous *Witt*

Of some deepe *Doctors*, he should track them plaine

From place to place where they haue borrowed it,

And nought their owne (perhaps) but what's unfit:

Yet as if *all* were ^b theirs, they are admir'd,

As if their *Sculls* enscost al *skill* and *Witt*,

Or with some sacred *furie* were inspir'd;

When as (God wot) their *Witt* is al-bemir'd.

^b As if wisdom
and learning
were buried
in them.
For they haue
the name of
wisdom, but
there be but
few that haue
the knowledg
of her Ec. 6. 22.

Wee shall bee
modest if wee
take not that
vpon vs which
we haue not,
and brag not
of that which
we haue.

* If any where
I haue follow-
ed our newe
learning and
Time in their
fashion, Time
and Learning
ought the
more to favor
me, cōsidering
how little I am
beholding to
them both;
• The Diuels
knowledge
far exceeds
mans.
• The warr of
the Elements
in man mars
his wit.

The Diuel can
looke into all
the hiddē cau-
ses of nature.

How the Di-
uell workes
wonders,

Yet *all* take on, as if all were their owne,
So tis, *all* thinke, or few know otherwise,
Which few perhaps as well as they haue stolne,
(Borrow'd I would say) but yet they are wise
Not to detect each others pilferies:

The greatest *skill* these present times affoord
Is others * *sayings* cleanly to comprise
In *ours*: so that it be not word for word,
Which wit with *moderne wisdom* doth accomde.

But say a *Man* knew al, that *Man* can know,
Yet doth the ^a *Diuell* know more then that *Man*,
What cause of *pride* then can it be to show
Lesse *knowledge* and! more *pride* then dam'd *Sathan*,
Who hath obseru'd *all* since the *World* began;
Nor doe the *El. mentes* repugnance, marre
His *wits*; for he of *Aire* consists, and can
Command the same: But in ^b *Man* so they warre
That he is taken *Follies* Prisoner.

Who knowes nought in the *Cause* but in th' *effect*;
The *Diuels* knowledge to the *cause* extends,
Who enters *Natures* Brest, and doth select
All *secrets* of the same, to secret *endes*:
For he th' *Abyss* of *Causes* darke descendes,
And with his *Owles*-eies (that see best in darke)
Those *Causes* to the *Causers* comprehendes,
And how they are together linckt, doth marke;
Yet is lesse prowde of this, then some meane *Clarke*.

Yet he can *wonders* worke amusing all,
For having view'd the *forces* of all *things*,
Whether *celestiall* or *terrestriall*,
And with most curious search their true *workings*,
Their

Their forces he with sleight together brings,
 And *active* to their *passive* powres doth binde,
 Yea one another so together minges,
 That it brings foorth (by *sympathie* of kinde)
Wonders surmounting all conceits of minde.

No one excels him (but that *Three in One*)
 In wondrous workes, which may amaze the wise;
 But that same onely-wise *Trin-union*
 Workes *Miracles*, wherein all wonder lies;
 For *Miracles* aboue all *Wonders* rise,
 Sith they are truly supernaturall;
 But *Wonders* he to *Natures* Secrets ties:
 Then wonders simplie are but naturall,
 But *Miracles* meere Metaphysicall.

But be it that some * *Begger* can extract
 By distillation or some other meane
 The Quintessence of any thing; That *Acte*
 Suffiseth him to be as *prowe* as *meane*:
 And though the *starveling* be as lewd as leane,
 Yet thinks he *Kings* should feede and make him fat,
 Nay, doe him homage: O base *Thing* vncleane!
 Canst thou for *this*, thinke thou deseruest *that*?
 Or can a * *skill* so base, thee so inflate?

What *Brest* coulde bound thy *Heart* then, 'If thou
 Make the *Elixer*, which so many *marre*? (couldst
 It's past most probable!, that then thou wouldst
 Seeke to be *Deiside*, or els turne *starre*,
 That *Dull-heads* might adore thee from afarre:
 It is a * *skill* indeede of rich esteeme,
 And worthy of the rarest *Philosopher*,
 But could one doe the same, as many seeme,
 Yet no great wise one he himselfe should deeme.

The Divels
 wonders are
 Mira, non Mi-
 racula.

* Elixer-ma-
 kers, a golden
 yet beggarly
 corporation.
 for they are as
 poore as a
 Poet.

* The skill is
 Earthly and
 earth is the
 basest of Ele-
 ments.

Because it tēds
 to the attain-
 ment of ri-
 ches, which
 in this worlde
 are of most e-
 For stimation.

For all his *wits* to this should be restrain'd
 (Sith to worke *wonders* the whole *man* requires)
 And though at length (perhaps) he it attain'd,
 Yet should he bee to seeke that *VVit* desires,
 In other *matters*, then these *seates* by *fires*.
 Sage *Salomon*, whose *wisedom* wonder wan,
 Knew al in *all*, which *all* in *one* admires,
 Yet knew that *all* was *vaine*, and he a *man*
 Vainer then *Vanitie*, that *nothing* can.

Ecclesi.

Our *knowledge* is so slender, and so fraile,
 That the least *pride* cannot depend thereon;
Pride breaks our *Cönings* necke, which oft doth faile
 To hold aright the nature of one *Stone*,
 Much lesse to know the kindes of ev'ry *one*.
 Compare the *All* we know, with the least part
 Of that we know not, wee shall see, alone
 That *God* is wise: And *men* are voide of *Art*,
 And blinde in *wit* and *will*, in *Minde*, and *Hart*.

God only and
 alone is wise.

* Soe lawyers
 sell both their
 silence and
 speech.

Immoderate
 desire of ha-
 ving, & honor
 be enemies, &
 can hold no
 cōgruency in
 one man to.

gither.
 If it be an in-
 fallible token
 of health, whe
 the Physicians
 be poore, the
 is it a true sign
 of contention
 (a states dis-
 ease) when
 Lawyers bee
 rich.

Be he a *Pleader*, and a *wordie Man*
 (Whose *VVinde* the true *Elixer* is; for it
 The *Aire* to *Aurum* transmute lightly can)
 If once he gets a *name* for law-ful *wit*,
 Hee thinks high *pride* for him alone is fit:
 Convoies of *Angels*, then must help the *most*
 Vnto his *speech*; for he makes benefit
 Of ev'ry *word*; for not *one* shal be lost,
 Or if it be, the *next* shall quit that cost,

Vp goe his *Babell-Towres* of *Pompe* and *Pride*,
 That to the *High'st* he may next neighbour be;
 No *neighbour* neeres him, his *grounds* are so wide,
 Then not a *Nod* without a treble *fee*,

An

An *Angell* (though most bright) he cannot see:
 And yet to know the *Law*, is but to know
 How *Men* should live, and without *Law* agree:
 Which, *Reason* to the simplest *Soule* doth show;
 Then *pride* is farre too high, for *skill* so low.

But though the *Lawyer* lives by others losse,
 And hath no place in *Platoes Common-weale*,
 Yet if he will not * crosse *Law*, for the *crosse*
 that no *Man* hates, but all doe loue to seele;
 Hee's worthy of the * *Crosse* sweete *Comforts Seale*:
 For *Lawyers* ought (like *Lawes*) to make *Men* good,
 And who are in the *wronge*, or *Right*, reveale:
 then are they worthy of all *liuelyhood*,
 That make men live in perfect *Brotherhood*.

But, that a *Petti-fogging* prating *patch*,
 That gropes the ^b *Law* for nothing but for *Galles*,
 Should be so prowde as if he had no match,
 For tossing *Lawes* as they were tennis-*Balls*,
 This vexeth *God* and *Good-men* at the *Galles*:
 Yet such there are, (too many such there are,)
 Who are the *Seedes men* of *Litigious Bralls*:
 And are so prowde that by the *Lawes* they dare
 Contend with *Crassus*, though they nought can spare.

I graunt the *Law* to bee an holy thing;
 Worthy of reverence and all regard;
 But the abuse of ^c *Law* (and so of *King*)
 By such as will abuse both for reward,
 Is dam'd; hard tearme! yet that *course* is more hard:
 Can such finde *patrones*, such *course* to protect?
 they can and doe, but would they might be barr'd
 From *Barres*, or that ore *Barres* they might be peckt,
 Els at *Barres* with as hard a doome be checkt.

Verie manie
 laws are notes
 of a corrupte
 Common weale
 Tacit.

* Cato in
 R. me forbad
 al to be called
 to the Barre
 that were
 found eloquet
 in a bad cause
 * Money.
 The duty of
 Lawes and
 Lawyers.

^b Petty-fog-
 gers the grad
 disturbers of
 good mens
 quiet.

^c If hee ought
 to be punished
 which offer-
 reth to cor-
 rupt: a ludge
 with guittes,
 howe much
 more ought
 he, which go-
 eth about to
 blind his iudg-
 met with lies,
 or eloquence:
 because a ver-
 tuous ludge
 will not be cor-
 rupted with
 the first, but
 he may be de-
 ceived by the
 last.

Hinc ille Lachryma! ô griefe of griefes!
 My *Muse* be mute, defile not thine owne *Neft*:
 O let the longest *Larg*s be shortest *Brief*es
 In this discordant *Note*, and turne the *VV*rest;
 So that this *Note* by thee bee nere exprest:
 Canst thou my *Muse*? canst thou my cruel *Muse*
 Make *Men*, the *Muses* *Minions* detest?
 Forbeare, forbeare thy *Soules* lone to abuse,
 Or touch *that* tenderly which thou dost vse.

*Pride in who
 so ere is nota-
 ble, for she wil
 be seene, be-
 ing still over-
 seene.

Is't possible a *Poet* should bee proude,
 That for the most part is past passing poore?
 That can paint *Vice* with & without a *Cloude*,
 And be'ng most vgly, make *her* vgly more,
 Can he be proude? & only^b proude *therfore*!
 It cannot be in *sense*, and *Poets* are
Sense-masters subtilized by their *Loves*;
 Yet tis too true that scarce one *Poet* rare
 Is free frō *pride*, though *Back* be leane as *bare*.

*Proud of a
 conning
 inuestiue a-
 gainst pride.

Poetry no skil
 humane.

I cannot but confesse the *Skill's* diuine;
 For, holy *Raptures* must the *Head* entrance,
 Before the *Hand* can draw one lasting *Line*,
 That can the glory of the *Muse* advance;
 And sacred *Furies* with the *thoughts* must dance,
 To leade them *Measures* of a stately kinde,
 Or iocund *Gigges*: Then, if *Pride* with them prance
She wil be foremost, then *shame* comes behinde,
 Both which disgrace the *motions* of the *minde*.

*On the topp
 of *Olympus* at
 the foote
 whereof runs
Helicon.

Wilt thou be lofty *Muse*? then scale the *Mount*
 Where *Ioues* high-*Alter*^c stands; and on the same
 Offer thou lowly, *that* which dorth surmount
 The reach of *Vulgars*, in no vulgar *Flame*:

There

There sacrifice to *Ioue* thy fairest *fame*
 In lowest depth of high'st *humilitie*;
Humility that can advance thy *name*
 To highest height of *immortalitie*,
 Embosom'd by diuineſt *Dèitie*.

Humility is the
 sureſt founda-
 tion for the
 highest glory.

Art great with *yonge* with *numbers* infinite
 the least of which hath pow'r to pierce the *Skie*?
 Yet lowly be, that the wombe of thy *VVitt*
 That rare *Conception* may yeeld readilie,
 their *mother* so to glad and glorifie;
 thou art from *Heav'n* my *Muse*, thē be thou such;
 As Heav'nly be, ful of *humilitie*;
 Is thy *skill* much? be^d meeke then more thē *much*,
 For *Pride's* most dam'd, that heav'nly *things* doth

^d Humility
 doth best be-
 come the
 highest know-
 ledge.

Plunge thee ore head and eares in *Helicon*,
 Dyne to the *Bottom* of that famous *Fludd*,
 Although it were as deepe as *Acheron*,
 thēce make thy *fame* vp-dive although withstood
 With weeds of *Ignorance*, & *Envies* Mudd:
 But though thy *fame* faire *Sol* should equalize
 For *height* and *glorie*, yet let al thy good
 Consist in that, If thou woul'st thou could'st rise,
 But lou'st bum-basted *mountings* to dispise.

Extream pre-
 cision or affe-
 ctation in
 words & stile
 doth quench
 the heate of
 our invention
 and bridleth
 the freedome
 of our witts.

Yet let me giue this ^a *Cæsar* but his due
 (*Cæsar* of *speech* that monarchizeth *Eares*)
 Sweete *Poesie*, that can al *Soules* subdue,
 to *Paſſions*, causing ioy or forcing *Teares*,
 And to it selfe each glorious *ſprite* endeeres:
 It is a *speech* of most maiestike state,
 As by a wel-pen'd *Poëm* wel appeeres;
 thē *Proſe*, more cleanly coucht & dilicate,
 And if wel done, shall liue a longer *Date*.

Wee must vse
 words as wee
 vse Coyne,
 that is, those
 that be cōmon
 and currant;
 It is dāgerous
 to coine with-
 out priuilegd.
^a Poesie is the
 Cæsar of
 Speech.
 Poesie more
 perdurable
 then *Proſe*.

For, it doth flow more fluent frō the *Tonge*,
 In which respect it wel may rearm'd be,
 (Having a *Cadence* muscally among)
 A *speech* melodious full of harmoniee,
 Or *Eare*-enchancing matchlesse melodee:
 Succinct it is, and easier to retaine
 (Sith with our *spirits* it better doth agree)
 then, that which tedious *ambage* doth containe,
 Albe't the *VVise* therein did more then raigne.

* Some Philo-
 sophers suppo-
 sed our soules
 to be musicke,
 some others
 Number.

Its deckt with *Colours* fresh, and *figures* fine,
 Which doth the *Iudgment* ay in eagle so
 (Making the *Eare* to it of force incline)
 that *Iudgment* often doth her selfe forgoe,
 And like *Waxe*, bends *Opinion* to and fro;
 In *Prose* the *speech* is not so voluble,
 Because the *Tongue* in *numbers* doth not flo,
 Ne yet the *accent* halfe so tunable,
 then, to our *spirites* much lesse suitable.

† Poetrie invea-
 gles the iudg-
 ment to assent
 to her asserti-
 on.

And, for its offer vs'd, it cloies the *Eare*
 Be'ng not contriv'd with *Measures* muscally,
 And not allow'd that *beauty Verse* doth beare,
 Nor yet the *Cadence* so harmonically,
 Much lesse the *relish* so *Angelicall*:
 Its not adorn'd with choise of such sweete *VVordes*
 (*VVords* that haue pow'r to sweeten bitter'st *Gall*)
 Nor licence't that fine *Phrase*, *Arte Verse* affords,
 Which makes huge *Depthes*, oft times, of shallow

* Relish, and
 double-relish
 words of arte
 incident to
 the Soule-in-
 chating Arte
 of musicke.

(Foordes,

therefore the *Poets* from the *VVorlds* first *Age*,
 As best perswaders, whose sweete *Eloquence*
 (they playing best *partes* on this Earthly *Stage*)
 Was the first *retorick* borne of *Sapience*,

that

that glorie giues to *Wisdomes* influence:
 Hence it came that diuine *Oracles*
 (*Apollos* speech of highest excellence)
 Were stile exprest in measur'd *Syllables*,
 the voice of *Wisdomes* truest *Vocables*.

Oracles deli-
 uered alwaies
 in Verse.

In which respect, 't was meet't to make *Records*
 Of memorable *Accidents* of *Time*,
 Of *Princes* liues and *actions* of great *Lords*,
 Which *Poets* first did *Chronicle* in *Rime*,
 And farre aboue *Chronography* did clyme:
 For they were first of al that did observe
 (though *Poets* now are neither *flush* nor *Prime*)
 The workes of *Nature* for *Mans* vse to serve,
 But now gainst *Nature* their *works*; make the^d sterue.

They give
 those me fame
 that recom-
 pence them
 with fame.

they searcht the *causes* of *things* generable,
 With their *effects* and distinct *properties*,
 And made them (by their *skill*) demonstrable,
 Mounting from thence vnto the loftie *skies*,
 to note their *motions* and what in them lies:
 they first did finde the *Heav'ns* plurality,
 And how they did each other so comprise
 that in their *motion* they made melody,
 Caus'd by their closnesse and obduracy.

Poets first
 found the di-
 stinctiō of the
 Spheares.

Yea, sought to finde each *substance* *seperate*,
 And in their *search* they were most curious
 Of diuine *Essences* to know the state,
 Which having found, were most laborious
 them to expresse in *Poems* precious:

they were therefore the first *Astronomers*;
 (That travell'd through the *Heav'ns* from house to
 First *Metaphisicks* and *Philosophers*, (house)
 Unfolding *Heav'n* & *Earth*, *Sun*, *Moon*, & *Starres*.)

Poets were
 the first Astro-
 nomers Meta-
 phisicks, and
 Philosophers.

Thus much for *Poets*, and sweete *Poesse*,
 In whose *praise* never can be said too much:
 Yet *Pride* their praise may blemish vterly,
 For she defiles like *pitch* what she doth tuch:
 and maks both *heav'n* & *earth* at it to grutch:
 For no *Perfection* can be toucht with *pride*
 But it will looke as if it vvere not such,
 Deform'd in fauour, which none can abide;
 For *Grace* is base being thus double *dide*.

The stewes
 once stooode
 where now
 Play-houses
 stand.

The Peacock.

But that which grates my *Galle*, and mads my *Muse*,
Is (ah that ever such iust cause should *Bee*)
 To see a *Player* at the put-downe *stewes*
 Put vp his *Peacockes* Taile for al to see,
 And for his hellish voice, as prowde as *bees*,
 What *Peacocke* art thou prowd? Wherfore? because
 Thou *Parrat*-like canst speake what is taught thee.
 A *Poet* must teach thee from clause to clause,
 Or thou wilt breake *Pronunciations* Lawes.

Neither de-
 lighteth he in
 any mā's legs.
 Plal. 147. 10.

Lies al thy *vertue* in thy *Tongue* stil taught,
 And yet art prowd? alas poore *skum* of *pride*!
Peacocke, looke to thy *legs* and be not haught,
 No *patience* can least *pride* in thee abide;
 Looke not vpon thy *Legs* from side to 'side
 To make thee prowder, though in *Buskine* fine,
 Or *silke* in graine the same be, beautifide;
 For *Painters* though they haue no skil diuine,
 Can make as faire a *legge*, or *limbe* as thine.

Good God! that euer *pride* should stoope so low,
 That is by nature so exceeding hie:
 Base *pride*, didst thou thy selfe, or others know,
 Wouldst thou in *harts* of *Apish* *Actors* lie,

That

That for a *Cue* wil tel their *Qualitie*?
 Yet they through thy perswasion (being strong)
 Doe vveene they merit *immortality*,
 Onely because (forsooth) they vse their *Tongue*,
 to speake as they are taught, or right or *wronge*.

If *pride* ascende the *stage* (o base ascent)
 Al men may see her, for nought comes thereon
 But to be seene, and where *Vice* should be shent,
 Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one,
 In blazing her by demonstration
 Then *pride* that is more then most vicious,
 Should there endure open damnation,
 And so shee doth, for shee's most odious
 In *Men* most bale, that are ambitious.

Players, I loue yee, and your *Qualitie*,
 As ye are Men, that pass time not abus'd:
 And some I loue for *painting*, *poesie*,
 And say fell *Fortune* cannot be excus'd,
 That hath for better *uses* you refus'd:
VVit, *Courage*, *good-shape*, *good partes*, and all *good*,
 As long as al these *goods* are no *worse* vs'd,
 And though the *stage* doth staine pure gent'e blood,
 Yet *generous* yee are in *minde* and *moode*.

Your *Qualitie*, as farre as it reproues
 the *VVorld* of *Vice*, and grosse *incongruence*
 Is good; and good, the *good* by nature loues,
 As *recreating* in and outward *senses*,
 And so deserving *praise* and *recompence*:
 But if *pride* (otherwise then morally)
 Be *acted* by you, you doe all incense
 to mortall hate; if all hate mortally,
Princes, much more *Players* they vilifie.

• Reprooves
 wher they are
 wel deserved,
 must bee well
 paid.

• Meant of
 those that
 haue nothing
 to commend
 them but affe-
 cted acting, &
 offensive men
 thing.

• W. S. R. B.

• Simonides
 saith, that pain-
 ting is a dumb
 Poesy, & Poe-
 sy, a speaking
 painting.

• Roscius was
 said for his ex-
 cellency in his
 quality, to be
 only worthie
 to come on
 the stage, and
 for his hone-
 sty to be more
 worthy the to
 come thereon.

• Ther is good
 vse of plaies &
 pastimes in a
 Cōmō-weale
 for thereby
 those that are
 most vnciuill,
 prone to
 mouewar and
 dissention, are
 by these recre-
 ations acusto-
 med to loue
 peace & ease,
 Tac. 14. An.
 Ca. 6.

But

But *Pride* hath skil to vvoike on bales *Skills*,
 For each *Bagg-piper*, if expert he be,
Pride fills his *Soule*, as he his *Bag-pipe* fills,
 For he suppoeth *he* and none but *hee*
 Should be advanc'd; For what? For *Roguerie*.
 Hee can repine, and say that *men* of * *partes*
 Are not esteem'd; Goe base *Drone*, durtic *Bee*,
 Rest thou in *dung*, too good for thy *deserts*;
 For *durt* to *durt* should goe, and *praise* to *Artes*.

Though these
 words be vn-
 fit for his
 mouth yet he
 fits his mouth
 to these words

Though no *man* can more willingly commend
 The *Soule*-reioycing sound of *Musicks* voice,
 Faire *figure* of that *blisse* that nere shall end,
 Which makes our sorrowing *Soules* (like it) reioice;
 Yet at the best its but a *pleasure choise*
 To make vs *game*, vvhén wee are vvoe-begon;
 It is too light graue *Artes* to counterpoile,
 Then no cause is there to bee proud thereon
 Albe't thou wert as good as *Amphion*.

The ende of
Artes giues
 the their true
 valuation.

Pride, vvilt thou still be subiect to my *Muse*?
 Be subiect to *her* stil, and so to *me*:
 But now shee should (if shee did well) refuse
 Longer to haue to doe vvith cursed *Thee*;
 For shee hath found thee in the low'st *degree*,
 The *Hangman* sav'd, whose *baseness* doth surpasse:
 Yet he of *London*, that detested *He*
 (Whose *hart* is made of *Flint*, and face of *Brasse*)
 Of *decollation* brags, but let that passe.

Gentlemen
 should hate
Pride now,
 fith she is be-
 come the
 Hågmås loue.

Then *pride* farewell, base beastly *pride* farewell,
 Or fare farre worse, then ill in worst *degree*,
 Sith thou scorn'st not in such an *hart* to dwell,
 That by the *fruit* liues of the *Gallow* tree:

Who

Who wil not scorne now to be toucht by thee?

Sincke to *Earth*es Bowels from her burnd *Brest*,

(For on the *Earth* thou canst no *lower* bee)

Sith *Hells* thy *Spheare* wher thou should'st everrest,

Hell, the home
of Pride.

For, on the *Earth* thou mov'st but to *unrest*.

Thus having past these *Passions* of the *Soule*,

that are as *founts* from whence the *lesser* flow;

We are arriv'd (through faire waies and fowle)

Vnto the third *VVombe* situate below

The third
wombe.

The *Midriffe*; where the *growing* pow'r doth grow:

But for it is so farre remov'd from thence

From whence the *Soule* doth her *arch-wonders* show,

(Namely the *Seate* of the *Intelligence*)

Wee'l balke the same for its *impertinence*.

Referring it vnto *Anatomists*,

Who marke each *Mortesse* of the *Bodies* frame,

the *Pynns*, the *Tenons*, *Beams*, *Bolts*, *VVindings*, *lists*,

All which they marke when they doe it vnframe:

to these *Crafts-masters*, I referre the same;

Suffizeth me to looke with my right * *Eye*

*Of mine vn-
derstanding.

(though it dimme-sighted be and so to blame)

Into the *Seate* of each *soules* facultie,

Fixt to *VVits*-wonder-working *Ingeny*.

Yet as I could I haue the *Soule* exprest,

If not with proper *Colors*, yet with such

As doe distinguish her *kinde* from the rest,

Which *Kind*, by kind, in *Beasts* & *Plants* doth couch:

Put to paint her in each least *part* were much;

Philosophers haue beene to * seeke heerein,

*All Philoso-
phers have er-
red touching
the Soule.

Although they sought but sleightly her to touch,

And haue through *Error* much abused bin,

VVhen her faire *Pisture* they did but *begin*.

Crates. For *Crates* said, there is no *Soule* at all,
 But that by *Nature*, *Bodies* moued be :
 Hipparchus & Leucippus. *Hipparchus*, and *Leucippus*, *Fire* it call,
 With whom (in sort) the *Stoicks* doe agree :
 Democritus. A fire *Sp'rite* betweene the *Atomee*
 Diogenes. *Democritus* wil haue it : and the *Aire*
 Some say it is : the Barrell'd *Cynick*, hee
 And with him *others* of another *haire*,
 Doe thus depaint the *soule*, and file her *faire*.

The *soule* (say they) is *Aire*, the Mouth takes in,
 Boil'd in the *Lights*, and temp' red in the *Hart*,
 And so the *body* it throughout doth rin;
 This is the *soule* (forsooth) made by their *Art*.
 Hippias. *Hippias* would haue it *water*, all or part :
 Heliodorus. *Heliodorus* held it *earth* confixt;
 And *Epicurus* said it was a ()
 Namely, a *Sp'rite* of *Fire* and *Aire* commixt :
 And *Zenophontes*, *earth* and *water*, mixt.

A diametrical repugnancie of opinions, among the Philosophers touching the soul,
 Thus (simple *Soules*!) they make the simple *soule*
 Of simple *Elements*, or els compound: (fowle,
 Meane-while they make her (most faire creature)
 And dimme her *glorie* which is most renown'd,
 Through *mists* of *Ignorance*, which them surround.

Others, of other substance weene it is,
 Critias. For *Critias* with *bloud* doth it confound,
 Hippocrates. *Hippocrates* (that went as wide as this)
 Said twas a thin *sprite* spread through our *Bodis*.

Some, *Flesh* would haue it with the *senses* vses
 Some the complexion of the *Elements* :
 Galen. And *Galen* doth not much the same refuse,
 For to an hot *Complexion* he assents,

For so's the *soule* (saith he) and not repents:
 Not that *Complexion*, (some say) but abides
 In some *point* of it; and those *Continents*
 They hold the *Hart*, or *Braine*, where it resides
 As *Queene* enthron'd, and all the *body* guides.

Some *Light* would haue it, as *Heraclitus*;
 Others, some thing tide to no certaine *place*,
 But wholly present in each *part* of vs;
 Which, whether sprong frō the *Complexions* grace,
 Or made by *God*, yet they weene cleer's the case,
 From *Natures* lap the same of force must fall.
 Some others said, a *Quintessence* it was:
 Some, an *vnquiet Nature* moving all:
 A *number*, some, that it selfe moues, it call.

Heraclitus.

The *Caldees* say it is a *formelesse Force*,
 Which nerthelesse al *forms* doth apprehēd,
 And *Aristotle* doth him selfe inforce
 To make the same vpon the *Corpes* depend;
 For these his words do sort out to that end:
 It is (saith he) an *high perfection*
 Of *bodie*, that *lifes powre* doth comprehend,
 Which *vnnderstanding* giues it, *sense*, & *motions*;
 This in effect is his *description*.

Aristotle.

Plato (surnam'd *divine*) affirm'd, it is
 A *diuine substance* which it selfe doth moue,
 Indu'd with *vnnderstanding*. He doth misse
 Lesse then the rest, though *Truth* doth all reprove:
 And *Seneca* saith the *soule* is farre aboue
 The knowledge of the most *intelligent*;
 Which speech of his *Lactantius* doth approue,
 Thus doe they all about the *soule* dissent,
 As well for *substance*, as where resident.

Plato.

Seneca

- Hippocrates. For in the *braines* Hippocrates it puts,
 Strato. And Strato, in the space betweene the *eies*;
 Diogenes. In the *harts* hollow *veine* the Dog it shuts,
 that alwaies in a *Tuben* kennell'd lies:
 Stoickes. The Stoickes say, the *Hart* doth it comprise:
 Democritus. In al the *body*, saith Democritus:
 In al the *breſt*, say others as vnwise:
 Hierophilus. In the *braines ventricles*, saith Hierophilus
 Thus al in al were most erronious.
- Empedocles. Empedocles in *blond* the same doth bound:
 Galen. Galen would haue each *limb* a *soule* to haue:
 Renowned Galen, how wast thou renown'd,
 That didst thy selfe so foolishly behaue!
 Thus for the *place* they with each other strauē,
 And for the *soules continuance* no lesse.
- Epicures. The Epicure the *body* makes her *Grave*,
 And *dies* and *lies* with it. But some confesse
 Shee's capable of *everlastingnesse*.
- Pythagoras. Pythagoras, by transmigration
 Wil haue it everlasting, or at least
 As long as *beasts* shal haue creation;
 For it doth passe (saith he) from *Mā* to *beast*:
 What *Foole* could more ridiculously iest?
 Yet he disciples had, and not a few,
 That this grosse *doctrine* did with ease digest;
 Therefore no *Beasts*, these more *beasts*, euer slue
 Sith they their *frēds souls* held, for ought they knew:
- The Stoickes, held the meane twixt Epicures
 And Pythagoreans: for that *soule* (they say)
 That's *vicious*, vvhilst the *body* it immures,
 Doth die, and vwith the *body* quite decaie:

But

But if it *vertuous* be, it liueth aie:
Some partes of it (as *Aristotle* holdes)
that haue *seates* corp'ral, with them sal avway:
But *understanding* vvhich no *Organ* holdes,
(As free from *filth*) *Eternitie* infoldes.

Aristotle.

Thus for their *ending* or *continuance*
Do they contend; & no lesse *Christiãs* strue
For their *beginning*: some, the same advance
To *heav'n*, and say they there did ever liue
Since *Angels* fel. And other some belecue
that one *soule* doth another propagate:
Some others, their *commencement* do deriue
From time that first the *Angels* were create,
Which sacred *Austine* doth insinuate.

Christians differ touching the soules beginning.

Others there be, who constantly affirme
that *soules* created are from day to day,
Which he of *Aguine* boldly doth confirme:
For sith the *soule* doth forme the *bodies* clay,
It with the *bodie* must be made, they say.
Whereto agrees each moderne *Schoole-divine*:
So that these *Men* doe from each other stray
touching the *soules* birth, which they mis-assigne,
“For they speake ill that cannot wel define.

Thomas Aquinas his opinion on touching the soules beginning.

And *Epicures* the same doe mortal make:
The *Pythagoreans* it doe transmigrate;
Some say, the *heavens* do the same retake:
Some put it into *hell*, in endlesse date:
Others would haue it *earth* perambulate.
Some say there's but one vniuersal *soule*,
WherEOF *particulars* participate;
Which saying *Plato* doth not much cōtrole;
But that he would haue *either* to liue sole:

Diverse opinions concerning the soules continuance.

Plato.

Some, make each *Man* two distinct *soules* to haue,
 The *Intellective*, and the *Sensitive*,
 And that the *Sensitive* the parents gave,
 But the *Creator* the *Intellective*:
 Others, the *soule* doe of the same deprive,
 For they the *soule* and *Vnderstanding* part.
 Some make no difference, but doe belecue
 The *Vnderstanding* is the chiefest part;
 Thus in *Conceite* they from each other start.

Some make
 two distinct
 things of the
 Soule and vn-
 derstanding.

Some suppose
 that humane
 soules are por-
 tions of the
 diuine nature.

Some, held opiniō *Soules* are bred in *Heav'n*,
 And of the *diuine Nature* portions are,
 Deckt with al *vertue*, by that *Nature* giu'n,
 Togeather with al *skill* & *knowledge* cleare,
 Which in that *nature* ever doe appeare:
 From whence they did descend to animate
Mens bodies, which by nature filthie were;
 Which did those pure *Soules* so cōtamine,
 That they thole *Skills* & *vertues* quite forgat.

So that they could not vse thē further forth
 Then they were taught, which made thē to suppose
 That what *skill*, *vertue*, or what other woorth
 The *Soule* bewrai'd, was but a minding those
 It had in *Heav'n*, and so knowes al it knoes:
 So that the *portions* of the *diuine fire*
 Be'ng wel neere quēcht by *Blood*, which thē orefloes,
 Muſt be rekindled and made to aspire
 By *Doctrīne*, which the *spirit* doth desire.

Our minds do
 remember Sci-
 ences, not
 learne them.
 Plato.

Wheron they do cōclude, that sith the *soule*
 By entring in the *Body* most vncleane
 Is made prodigious, and extreameſly fowle,
 To *Heav'n* cānot * returne be'ng so obſcene,

* Truth it ſelfe
 ſaith, no vn-

Till it by *Discipline*, bee *purged* cleane;
 And decked with the *rights* of her *Birth-right*,
 Which to regaine, *Instruction* is the *meane*:
 Or from the *Body* being parted quight,
 They may be *purg'd*, some saie, though most vnright.

cleane thing
 can enter into
 the heavens.
 Galat. 5. 21.

Now, when we *ballance* al these *Arguments*
 In the sincere *Scales* of the *Sanctuary*,
 Wee finde them viler then *VVitts* Excrements,
 And lighter then the *Skumme* of *Vanity*:
 For true it is *The Blinde* eates many a *Fly*.
 But that *Man* hath a *Soule*, none is so blinde,
 But sees her almost with *Eyes* bodily:
 And that shee's endlesse the dymst *Eyes* of *Minde*
 By *Natures* dymest *light*, may lightly finde.

A Proverb.

God is a *sprite*, the *VVorld* a *Body* is,
 Both which in *Man* are plaine Epitomiz'd,
 Of God hee's *Abstract* in that *soule* of his;
 And in his *Corps* the *VVorld* is close cōpriz'd:
 As if the diuine *VVisedome* had devis'd
 To bring into a *Centers* Center all
 His *greatnesse*, that cannot be circuliz'd,
 And the huge magnitude of the *Earthes* ball;
 For *Microcosmos* men *Man* fitly call.

God and the
 world are epi-
 tomiz'd in
 man.

Who in a *Minute* can the *Earth* surround,
 And sincke vnto her *Center*, then ascend
 And cōpasse, with a trice, the Heav'nly *Rōūd*
 Yea Heav'n & *Earth* at once doth cōprehend
 Not touching either; But doth apprehend
 A thousand *places*, without shifting *place*,
 And in a *moment* ascend, and descend
 To Heav'n & *Hell*, & each of them embraces
 It selfe being compast in a little *space*.

Microcosmos.

The agilitie,
 subtilty, and
 capacity of
 the Soule.

This.

Man is said to be man in respect of his humane Soule.

This, *Man* can doe without the *Bodies* aide,
Then must he doe it as a *Man* he is;
And in respect of his *soule* he is said
To be a *Man*, for by that *Soule* of his
And onely by that *Soule*, he acteth *this*:

When the Minde is busie the outward Senses be at rest.

Which seeth when the *Bodies* eyes be clos'd,
And when those *Eyes* bee ope, oft *sight* doth
It travels whē the *Body* is repos'd, (misle:
And rests whē as the same by *Toile's* dispos'd.

Life & Sense depend vpon the Soule.

Th'external *senses* may loose all their pow'r,
If but the *Instruments* of them decay,
Yet *Life* and *Reason* may continue sure;
But *Senses* stay not if *Life* doe not stay,
And *Life* the *soule* doth stay or beare away:
The more the *Corpes* decays, so much the more
The *soule* is strengthened; which *sick-men* bewray,
Who when their *Bodies* are most weake and poore,
Their *Minds* reveale most *strength*, and *riches* store.

The Soule is no Quality but a Substance

Then its a *substance* and no *Qualitee*,
For *Qualities* in *Substances* subsist;
Thē that which makes another *thing* to Bee,
No *Quality* can be, but doth consist
In its owne substance, which doth sole exist:
Then sith a *man's a man*, that is to say
A *lyving Creature* with right *Reason* blist,
He hath a *soule* that forms, & him doth sway,
Else were he but a livelesse *Lumpe* of *Clay*.

The Soule is of capacity to comprehend Heaven and Earth,

Which *soule* is Bodilesse, else could it not
Containe so many *Bodies* smal and great,
By some of which it would be over-shott;
For al this *All*, were it much more cōplete,

In it may sit, without place for a *Seate*.
 Yet doth our *body* bound it, which is *smal*,
 But wert a *Corps* it could not doe that *seate*;
 For that which can containe *Heaven, earth, and all*
 Which they containe, cannot be *corporall*.

The more it *hath*, the more it *vill* receive,
 the more it *holdes*, the more it doth desire,
 the more *things* bee, it best doth them conceale,
 Whether they be *distinct* or els *intire*;
 All which at once may in the *Soule* retire
 Without disturbing or annoying either:
 All which in effect doth such a *Soule* require,
 that *infinite* had neede be altogether,
 And in a sort the *soule* can bee no other.

The more the
 soule doth the
 more it may
 receive.

The soule is
 in a sorte infi-
 nite.

We may in *Minde* conceale anothers *Minde*;
 then, that which can conceale *things* bodylesse
 Can be no *body* (though pure as the *winde*)
 But meerely *Sp^rituall*, which may haue egress
 Into each *Sp^rite*, and from thence make regresse,
 Without those *Sp^rites* perceaving of the same:
 then must the *substance* that makes such access
 Bee *immateriall* in deede and name;
 the *soule* therefore is of a *sp^rituall* frame.

We may en-
 ter into ano-
 thers *minde*
 with our *mind*

two *formes* at once of quite repugnant kinde
 No *Matter* can receive: but the *soule* can;
 Black, *White*, *Fire*, *Frost*, *Moist*, *Dry*, these *place* doe
 Without resistance in the *soule* of *man*; (finde
 then *soules* wee see at *Matter* nere began:
 Nay, such the lesse with *Matter* we doe mell,
 the more we vnderstand: it followes than,
 that nought can more against the *soule* rebell
 then *matter*, which the *soule* doth hate as *Hell*.

No matter ca
 hold 2 formes
 at one instant
 of contrary
 kindes.

the lesse flesh
 the body hath
 the more wit
 the soule hath
 commonly.

H h

For

That cannot
give Sense
that is senseless,
nor intelli-
gence that is
vntelleſſual

For, wer't *Materiall*, whereof ist made?
If of the *Elements*, how give they *sense*?
That never *Life* ſince their creation had?
Much leſſe then can they giue *intell'gence*,
In whom nor *Life* nor *sense* hath residence:
A body's meerely *Paſſiue*; But the *Sp'rite*
Is abſolutely *Active*: And from thence
The *Bodies Actions* doe derive their might,
Or els no *Limbe* could ſtirr or wrōg, or right.

the Soule not
ſubiect to
Time.

And that the *ſoule* is an immortal *Minde*
(Not mortall, like the *body*) doth appeere,
That whereas *Time* in his *turnes*, vp doth winde
The *Bodies* ſubſtāce, which thoſe *turnes* doe weare;
Yet can thoſe *motions*, the *ſoule* nothing ſteere;
But to more *ſtāidneſſe*, they the ſame doe turne,
And make her more immortal (as it were)
VVho (like the *Pow'r* diuine) can *Time* adiorne,
Or make it ſtay, or it quite overturne.

Time is the
Soules ſubiect

The *Time* paſt, *preſent*, or to *come*, are all
(As to the *ſoules ſire*) preſent to the *ſoule*,
VVhich makes her *matterleſſe* and *immortall*
For that which can ſtay *Time*, when he doth rowle,
Muſt be *Diuine*, nought els can *Time* controule:
Then *Time* is ſubiect to the *ſoule* (wee ſee)
VVhich as his *Sou'raigne* him doth over-rule,
And though in *Time* the *ſoule* was made to *Bee*,
Yet ſhee makes *Times* *turnes* to her *turnes* agree.

The Soules
food (Truth)
argues ſhee is
immortall like
her foode.

Beſide, her *Food* doth her immortal make,
For mortall *Creatures* feede on mortall *things*,
As *Beaſtes* on *Graffe*, and *Beaſts mens* hunger flakes;
But ſhee doth feede on *Truth*, which truly brings

Immortall State without al varyings:
 For *Truth's* as free from al *corruption*,
 As from *Tymes* Turnes & restlesse *alterings*,
 The sith the *Soule* doth feede on *Truth* alone,
 It needs must be *immortall* in *Reason*.

What *soule* can doubt her *immortality*,
 But such as is *immortall*: for that *doubt*
 Doth rise frō *Reasons* discourse ingeniously;
 Then if by *Reason* shee brought that about
 That *souls* are mortal: that *soul's* not without
 The pow'r of *Reason*: & who hath that *pow'r*,
 Must needs be of that rare *Cœlestial Route*,
 Which *Iron Teeth* of *Time* cannot deuoure:
 For *Reas'n* made *Time*, and past *Time* doth endure.

No *Soule* humane but covetts stil to *Eee*,
 Which could not be if shee but mortal were:
 When shee lookes backe *Eternitie* to see,
 Shee sees she cannot past *beginnings* beare;
 But be'ng *begun* would faine past *Time* appeere:
 Then how is it that *Men* are al so faine
 If *Nature* therevnto all doe not steere?
 But how ist *naturall* if it be a *vaine*?
 And *vaine* it is, it it doe nought obtaine.

If ever thou resolved wer't to dye,
 Consider how thy *soule* discoursed then:
 Could shee perswade her selfe that shee must fly
 (Sith shee was made of *nought*) to *nought* agen,
 And as *Beastes* died, so did mortal *Men*?
 Maugre thy *soule* while shee doth thus *discourse*,
 Shee slips from al *Conclusions*, and doth ren
 Quire from her selfe by *Natures* proper force,
 To weigh which way she wends, free'd frō her *Corse*.

Hh 2

The

The doubt of
 our Soules im-
 mortality,
 proves their
 immortality.

God the Foun-
 taine of *Rea-
 son*.

The eternitie
 past, over-
 whelms the
 Soule as be-
 ing too great
 for her capa-
 citie, but that
 which is to
 come she can
 and doth co-
 ceave.

* Nature made
 nothing in
 vaine.

The Soule can
 not possible
 perswade her
 selfe that shee
 is mortall.

The damned *Epicurean-Libertine*
 At *Deaths* approach, (stirr'd vp by *Natures* might)
 To *Life* immortall would his *Soule* resigne;
 And in his *soule* resistlesse *reasons* fight,
 To proue the *soule* immortall by *Birch-right*:
 Doe what he can his *Thoughts* to pacifie
 Whiles they immortall strine to make his *Sprights*;
 He cannot for his *soule* them satisfie;
 But they wil stil beleewe *soe* cannot die.

If one weake *thought* say thy *soul's* but a *blast*,
 That with thy *Breath* is vapored to nought;
 A stronger *thought* saith it doth ever last,
 For nought can mortall be, that hath that *thought*:
 By *Reason* thus the *soule* is inly taught.
 If wandring *thoughts* perswade that *Soules* depend
 On that which *Nature* in the *Bodie* wrought,
 Domestick *thoughts* against thole *thoughts* contend,
 And say, *Soules* Bodiless can never end.

They came from *God*, to him themselves they list,
 They mount as high as they dismounted bee;
 Ev'n as a *Fountain* doth her *Current* shift
 As high, as it descended, naturallie:
 So *Soules* doe mount to him of whom they Bee.
Beastes know no more but *natures* partes externe,
 But our *soules* into *Natures* secrets see;
 Nay stay not there, but they thereby doe learne
 Who gaue them sight such secrets to discern.

Some say the *Soule* and *Bodie* are but one,
 Because their outward *Sense* perceaues no more:
 They might donie *God* too by like *reason*
 Because they see him nor yet ever more.

They

They see his *deedes*, for which we him adore,
Then let the *actions* of thy *soule* perswade
Thy *thoughts* thou hast a *soule*; & let the *lore*
Which *God* in her infus'd, whē he her made,
Teach thee to know that thy *soul* canot fade.

The *soule* consists not by the outward^b *sense*,
But by the *soule* the outward *sense* consists;
The outward *sense* hath no *Intelligence*,
(VWhich in and by an *Instrument* subsists)
But as an *Instrument* *sense* her assists:

The *sense* can see a *Fort*, but if wⁿferre,
Men made the *same*, and it the *Foe* resists,
This doth surmount the outward *senses* faire,
And doth conclude, our *soules* above the are:

Our *Reason* often giues our *sense* the *he*,
Whē *sense* would misinforme th' *Intelligence*:
For *sense* gaine-saies the *Heav'ns* pluralitie,
But *Reason* proves the same by consequence:
The *Moon* at full hath greatest light saith *sense*,
But *Reason* by cleere *Demonstration*
Doth prove her then to have least *radiance*:
Then *Reason* by this illustration
The *soule*, not *sense*, makes Her foundation.

The *Sunne* one hundred sixtie six times more
then the *Earthes* *Globe* in compasse; but the *sense*,
VWith *Tooth* and *Nail* with-stands it evermore,
And saies, (nay I weares) ther's no lesse difference
Then twixt the *Center* and *Circumference*:
But *Reason* by right *Rules* them both doth meate,
VWhich thee hath made by her experience;
And findes the *Sunne* (as erst we said) more great
By *Demonstration* more then most compleate.

The actions
of our Soules
prove their
immortalitie.

The Soule is
not subject to
the impression
of the Senses
because she is
of an incorpo-
rall nature.

The Soules
discourse sur-
mounts the
reach of the
outward sense

Our Reason
doth oft cor-
rect our er-
ring sense.

The Sunnes
magnitude.

Demonstra-
tion is the Pil-
ler wheron al
science depends.

We by our *soules* conceaue (as erst was said)

VVise dome and *knowledge* bee'ng incorporal:

But our *vvard sense* is altogether staid,

On *qualities of things* meere corporall:

The *soule*, by *reason*, makes *rules* general

Of *things* particuler: but *sense* doth goe

But to *particulars* material;

The *soule* by the *effect* the *cause* doth sho,

But *sense* no more but bare *effectes* doth kno.

The Soule
makes gene-
rall rules of
many particu-
lers; but sense
insists ypon
particulars.

The true ef-
fence of things
is vnknowae;
and to man
knowne by
their accident
and actions.

Who vn-
derstandeth his
waies; and the
form that no
man can see?

for the most
part of his
works are hid

Eccle. 16. 21.

In the which
will not vnder-
stand true do-
ctrine igno-

rance is sinne,
and in them
which cannot,
it is the paine
of sinne.

of sinne.

The soule is
free from sin
as shee was
made by God.

The proper *essence of things* is obscur'd,

And by themselves of vs cannot be knowne:

Therefore the knowledge of them is procur'd

By *accidents* and *actions* of their owne,

Which to the *soule* by *wits* discourse is showne;

For, she concludes by *Reasons* consequents

(Though of themselves they meere are vnknown)

That thus they are; which *high experiments*

Lie farre about the reach of *sense* ascents.

In them which wil not vnderstand this *Truth*,

their ignorance is *sinne* most pestilent;

But they which cannot, (ah the more the ruth)

their ignorance, of *sinne's* the punishment:

And who denies a *Truth* so evident,

Hath neither *grace*, nor *sense*; for all may see

The *soul's* immortal, and divinely bent,

And hath most force when shee from *flesh* is free,

Which proues her *powre* and *immortalitee*.

If *soules* and *bodies* then be so distinct,

And that the *soule*, as she of *God* was made,

Is free from *sinne*, and by her owne instinct

Shee hates that *sense* that doth to *sinne* perswade,

How

How is it then that shee should be so bad?
 For from the *soule*, *sinne* doth her *force* deriue,
 Which with her *waights* the *body* doth oreload;
 Can shee both *cause*, and yet against *sinne* strue?
 Shee may (quoth *All*) but few doe it beleue.

This is a *Gulffe* that swallowes vp the *soule*,
 And quite confounds her, if shee enters it:
 This *secret* deepe, deepe *wisedome* did enroule,
 In that still-closed *booke of secrets*, fit
 For Her alone to know, not erring *wis*.
 Therefore the more *presumption* we show
 In *search* hereof, the more are we vnfit
 A *secret* so vnknowne as this, to know:
 For they know most thereof whose *spirits* are low.

The lesse sobrietie vve vse herein,
 The more we ^a erre in by-pathes of *Offence*;
 And (giddy headed) headlong fall to *sinne*,
 From which we hardly rise by *penitence*;
 For *sinnes* presumptuous, *grace* doe most incense.
 Then let vs ^b curbe our head-strong *thoughts*, when
 Would run beyond the reach of *sapience*; (they
 And make them stop, where *wisdom*e points a *stay*.
 That is, to go no further then they ^c may.

Many a curious *Question* hath bin mou'd
 rouching this ^d *secret*, and no fewer *warres*
 Hath it procur'd; and all to be reprov'd;
 Sith ev'ry one his owne *conceits* prefers,
^e Which to maintaine, stil maintaines wilful *warres*.
 Some to desire to *know*, that faine they would
 Breake through the ^f *Bounde* that *humane knowledge*
 to pry into His *breast* which doth infold (barres,
Secrets, vnknowne: These, strange *opinions* hold.

Sinne deriues
 her force fro
 the *soule*.

To God all
 things are law
 full that like
 him, and no-
 thing likes
 him that is
 vnlawfull.

^a Some cer-
 taine things
 though true
 are not vtte-
 red of God
 without danger
 who we seem
 best to knowe
 when we con-
 fesse him and
 his counsels
 to be incom-
 prehensible.

^b In doubtfull
 matters wher-
 in we may be
 ignorant with
 out danger, it
 were better
 suspend our
 iudgements
 then offer oc-
 casion of con-
 tention Calv.

^c Warranta-
 bly.

^d Divine mat-
 ters are full of
 obscurity. Cal.

^e This secret
 must be lookt
 vnto not into.
^f Faithfull ig-
 norance is
 better then
 rash knowe-
 ledge.

But

But let it vs suffice thus much to know,
 That though the soule cannot be soild with sinne
 As God created her; yet sinne doth flow
 From ^a Adam to the soule; and enters in
 When shee the bodie doth to moue begin:
 Nor must we make her sinnesfull in respect
 Shee with the *Corpes* is cas'd, as soild therein,
 But make the *Fault* of Adam her infect,
 VVhich is, indeede, sole cause of that effect.

^a Sinne flowes
 from Adam to
 the soule, and
 enters into
 her: when the
 first giues mo-
 tion to the bo-
 dy.

The fault of
 Adam only in-
 fects the soule
^b It is farre off,
 what may it
 be? and it is a
 profound deep
 nelle, who ca
 finde it? Eccl.
 7.26.

^c Since the e-
 lementary &
 diuine partes
 of Ma are cor-
 rupted one by
 another and
 both from A-
 dā, they must
 be borne a-
 gaine, by ele-
 mentary & di-
 vine meanes,
 by Water and
 the Spirit.

^d Eccl. 1.7.3.

At large to proue her *immortalitie*,
 I should (like her) well-neere be ^b infinite;
 For, if the *Image* of the *Deity*
 Bee found in *Man*, in his soule it is right:
 And though by Adam shee bee made *vnright*,
 Yet by the second Adam (full of grace)
 Shee is againe ^c reform'd and made *right*,
 Which makes her striue when sin would her deface,
 To soile it, or at least not giue it place.

Inough my *Muse* of that, vvhich nere ynough
 Can well be said, and let me (restlesse) rest;
 For, I must ply my Penne which is my Plough,
^d Sith my lifes sunne is almost in the West,
 And I provided yet but for vnrest:
 Time flies avway, these *Numbers* number time,
 But goodes they number not: for their inrest
 Is nought but *Aire*, which though to *heav'n* it clime,
 Is but meere Vapor rising but from slime.

There is no end in making many bookes, and much reading is a wearinesse of the *Flesh*. Eccl. 12.12.

Yet this we doe, and pleasure take in toile
 Although we doe but plow the barraine Soile.

FINIS.

Wether, *entranc'd*, or in a *dreame* of *dreames*,
 Procur'd by *Fancy* in our *sleepes* *extreames*,
 Or whether by a strong *imagination*,
 Bred in the *Bowels* of deepe *Contemplation*,
 My *soule*, when as my *body* waking was,
 Did see, what doth ensue, in *Fancies* *Glasse*:
 I know not well; but this full well I know,
 If it no *substance* were, it was a *show*:
 A *show* whereat my *Muse* admired much,
 Which she with her best *sense* can scarce touch;
 It was so strange and full of *mystery*,
 Past apprehension of her *ingeny*.
 Me thought I saw, (at least I saw in *thought*)
 As on a *Rivers* side I lay long-straight
 Eyeing the *Waters* eie-delighting *glide*)
 An heavenly *creature* more then *glorifide*
 Vpon the *waues* come tripping towards me,
 Who, scarce the *water* toucht, did seeme to flee:
 Her *face* was louely, yet mee thought shee lookt
 As one that had long *time* and *travell* brookt.
 The *Robe* she ware was *lawne* (white as the *Swanne*)
 Which *siluer* *Oes*, and *Spangles* over-ran
 That in her *motion* such reflexion gaue,
 As fill'd, with *siluer* *starres*, the heav'nly *waue*.
 Her *Browes*, two *bemi-circles* did enclose
 Of *Rubies* rang'd in artificiall *Roes*:
 Whose precious *haire* thereto vvas so confixt,
 That *golde* and *Rubie* seem'd intermixt.
 Vpon her *head* a *siluer* *crowne* shee ware,
 (Depressing so that rising golden *Haire*)
 In token that shee knew no *marriage* *Bed*,
 Which nerthelesse was richly garnished
 With rarest *Pearle*, that on the arch'd *bents*

Nature sits
in a precious
Stone as in
her Throne
of Maiestie.

That rose from that rich *Crownes* embattlements;
Did shine like that braue party-coulord *Bow*,
That doth *Heav'ns* glorie, and their *mercy* show.
About her *Necke* hung *Natures* * *Miracle*,
A *Carcanet* of glorious *Carbuncles*;
Which did the *Sunne* ecclipse, and clos'd mine *Eyes*,
That they could not behold her other *guise*.
This *sight* (though glorious) much amated me,
From which, rowzing my selfe, I sought to flee:
But with the *offer* I fell downe againe,
As one whole *Legges* could not his *Corpes* sustaine,
Yet still I off red (bootelesse) to be gon,
For, *Sights* divine daunt the stout'st *Champion*
At the first sight; for, *Nature* doth not love
To see (fraile *Creature*) ought her selfe aboue.
When lo, this heau'nly *Apparition*,
Bad me not feare, with sweete perswasion!
For, I am *shee* (quoth *shee*) that lately was
Thy *Sou'raigne*; freed from this *Earthly Masse*:
I now can like an *Angell* with a trice,
Shift *place* to serue the *Prince* of *Paradise*.
And, I am come to thee by his permission,
That (notwithstanding thy obscure *condition*)
Thou should'st by me have *light*, and cleerely see
(As in a *Glasse*) what shal hereafter bee
Touching this *Land*, I did predominate:
Looke in these *VVanes* (quoth *shee*) and see her *fate*.
But I yet fearing lest by some *delusion*,
I might be drawne to drowne me, in conclusion,
Did backward seeme to doe this later *heast*,
Though in the *premisses* I seemed blest.
When *shee* (as seeing with immortal eyes
The mortall *feare* that did my *Soule* surprise)

Skippe

Skipt from the *Water* to the verdant *Shore*,
 And tooke me by the *hand*, and cheer'd me more.
 Her *touch*, mee thought, sent to my *soule* such *joy*,
 As quite expell'd, *what* erst did it annoy.
 That *hand*, mee seem'd, I kist with reverence,
 Which yeelded sense-reviving redolence:
 I held it fast, and swaid it as I would,
 For shee encourag'd me, and made me bold.
 VVhen to my selfe, I wisht I had had might,
 I haue swaid or staid it when it once did write,
 VVhen it did (shaking) write *Elizabeth*,
 Name giving *Life* to be a name of *Death*.
 I often haue held *hands*, while I haue taught
 Those *hands* to write, as (handsomely) they ought;
 But had I held her *hand* then, when it was,
 I would haue taught her *hand* all *hands* to passe
 In love-procuring *skill*; and when shee wrote
Elizabeth great *R*: abridging date
 Of *Life* and *Name*, shee should haue written thus,
 Live live great *R*: for *dying* oft for *vs*.
 And though shee had in *Earth* no interest
 Now freed from it by eternall rest,
 Yet, was my *soule*, mee thought, extreamely glad
 So to converse with her immortall *Shade*:
 And to my selfe I said, with *submis*se voice,
 If *Princes Shades* our *Spirits* so reioyce;
 What will their *Substance* where they please to grace?
 That, in the *Soule* must needes haue greater place.
 Arise (quoth shee) because the *Water's* deepe,
 And thou (perhapps) dost feare therein to peep:
 Come follow mee to yonder shady *Grove*,
 VVhich *Zephyrus* doth gentlie breathing moue,
 Vpon the further side of this Greene *Mead*,

where shalt thou see, what shall thy *Fantye* feede.
 then vp I sprang with rare *agilitie*,
 Which gave me pow'r, me thought, with her to flie
 As swift as *thought*, to that designed *place*,
 And there she laid me downe, with sweete embrace:
 VVhich so entranc'd me, as a while I laie
 Engulf'd in *ioy*, yet all the while did praie
 that the *Catastrophe* of this sweete *Scene*,
 Might answere the *beginning* and the *meane*.
 Shee feeling with her *hand* my *Pulse* to beate
 As one whose *Soule* did seeke to shift her *Seate*,
 Shee chaste my *Temples* which did shewing raine
 the liquid *Pearle* which oft proceedes of *Paine*:
 And with a loving *cheeke* shee did controule,
 the *Passion* of my over-passion'd *Soule*.
 I am (quoth shee) no *Soule*-confounding *Fiend*,
 Assuming *Angells* forme for wicked end;
 But come to grace thee gracelesse forlorne *Man*
 VVith divine *favours*; why dost feare me than?
 VVhereto with trembling *Tongue* I made reply:
 I feare thee not, sense-mazing *Maiestie*,
 But the delight my silly *Soule* conceaues
 For this high *grace*, my *soule* of *sense* bereaues.
 VVell then I coniure thee in *Loue* (quoth shee)
 that thou feare not, But marke what thou shalt see:
 No sooner these sweete words accented were,
 But in our *presence* livelie did appeare
 A *Ladie* of a most maiesticke itate,
 Cladd like a *VVorld* commanding *Potentate*,
 VVith all that might object *prosperitie*,
 to *VV*ith or *Observations* *Eagles Eye*:
 On whom attended two still-striving *Dames*,
 In *manners* diverse, diverse too in *frames*:

The one stillye de the *Mould*, with downe-cast looke,
 In blacke invested, in her hand a *Booke*:
 Her *Breſt* close clasped vp vnto the *Chin*,
 That no lasciuious *Eye* might prie therein:
 A *Cipers* vaile ore-canapide her face,
 Vnder here shone a *World* of modest grace.
 Nothing about her was superfluous,
 And nothing wanting, fitte for *Natures* vse;
 I tooke her for some *World-despising* Dame,
 Whose *conuersation* was not in the same.
 The other was the true *Arch-tipe* of that
 Which *Men* for *Leuitie* doe wonder at.
 Neere to her *Body* shee (*fantastike*) ware
 A thinne vaile of *Carnation* coulour'd ware:
 On which, with *Starrs* of gold embost, was drawne
 As if were an vpper *Smock* of purest *Lawne*,
 Which seem'd as if a *Silver Cloude* had spredd
 Over the face of *Phæbus* blushing redd:
 Vpon all which shee ware a *Gabberdine*,
 For forme as strange, as for *stufte*, rich and fine:
 To which ther was a certaine kinde of *Traine*,
 Which (vselesse) was turn'd vp threefold againe:
 The *Vings* wherof, (where her *Armes* out were let)
 were of pure gold with *Smarags* thicke besett:
 So were the *verges* of it sett with *stone*,
 As costlie as the *Vvhores* of *Babilon*.
 On either side from her *Armes* to her *Vvast*,
 It was vnſow'd, and made with *Buttons* fast
 Of orient *Pearle*, of admirable size,
 Which loopes of *Azur'd silke* did circulize:
 So as yee might betweene the *Buttons* see,
 Her *smocke* out-tuft to show her leynce.
 The *Sleeues* whercof were meanelly large, yet so

As to the *handes* it lesse and lesse did gro:
 About whole *wrists* being gath' red in fine *plates*,
 It was made fast vvith orient *Bracēlets*
 Of *Pearle* as bigge as *Plumbes*, and intermixt
 Vvith other *lemmes*, of diuers *hues* transfixt;
 Which ore her *hands* hunge as superfluously
 As (like the rest shee ware) most combroully.
Morisco-wise her *Garment* did orehang
 Her *Girdle*, set with *Stone* and many a *spang* :
 Vvwhich nere thelesse could not be seene at all,
 By reason of that *Robes* ore folding fal:
 Saving that when the *VVinde* blew vp the same
 It might be seene like *lightnings* sodaine flame.
 This *Garment* though it were but too too long,
 Yet too too short, or short'ft of all, it hunge.
 Her nether *Vesture* strecht but to her *calse*,
 Yet lower rought then that aboue, by halfe :
 For, shee the vpper tuckt and trebl'd so,
 As like a *Vardingale* the same did sho.
 Vpon her legges shee ware a *Buskin* fine,
 Of *Stuffe* that did like cleere *Amber* shine,
 Downe halfe vvay folded, vvith a *Bronch* below,
 Which on the *shinne* shee rightly did bestovv.
 Her nether *smockes* or smock-like *Petticotes*,
 Each *gale* of *winde* a loft in *Aier* flotes :
 Which she assisted vvith prompt reddynesse,
 Glad of so good a *color* (as I guesse)
 To show the *color* of her *skinn*e below,
 Which scarce the *Smocks* of modest *Matrones* know.
 Her *Brest* lay open almost to the *VVast*,
 That by the *eye*, *men* might be drawne to taste
 The bitter *sweetes*, vvich in her did abound;
 " For, *beautie* through the *eye* the *heart* doth wound.
 Her

Her Pappes vvere varnisht ore with shining *stufte*,
 To giue the *Sight* a lustie counterbuste:
 twixt whom there hung a *Iewell* of rare *Iemmes*,
 That the *eye* dazl'd with resplendant *beames*.
 About her *Necke* a chaine of *Pearle* shee ware,
 That to her *Brest* did couer all the bare;
 Saving that *here* and *there* yee might espie
 A *dy-like Square* of polisht *Ivorie*.
 Her *Ruffe* (or * what you vwill) about her *Necke*, * *Rebata.*
 Was cut and *keru'd* the more the same to decke:
 And in the *cuts*, betweene the *foldes*, did lurke
Frogs, Flies, Snakes, Spiders, al of *Gold smithes* work;
 So liuely made, as that the *sight* would sweare
 They were aliue, for *each* did seeme to steere.
 Vpon the *hemme* vwhereof did looslie hange
 Many a glitt'ring siluer-golden *spang*:
 Which, with the *motion* of her *bodie* light
 Did (twinkling) seeme like *starres* in *winters* night.
 Her *face*, though faire, vvas painted *cunninglie*,
 VVhich trebl'd *beautie*, to bewitch the *eye*.
 In *center* of her *forehead* (which did shine
 As if the same had beene all *christalline*)
 Betweenerare *Pearles*, disposed all in *fret*,
 A rich coruscant *Rubie* in was let.
 Vpon the *verge* of whose gold-stayning *haire*,
 Illustrious *Saphires* ev'nly ranked vvere:
 Saving that *here* and *there* prowde *Pompe* did place
 Great pointed *Diamonds* to giue them grace.
 Her *haire*, though faire, yet was it made to line
 A curled *Periwicke* of *Haire* more fine;
 Not *haire*, but *golden wire* drawne like the *Twist*
 The *Spider* spins with her vnfin'g' red *spit*.
 Behind, the *rest* was so in *trameils* folded

(Which

(Which precious *Pearle* and *Rubies* rich infolded)
 that *all*, like speckl'd *Snakes*, in *Knots* was vround,
 And ev'ry one with diuerſe *flowres* crownd.
 Her *gate* was painefull, tripping on the *Toes*,
 As if *Deſire* ſhould ſay, *ſo, there ſhee goes*.
 Shee ſtood, as if ſhe ſtood vpon no *ground*,
 But on ſome *water-waue* that made her *bonds*;
 For, now ſhee ſinckes on *this* legge, then aloft
 Vpon *that* other ſhee advanced oft.
 And no leſſe oft ſhee would caſt dovvne her *eye*
 Vpon her *Ivory paps*; and vvantonly
 Shee ſeem'd to ſmile on *beauty* without peere,
 to draw all vvanton *eyes* to note it *there*.
 In *ſumme* ſhee vvvas ſuch as *Voluptuſneſſe*
 With all her coulors cannot well expreſſe.
 Theſe *damſels* ſtraue (as erſt I ſaid) to gaine
 the loue of *her* that vvvas their *Soveraigne*:
 Who ſeem'd to *each* indifferently diſpoſ'd;
 But after much a doe their *ſtriſe* ſhee clod
 With this *decree*; that vvho her moſt could moue
 By *Reaſons* force, ſhould bee her leefeſt *Loue*.
 then *Vertuelo*, (for ſo it ſeem'd ſhee vvvas)
 With modeſt looke, and *favour* full of *grace*,
 Began to tune her *tongue* vnto that *care*
 VVhich ſhee deſired to her to indeere.
 Quoth *ſhee*, deere *Albion*, (ſo I knew her *name*
 That firſt of all into our preſence came)
 If thou wilt me imbozome, I vvill make
 Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* to loue thee for my ſake.
 Thy *conſcience* I wil calme, and in thy *breſt*
 thou ſhalt perceave the *heav'n* of *heav'ns* to reſt.
 Thine *underſtandings* eye ſhalbee as bright
 As that faire eye that al the *World* doth light.

Vertue.

Albion.

All

An Extasie.

243

All *Nations* shal doe homage vnto thee,
As vnto her that giues them *eyes* to see.
Thou shalt reduce to thine *obedience*
Without the *Sword*, the *East* her *circumference*.
The *wisemen* of the *East* shal come from farre,
Drawne by thy *grace*, led by thy *vertues* *starre*,
And offer thee *Gold*, *Mirr*h, and *Frankensence*,
And what els may delight thy *Soule* or *sense*.
Thou shalt haue *powre* to crush the *crownes* of *kings*
And with their *neighbors* *swords* to clip their *wings*;
If they shal rise against thee in their *pride*;
So keepe them downe, and yet thy *hands* vndide.
God and the *World* (though it be nere so il)
Shal hold those curst that doe resist thy *will*.
For, thou shalt *nothing* wil but what is *good*,
As long as *thou* and *I*, be one in *moode*.
I wil breake ope *Heavens* gates with might & maine,
And on thy head shal *Blessings* powre amaine.
Yea, to thy comfort it shal wel appeare
That al desir'd *increase* shal crowne each *yeare*.
The golden *daies* of peaceful *Salomon*,
Shal ever waite thy blessed *yeares* vpon.
The *sea* shal yeeld thee from her liquid *Vombe*,
VVhat shal enrich thy poore and basest *Groome*.
Thy *Mountaines* shal with *castell* stil be crown'd,
The *whiles* the *Vales* with *corne* shal ore-abound.
Thy *Sonns*, & *Daughters*, shal yeeld comfort to thee,
That whilome did indeuour to vndoe thee.
Thy *young-men* shal see *Visions*, & thine *Old* (told
Shal dreame *dreames*, by which *things* shal be fore-
That shal concerne thy *good* in *times* future,
And that prevent, which may thine ill procure;
Angels shal guard thy *walles* and on thy *strand*

KK

In

In legions they shal lie as thicke as Sand,
 To keepe thy Fo-men from assailing thee,
 In Battaille rang'd by Heav'ns Divinitie.
 Thy Schools shal yeeld thee Saints, which shal direct
 In Life, and Doctrine, whatsoever Sect.
 Thy Citties like Bee-hives shal stil containe
 Men as Bees busie for the Common gaine.
 All idle Drones that live by others sweate
 They shal cassiere, or not allow them meate.
 There shal no Begger in thy Streets be found,
 Nor cries of wretches at thy Gates shal sound;
 But, with the foizone of Heav'ns blessings all
 (By means of me) their baskets fill they shall.
 thy Peeres shal striue for peace, & who shalbe
 In Vertue (not in State) in highst degree.
 There shal be no Contention in thy Body,
 Which heretofore hath made thy members bloody.
 The Poole of Grace shal overflowe thy Land,
 Glyding in Christall streames on Pearly Sand.
 The Horrors that confort the hateful Crue,
 Shal never come so neere as in thy view.
 No humane quarters shal ore topp thy Gates,
 For seeking to ore toppe thy Maie's States.
 No Heading, Hanging, Burning, or the like,
 Shalt need to vse, ne with the Sword to strike
 Those that doe weare good Swords but to badd ends;
 For all shal liue in peace like loving friends.
 The Worde Oppression, much lesse shall the deede
 Be never heard, where all are well agreede.
 Each one shal know his place, and in the same
 Shal labour to preserve an honest name.
 One Hart, one Hand, one Faith, one Soule, & Mind,
 Shal al thy People in one Body binde.

Thou

Thou shalt not neede to feare the *Chamber-scapes*,
 The *sinnes* gainst *Nature*, and the brutish *Rapes*,
 Which with the godlesse *Nations* are too rife;
 For ev'rie *Man* shal have his lawful *Wife*:
 Which dulie in an vndefiled *Bedd*,
 Shal gett right *Members* for their vpriight *Head*.
 Thou shalt not neede to pinch thy *Peoples* Purfes,
 And so incurre thereby thy *Commons* curses:
 Or money-*Bladders* seeke, in *Seas* of *Bloud*
 To beare thee vp, from sincking in that *Floud*.
 For, thou shalt haue *Exchequers* richly stor'd,
 That thou to well-*deservers* maist affoorde
 Roiall rewards, without the *Commons* Cost;
 For, *Crownes* are richly blest, with *Peace* y-croft.
Taxe-undergrowne, (odious *Tyranny*!
 Bredd in the *Wombe* of *Sensuality*)
 Shal nere so much as once be nam'd in thee,
 But thou shalt punish *Kingdomes*, where they bee.
 The cloudie *Piller* shal guide thee by *daye*,
 The fire *Flame* by *night* shal show thy *VVaie*.
Beauies of *Quailes*, and *Manna* (*Angells* foode)
 Shal showre from *Heav'n* to doe thy *Children* good,
 Who shal therefore, sing *Hymnes* of praise divine,
 And merry make each one beneath his *Vine*.
 The *voice* divine shal thunder from on hie,
 And talke with thee (*belov'd*) familiarly.
 Thou shalt with *Moses* Rodd divide the *Deepes*,
 And make their raging *VVaues* to stand on *Heapes*,
 That *Man*, and *Horse* which to thee doo belonge,
 Shal passe, as on drie *Land*, those *VVaues* amonge.
 For thine *Advantage* thou shalt ope the *Earth*,
 And send repyning *Rebells* quicke beneath,
 If any should arise; but doubtlesse *Those*

Can never *spring*, where *Virtue* stil ore-floures.
 If thou wilt vse *me*, thou wilt vse *me* still,
 For I whil please thy Soule, thy *VVitt*, thy *VVill*.
 And though I seeme t'vncircumcized *Sense*
 But passing *plaine*, and ful of *Indigence*,
 Yet in my *Brest* true *Glorie* is enthron'd,
 And al my *Friends* shalbe with *Glorie* Crown'd.
 On me doe waite the *Ministers* of *loy*,
 To be dispos'd as I shal them employ.
Death, and *Damnation* I treade vnderfoote,
 And over *Lethe* lake with ease I flore.
 I am the *Darling* of the *TRINITY*,
 that ore *Sinnie*, *Death*, and *Hell* hath *Emperie*.
 When *Heav'n* shall melt, & *Earth* shal meare away,
 I in his blessed *Bazome* live for aie.
 If thou through *humaine* frailtie chance to trippe,
 Ile stay thy foote, that downe thou shalt 'uot slippe.
 Or if in mire of *sinne* downe flatt thou fall,
 Ile wring *Teares* frō shine *Eyes* to wash off all.
 What shal I say? if thou wilt cherish me,
 Ile stil make *peace* betweene thy *God* and thee:
 That neither *Sathan*, *Sinne*, nor ought beside,
 Shall haue the pow'r your *Vnion* to deuile.
 Thinke what a comfort it wilbe to thee,
 By *me* t'enioy this *VVorlds* felicitee,
 And when *Confusion* shal dissolye the same,
 thy *Soule* to live with *God*, with *Saints* thy fame:
 VVhich al *eternity* shall comprehend,
 In *loy* past *loy*; thus shee vvith *say* did end.
 VVhen lo, the other (painted *Butterfly*
 That lookt too like voluptuous *Vanity*)
 Seem'd greatly chafed with this lōg *discourse*,
 And often *mew'd* and *mope*; and which is vvoric

The *speech* disgraced interruptingly,
 VVith *VVhat* might make the same seeme al a *h*.
 But now shee gan to *face* her *Counsentance*,
 VVith many a *smile* and *Eye-delighting glance*.
 And thus with *voice*, that did her *speech* become,
 Shee brake into her *Tales Exordium*.
 Deere *Albion*, whom as my *Soule* I prize,
 In whom (as in my *Heav'n*) my *glorie* lies;
 If ever thou, by following sound advice,
 VVouldst taste the truest *ioyes* of *Paradise*,
 Thē, listen to me, while I breath' such breath,
 As shal create a complete *Heav'n* on *Earth*.
 If thou wilt me imbrace, as did that * *Prince*
 That was the *Sourse* of humane *sapience*,
 Who in his *wisedome* knew wel what he did
 (Sith he knew more then al the *world* beside)
 When monge a thouzād *Loves*, his *wisedomes* powre
 Did choose me for his chieftest *Bellamour*:
 If therfore *thou* wilt *me* indeere to *thee*,
 That but one *soule* may be twixt *thee* & *mee*,
 I knowing what such *wisdōe* high did please,
 Wil plunge thy *soule* in depth of *pleasures* Seas:
 Where thou shalt meete with *ioyes* vnsoūdē deepe,
 To lullabie thy waking *Cares* asleepe.
 But to particulate what they shalbe,
 Requires the Tongue of some *Divinitie*.
 Yet coldly, as I can, I wil expresse
 This onely heav'n-surmounting *happinesse*.
 Deere *sweete*, quoth she, (& *sweet* she lipt foorth)
 If thou wilt well conceave thine owne high *woorth*,
 Listen to mee, and I wil tell thee *vwhat*
 Shal glad thy *Soule*, and correspond with *that*.
 As stande thy *case*, thou well maist prize thy *Head*.

* Salomon.

Vanity is in-
 stant to gett
 attention be-
 cause sense is
 betraide ther-
 by.

With the extreamest rate of Iones God-hed:
 And sith above he raignes in boundles blisse,
 Thy blisful raigne below should be like his.
 I therefore wil draw *VVit*, and *Industry*
 (Alvvhose defects my *science* shal supplie)
 To straine their powres to their extreame extent,
 So to accomplish thy *soules* ravishment.
 Thou on triumphant *Chariots* (like the *Sunn's*,
 That on the cristal *Heav'ns* in glorie runnes)
 By *Horses* shalt be drawne, as white as *milke*,
 And al thy way shal cover'd' bee with *silke*
 Of choicest kinde, and of the *Tyrian* die,
 As wel to show thy *state*, as please thine *eye*.
 Thy *Robes* shalbe pure *gold* ten-times refin'd,
 That like the *Aire* shal gently turne and winde:
 Not fac'd with *Ermine*, but with everie thing
 That to the heav'ns bright *eye* may wonder bring:
 Which shal send backe, when that *eye* on it stayes,
 (In counter change) more glittering-glorious *Raies*!
 Thy *Horses* heades, vvith *Phenix* feathers deckt,
 Shal vvorke on *Angels* eyes the like effect.
 the *pillers* of thy *Pallace* shalbe
 Hewne out of *rockes* of purest *Porphyree*,
 their *wals* of *Iasper* square, and eu'ry *joint*
 Dissolued *Amber*, passing cleere, shal *point*.
 the *columnes* of thy *windowes* shalbe *set*,
 Inlaide with *Pearle*, in many a curious *fret*.
 Their *Glasse* of *christall*: in whose vpper part
 With *stone* of price, past price, and matchlesse *Art*
 Shalbe inserted *stories* of thy *deedes*;
 That both the *eye* delights and *Spirite* feedes.
 Their *Heav'n*-high *Roofes* shalbe embattelld
 With *Adamant* in *gold* enuelloped.

their

Their *Tile* of *Currall*, and in *Lozenge*-wise,
 Mother of *pearle* their *sides* shal circulize.
 Vpon their *crest*, as thicke as they may stād,
 Saint *George* on horse-backe with a *Lance* in hand,
 Charging a *Dragon*, both of precious *stone*,
 To wit, the *Emeral'd*, and *Calcedone*.

The *roomes* within, al rooſt in arched wise,
 (Like to the *Convexe* of the vaulted *skies*)
 Shalbe with pureſt *Bice* enammeld faire,
 Enchal'd with *ſtars*, like *Ioues* etherial *chaire*!
 The *chimny-peece*s reaching through the *ſūe*
 Of glorious *Chryſolites*, that ſeeme to flame:
 On whoſe *fore-fronts* below, cut out ſhalbe,
 In *Indian Berill*, curious *Imagerie*.

The *hangings* of thy *wals*, of that ſame ware
 That *Salomon* in al his *glorie* ware.

Thy *floores* ſhalbe (moſt glorious to behold)
 Couerd with cloth of *Bodkin*, *Tyſue*, *Gold*.
 Thy *chaire* of *ſtate* (t'amuſe the *gazers* ſight)
 Cut out of one vnvalued *Margarite*

Shal ſtand on top of *Twelue* moſt faire *Aſcents*,
 Like that wherein *Ioue* ſits in *Parliments*.

Each *ſteppe* of *ſtone*, of richeſt *price*, and *hue*,
 Deckt on each *ende* with *beaſts*, of dreadful view,
 (Huge *Lyons*, *Dragons*, *Panthers*, and the like
 That in th' *aspectors* *harts* doe *terror* ſtrike)

Shal ſeeme like that more then ceſtial *Throne*,
 Which *Iupiter* in *ſtate* doth ſit vpon.

Thy *cloth* of *ſtate* that it ore-canopies,
 Shalbe *ſtuffe* brought from *Earthly Paradiſe*
 By *ſpirits* immortal, which ſhal waite on thee,
 And doe thy *Heaſts*, if thou wilt *rule* by me.
 This precious *geare* (no *name* is good ynuffe

T'expresse the *glory* of this precious *stuffe*)
 With *Sunne*-like *Carbuncles* in forme of *eyes*
 Shalbe embossed, as if each were *spies*,
 Which vvith their *luster* creepe in each darke *hole*,
 That thou thereby maist pul thence by the *Polle*
 Who shal vnseene envie thy glorious *state*,
 So, with thy *Sword of Iustice* pole their *Pate*:
 And, when thou sit'st vpon that royal *seate*,
 Thou shalt seeme *Iupiter*, if not more gear,
 Sitting on his celestial *Throne of Thrones*
 Compas'd about with many thousand *Sunnes*!
 Thy priue *chambers* (where thou privile
 Shalt glut thy selfe, vvithout *satietie*,
 With what shal tickle al thy *vaines* with *pleasure*
 Measur'd by *loues* sweete *motions* without measure)
 Shalbe like *Orchards* fram'd so by mine *Art*,
 That thou shalt seeme in *Heav'n* whē there thou art;
 There wil I haue an artificial *Sunne*
 In the like *Heav'n* al daie his *course* to runne,
 That though the *daie* abroad doe lowre like *night*,
 Thy *Sunne* within shal shine exceeding bright.
 The *Moone* and *stars* (like to the *lampes* of heau'n)
 By *night* shal light thee, set in order ev'n:
 And by their *constellations* and their *frames*,
 Th' *astronomer* shal cal them by their *names*.
 Al kinde of *Trees*, of what soeuer *sute*,
 That either *Branches* beare, or *Branch* with *fruit*,
 There vvil I cause (or at least, seeme) to grow,
 That *Nature* from her owne them shal not know.
Plūbs, *Pearres*, *Dats*, *Filbeards*, *Apples*, glittering *Cher-*
Pomgranats, *Peaches*, *Medlars*, & *Mulberries*, (*ries*,
Lymmons and *Orenge*s, some ripe, some greene,
 What shal I say! al *fruit* that ere were seene

This artificial Eden shal containe,
 Thine eye with pleasure stil to entertaine!
 Hard by shal runne, from Artificial Rockes,
 Confectd waters sweete, vvhole falling mockes
 the voice of birds; which made by science shal
 tune their sweete notes, to that sweete waters fall.
 Here shal arise an hand-erected Mounte,
 From whose greene side shal glide a siluer fount
 Encreasing breadth, as it runnes, by degrees;
 Hemd in with Couslips, Daffadils and Trees
 that ore the same an Arche of Bowes shal make,
 through which the Sunne shal parcel-gild the Lake!
 Beneath which, in this little siluer Sea
 Shal bathe the daughters of Mnemosine:
 Singing like Syrens, playing Lyes vpon
 Beheav'ning so this hand-made Helicon!
 Behinde the Trees coucht, drown'd in Daffadillis
 Oxslips, wilde Cullambines, and water Lillies
 Shal Elues and Fairies their abiding make,
 to listen to these Ladies of the Lake!
 Acteon here shal metamorphiz'd bee,
 Great Obion there shal ring his compaignee:
 And here and there shal be varietie
 Of what so ere may charme the eare or eye!
 Vnder a gloomy Bowre of stil-greene Baies,
 that stil greene keepe their mortall makers praise,
 (Where Eglantines with flowres thrust in their No-
 Intangled with the slips of damaske Roses, (ses,
 Stil fresh and flourishing, as month of Maie)
 there shalt thou heare of loue the sweetest lay:
 Which shall thy greedy sense so much inchaunt,
 that where thou art, thou shalt be ignoraunt;
 And what thou art thou shalt not much respect,

Sith heav'n-rapt souls that *What*, do quight neglect
 There, *Angells* notes shal so inchant thine *Eares*,
 That thou shalt swim in *ioy*, though sunck in *Cares*.
 Here *Lab'rinth*es intricate of winding *walkes*,
 Of *Mirtles* filld with *Maie-bowes* in the *Balkes*,
 Where our shal breath soule-ravishing perfume
 (Which time wil rather prosper then consume)
 Shal lull fraile sense asleepe in pleasures lapp,
 From melancholie free'd and al mishapp.
 Each foote of grasse-made ground, ore laid shal be
 With *Natures* Daizie-decked *Draperee*.
 And therewith-al, to yeeld the more delight,
 Angell-fac'd *Fairies* (clad in vestures white)
 Shal come in tripping blithsome *Madrigalls*,
 And foote fine *Horne-pippes*, *Jigges*, and *Caterbralls*.
 That done, the *Dryads* and the *Silvane* crue,
 Successiuelie thy solace to renewe,
 In *Matecheines*, *Lavolts*, and *Burgamasks*
 Shal hardlie plie these time-beguiling *Tasks*.
 Each *Tree* shal droppe downe sweete *Ambrosia*,
 Or cordial *Spices*, *Myrrh*, and *Casia*.
 The *Baies* shal sprinkle from their dewey *Bowes*,
Rose-water cleere to cheere thy *handes* and *Browes*.
 Nought shal bee wanting in this *Earthlie Heav'n*,
 That *Art* and *Nature* to *Delight* have giv'n;
 Or by the pow'r of *Spirites* may bee fulfill'd,
 To ravish sense with al that *Heav'n* may yeeld!
 For I wil dive into th'internal deeps,
 Where *Pluto* Prince of riches revell keepes,
 And make him dance attendance on my *Traine*,
 To effect thy pleasure, deere sweete *Soveraigne*!
 There shalt thou see (without al cause of feare)
 The glorious worthies of the world that were:

How

How *Cæſar* in rich *Triumph* entred *Rome*,
 And *Scipio* when he *Africk* had orecome!
 There ſhal the ſtately *Queene* of *Amazons*,
Pentheſilea, with her *Minions*,
 Preſent thee with a *Maunde* of *fruite* diuine,
 Cull'd from the golden *Tree* of *Proſerpine*!
Hector, *Achilles*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Pyrrius*, *Helena*,
 Or whom ſoeuer thou deſir'ſt to ſee
 ſhal at a *beck* doe homage vnto thee!
 Ile ripp the *Bowells* of the ſubtile *Aire*
 And bring the *Spirits* therin! (in *faſhion faire*)
 To counterſet the *Muſick* of the *Spheares*,
 And with *Heav'ns* harmony to fil thine *Eares*!
 To fetch for thee, from the extreame extent
 Of *Earthes* huge *Globe*, what ere may thee content?
 To flie vpon thine errand with a trice,
 To fetch thee *fruite* from *Earthly* *Paradiſe*!
 To entertaine thee, when alone thou art,
 VVith al the *ſecrets* of each hidden *Art*:
 And whatſoere the heav'nly *Cope* doth cover,
 To thee (that thou maiſt know it) to diſcover!
 The *Stone* ſo ſought of all *Philophers*,
 The making of which *one*, ſo many marris,
 Thou ſhalt directly make it at thy pleaſure,
 To enrich thy *kingdome* without *meane* or *meaſure*!
 The great *Elixer* (making *ſmall ones* great)
 Like *dust* thou ſhalt make common in the *Streetes*
 And if thou wilt, *high waies* ſhal paved bee
 With burniſht *gold*, made onely but by thee!
 If thou wouldſt haue the *Aiër* turn'd, and toſt,
 To ſtrike a terrour in each *Clime*, or *Coſte*,
 Theſe *Spirits* that *Lord* it ore that *Element*,

Shal doe the *same* for thee incontinent!
 And when thou wouldst spare their *societie*,
 They, with a *vengeance*, through the *Aire* shal flie
 VVithout the least *hurt* done to thee, or *thine*,
 Except it be in making *you* divine!
 There shal no kingdomes *Cares*, that *life* destroie,
 And like *Hell-paines* the *Hart* and *Minde* annoy,
 Once dare to ceaze vpon thy blisseful *Hart*;
 For I wil charme them so, by *Pleasures Art*,
 That they shal seeme as *dead* and never sterr,
 Thy *solace* to disturbe in *peace*, or *vvarre*.
 Ile reave sweete voyced *Boies* of what they may
 Ill spare, (if spare) to sing thy *Cares* awaie.
 Ile make some others spend their total *time*,
 to make sweete *strings* expresse the *swangs* of *Rime*;
 VVhich tickle shal thy *hart-strings* with such *mirth*,
 that thou shalt saie, ha, this is *Heav'n* on *Earth*!
 thy royal *Table* shalbe serv'd with *Cates*
 Surmounting farre *Coelestial Delicates*:
Ambrosia, shalbe thy courtest *Cheate*,
 And *Manna* (*Angells-foode*) thy *Groomes* shal eate!
 Delicious *VVines*, that make sweete *Nectar* sowre,
Beantes divine in precious *Bales* shal powre,
 to comfort *Nature* and to glad thy *Hart*
 VVith *comfort* that surmounteth *Natures Art*.
 the *Samos* *Pecocke*, and the *Malta* *Crane*,
 the dainty *Lamprey* in *Tartaria* rane,
 the *Phrigian* *Woodcock*, and th' *Ambracian* *Gote*,
 the fine fish *Asinellus*, hardly gott,
 The *Qissers* of *Tarentum*, fish of *Helops*,
 the *Goldny* of *Cilicia*, *Chios* *Scallops*,
 The *Nurts* of *Tassa*, and th' *Egyptian* *Dates*,
 In few, all *kingdomes* choicest *Delicates*

That

That to the *Pallate* pleasure may afford,
 Shal ore abound vpon thy bounteous *Boord*!
 When, from a *Silver'd Tent*, to please thine *Eare*,
Cornetts, *Recorders*, *Clarions* thou shalt heare:
 Whiles to delight thy *sight* as wel as *hearing*,
 Stately *Dumb-showes* before it shal be sterring:
 Which wel-tongu'd *Mercury* shal faire relate
 Stil pointing to thy *praise*, and glorious *state*.
 VVhen, with these *Sweetes* thou art wel satisfied,
 Ile make thee *Beds* of *flowres*, diuinly dide:
 VVhere thou, & thy *Loues*, (for your *Limbs* reposes)
 may drownd your selues among sweet damask *Roses*.
 And while your rest, the sacred *Muses* nyne,
 (Singing full sweetely *Ditties* most diuine,
 That for *Harts* ioy wil cause the *Eyes* to weepe)
 Shal lullabie your blisful *Soules* asleepe.
 Continual *Iusts*, and roial *Turnaments*,
 Furnisht with al *Eye-pleasing ornaments*: (*Care*
Mummings, *Masks*, *Plaies*; *Plaies* that shal play with
 As *Catt* with *Mouſe*, to kill *her* comming *There*.
 VVhat pooreth it to weare a golden *Crowne*,
 If thorny *Cares* it *line*, to make thee frowne:
 Away with *Care* therefore, awaie with *thought*,
 VVhat shouldst thou doe with *that*, that's good for
 Let *the* go waite on *Byshops*, to whose *See* (*nought*:
 They doe belong, but let the *Prince* be free.
 VVilt thou be *Servant* to the common *Trash*,
 that often leaves their *Master* in the lath?
 Or spend thy *VVitte*, and *Sp'rits* for such *Risfrage*,
 And so consume the *Corne* to saue the *Chaffe*?
 VVilt thou *orewhelme* thy selfe in all *anoy*,
 that they may *swime* aloft in *Seas* of *Ioy*?
 VVhat! wilt thou place thy *pleasure* in thy *paine*,

And make thy *Subiect*, be thy *Soveraigne*?
 Wilt loose thy *royall* sole *prerogative*,
 to make vngateful base *Bash-rags* to thrive?
 O be indulgent to thine owne decree *Hart*,
 And of *Heav'ns blessings* take a blisful part:
 Doe not deprive thy selfe of that rare *blisse*,
 that vnto *none* but *thee* peculier is.
 And here vpon the sodaine (great *mishap*)
 I found my selfe in *Oxford* my *lones* lap.
 Where thinking seriously vpon this *thing*,
 I heard *some* say, *God* saue king *James*, our *King*.
 And therewithal I heard a *Trumpets* clang,
 that in an *unison* that *Dittie* sang.
 then did I more admire what I had seene,
 But griev'd I had so double lost the *Queene*!
 And grieu'd no lesse, sith I saw not the *rest*
 Of *that* wherein I held me highlie blest!
 Had I so blessed bin, & haue seene *the event*,
 I should haue thought my *time* diuinely spent.
 But as I cannot now diuine vvhat shal
 Vnto this Land (orewhelm'd in *blisse*) befall;
 So wil I not suspect the *worst*; for why?
God, onely good, keepes good *Kings* company.

JOHN DAVIES.



To the Right Ho. and most most Reverend Father in
God my Lord Archb. of Canterb. his grace.

THou temp'rate Soule, that holdst promotion
To be but *Virtues* meede; and vertuoullie
Dost higher prize the *Soules* devotion
Proceeding from the low'st *humilitie*:
Passion-suppressing wel-dispoled *spirit*,
Cleere *glasse* wherein true *Pastors* may behold
The hall'wed *life* that *heaven* doth inherit,
Whose praises *Glorie* writes in liquid *gold*.
O helpful, harmeleffe, vertuous virgin-*Priest*!
O louing tender-harted gaulleffe *Dome*!
O that *Arte* could in thy *praise* so insist
As answer might the measure of my *loue*!
But for my *loue* herein surmounts my *skill*,
Accept this poore *show* of my rich *good-will*.

I. D.

To the most gracious Prince the Duke
of Lennox, &c.

FOR no respect (great Lord) but for the loue
I owe to grace and greatnesse ioin'd in one,
Doth my weake *Pen* her strongest *vertue* proue
To graue thy *name* vpon this *paper-stone*;
That if it chance the *turnes* of *Time* to brooke,
(Which grinde to powder *all* produc'd in *Time*)
Thy *Name* at least (which is my *most*) may looke
Like to it selfe, in my hard-fauour'd *Rime*.
If *voice* of those that loue the *voice* diuine
Be true (the *truth* whereof *none* ought to doubt)
Thou like the *Moone*, among *heav'ns* *lāps* dost shine,
While *Sol* thy *Sou'raigne* goes the *Globe* about.
Long maist thou (as he doth) giue *light* to *all*
That pleas'd, or pain'd, doe foote this *earthly* Ball.

I. D.

To

To the R. Honorable, and highly valued Lord
the Earle of Northumberland. &c.

W^HO cannot raigne in height of lofty *Stile*,
That hath so high a *subject* for the same,
As thy heroicke *worth* and glorious *name*,
Is abiect, nay, then abiect farre more vile.
Magnifick *thoughts* to think on, *thoughts* doth moue
Above the *sphere* of common *intellect*;
The *thought* of thy *thoughts* causeth this effect,
Which makes my towring *thoughts* the *scelus* lurnout.
I thinke of thee and them, as of those things
That moue to rest in honors highest *sphere*,
Sith *vertue* is the scale the lame to reare,
Which wil make thee as neere, as deere to kings:
As long (great Lord) as *Vertue* guideth thee,
Thou shalt be blest of God, King, State, and me.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable the Earle of
Worcester, &c.

W^HERT thou (most noble Lord) a *scurge* to me
Plagueing my *misses* vvith an *Iron Rod*,
Yet vvould I, in my *hart*, still honor thee;
For, though he punish me; I honor God.
Thou dost hurt no man simplie for his *harme*,
But as the *Surgeon* doth, his hurt to heale;
Would wounded, or diseased *states* did swarme
With no worse *Surgeons* for their *Common-weale*!
I honor thee for that vvich God himselve
Doth honor *Men*; that is, for drawing neere
To his great *goodnesse* (not for *Port*, or *Pelfe*)
I honor thee for that, deere Lord; and deere
Shal such be to me for their *vertue* sake,
Though I thereof no vse at all doe make.

I. D.

To

To the Right right Honorable the Earle, and
Countesse of Rutland.

For infinite respectes to thee (Sweete Lord)
My *Muse* doth consecrate these zealous lines;
Which is the *All* her *nothing* can afford,
Serving for *nothing* but for true *loves* signes.
To thee that do'st enjoy *fruite* of his *loines*
From whose worlts parts proceeded *nought* but *good*;
(Whose weakest *uworths*, brake *Envies* strongest
These *times* I send; and to his dearest blood. (*foines*)
Sweete couple that haue tasted *sweete* and *sowre*,
The sweetest *potion* *worldly* weale can taste;
O let each others *sweetes* that gaull deuoure
Which with this *sowre* *Worlds* *sweetes* is interlac't:
And that you may doe so, your vnknowne *yours*,
Will *praise*, so you vouchsafe to call him *ours*.

L. D.

To the Right Honorable Earle
of Cumberland.

Neptunes vice-gerent, Sea-controlling Spirit
That makes her pay thee tribute, and thy land;
Of which thou dost, therefore, great honor merit,
And worthy art thou on both to command.
So long thou hast the *Northen-pole* regarded,
That *nature* now, hath made that *pole* thine head:
So, *lookes* are, with what was lookt for, rewarded;
Then by his *light*, let thy *course* still be led.
If so, thy *fame* the *world* inuiron shall,
For, his *light* leades to *glory* infinite;
Then eie him well and his staid *motions* all,
Yea, draw as neere him as is requisite:

So, *Fame* thy *name* will on the *Skies* enrole.

So shalt thou honor'd be by this *North-Pole*.

L. D.

M m

Ti

To the Right Noble and intirely beloved
Earle of Southamton. &c.

WElcome to shore vnhappy-Happie Lord
From the deepe Seas of danger and distresse;
Where, like thou wast to be throwne over boord
In every storme of discontentednesse.
O living Death, to die when others please!
O dying Life to live how others will!
Such was thy case (deere Lord) such al shine ease;
O Hell on Earth, can Hell more vex the Will!
This Hell being harrowed by his substitute
That harrowed hell, thou art brought forth frō thēce,
Into an Earthly Heaven absolute,
To tast his sweetenesse, see his excellence: (would,
Thy Liege well wotts, true Loue that soule must
To whom Heav'ns grace, & Hu, doth so, abound.

I. D.

To the Right Noble, and no lesse learned then iudi-
cious Lord, VVilliam Earle of Pembroke. &c.

Deere Lord, if so I could, I would make knowne
How much I longe to keepe thee still alive;
These Lines (though short) so lōg thalbe thine owne
As they have pow'r Vitality to giue:
I consecrate this Myre of my devotion
To the rich Treasure of thy deere fame; (Notion
Which thal serve (though nought else worth) as a
For Tyne to sever thy fame from thy name:
WILLIAM, Sons Son of VVilliam dreaded Earle
Of Pembroke; made by Englands* dreadfu'lt King:
Nephue to Sidney (rare VVorths richest Pearle)
That to this Land her fairest fame did bring:
These VVorthies, worthes are treasured in thee,
So, three in one, makes one as deere as three.

I. D.

Th.

To the same.

Within my *Soule* I sensible doe fee
A *motiō*, which my *Minds attētion* marks;
That is, to strike *Loues Flint* against *Truthe's Steele*
More hard, to kindle thy *loue* by the *Sparkes*;
But if the *fire* come not so freely forth
As may inflame the *Tinder* of thy *loue*,
The tender of my *Zeale* shalbe henceforth
Offered in *flames*, that to thy *grace* shal move:
Which is their *Spheare* where they desire to rest,
And resting *there* they wil in *glorie* shine;
I am thine *owne* by double interest
Sith once I vow'd my selfe to *thee* and *thine*,
O then had I but single loue of *you*,
I should bee double bound to *VV*.

Your Honors peculier John Dauies.

To the Right Honorable and highly renowned Lady the Countesse
of Pembroke, the Vertuous Lady, Lady Anne her daughter,
and the Right Worthie and Worthipfull Phillipp
Herbert Esquier her Sonne.

THus must poore *Debtors* pay their *Creditors*,
And share a little, where the *due* is more;
I owe my *selfe* to you, great *Fauorers*,
And I am little; so are *great Ones*, poore:
I owe my *selfe* vnto my *selfe*; and so
Doe I to those whom as my *selfe* I loue;
I owe you *more*; the three in One belowe,
Which I haue honor'd most next *that* aboute:
If *more*, what *more*? sith that's more thē I haue
(for I am not so much mine *owne*, as *yours*;) *More*
by as much as what I else might crave
I wish it *mine* for *you*; for, in your powres
All *that* and more, (if more could be posselt)
Should, while you held me yours, yours firmly rest.

M m 2

L. D:
To

To the Right Honorable the Earle of Mar. &c.

LO E, how my *Muse* (inflamed by desire
To winne thy loue in paying thee thine owne)
Doth striue with *VVits* dull sword, and *loves* quicke
To honor thee; but how? that is vnknowne. (*fire*
And if vnknowne to me, then needs it must,
to *All* to whom my *Thoughts* are lesse reveal'd;
In me it's like an *Embryo*, or like *Dust*,
Wherein the first *Man* laie, at first conceal'd:
I am devising how to fash'on it,
God grant I spoile it not in *hammering*;
And if I doe, Ile sacrifice my *VVitt*
In fire of *Zeale*, the while my *Muse* doth sing,
Like to the *Swanne* when death the songe ensueth,
Most blest to die with sweete *Mar* in her *Mouth*.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable and Loiall-hearted
Lord the Earle of Clanricard.

OVR English *Crownes* approued Irish friend,
that raign'st in our true loue for such thy truth,
Let thine owne rare *perfections* thee comēd,
For, perfect *praise*. *perfection* still ensueth.
I never was so happie as to see thee,
Much lesse to knowe thee, whom I longe to see:
But, in thy *predecessor* did fore-see thee;
For, if *Fame* fable not, much like you bee.
To add then to thy *glory* more bright beames,
Loue *His*, thy *other-selfe*, with deereft loue;
For shee hath martir'd bin with greefes extreames,
Deere *Innocent*, whose *vertues* all approue.
Her loue to thee doth asue thy hie worth
Then loue such loue, that setteth thy *glory* forth.

I. D.

T³

To the Right Honorable and no lesse vertuous
Lady the Countesse of Clanricard.

Honor attend, as *vertue* guides thy *life*,
Deere Lady, lou'd of all that are belov'd,
As it hath done thee, *virgin, VViddowe, VVife*,
For which thou wert of all, in all, approu'd.
By Heav'n assign'd to *Natures* Miracles,
Mirrors of *Manhood*, and *Heroick partes*;
VVorld, Flesh, & Fiends, to such are *obstacles*,
But *God, Saints, Angels* guerdō their *deserts*.
In thee it is, the loue of such i' allure,
And binde them to thee with loves *Gordian knots*;
It is thy *grace* and *reputation* pure
That made these *worthies* fall so to thy *Loss*:
God give thee ioy of this, for in the rest
Thou seemd'st *accurst*, because so highly *blest*.

I. D.

To the most heroick, & meritoriously renowned Lord,
the Lord Mountib, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

TO praise thee (noble Lord) were but to doo
What all the world doth; and to doo the same,
Were to offend, and that extreamely too;
And a extreame offence incurre *desame*.
Praise is not seemely in a wicked mouth;
The *VVorld* is wicked, and her mouth is worse,
Ful of *detractiō, false-praise*, and *vntruth*;
Then, should I praise according to her course?
O no! thy *vertue* merits more regard;
Let *Vertue* praise thee, as thou her dost praise;
For, sacred *vertue* is her owne reward,
And *Crowns* her selfe, in spight of *Fortunes* Naves:
She is thy *guide*, and *Glory* her attends,
VVhich, her in thee, and thee in her commends.

The true lover of your honor & vertue I. D.

M m 3

To

To the Right honorably honored and right wel-
beloved yonge Earle of Essex &c.

Deere offspring of that a'l-beloued One,
Deere vnto all, to whom that one was deere;
The Orphanes God requites thy cause of mone
By Him, that doth to all like God appeere.
Al those that loue you (al-beloued Two)
Will blesse and loue him for it; blest of God
To comfort Innocents, and Orphanes too,
That ruin'd were by fell Disasters Rod.
Liue like His Sonne, that liu'd too like him selfe;
And diide like one, deere to Him without like;
He wrackt his fortunes on false Favors shelve,
Which are this worlds; that smiles whē it doth strike.
And, that thou mai'st thy country glorifie
No lesse then *hee*, all pray; then needes must I.

I. D.

To the R. Honorable S^r. Iohn Popham Knight Lord
chiefe-Iustice of England, &c.

I Vnfly seueare, seueare in Mercies cause,
Sith it is *mercie*, mercie-wanting men
To cut of with the razor of the lawes,
That wounds the wounders of their brethren.
To thee (graue Case) are these lines adrest,
As proofes of what respect they beare thy fame;
Which, with these VVorthies, shalbe here imprest
By my best Pen, in Honor of thy name.
If best deseruers of the publike weale
Should not be memorized of the Muse,
Shée should her proper vertue so concale,
And so conceal'd, should *that* and *them* abuse:
To free *her* then, and *hee*, from so great wrong,
Liue lines with Pophams earned praises long.

I. D.

To

To the R. Honorable and most learned Lord, the
Lord Henry Haward, &c.

W^Hat hope the noble, vertuous, and the learn'd
May haue, they having now so rare a King,
In thee learn'd, vertuous, noble Lord's discern'd,
In whom these flourish without cherishing.
Where vertue raignes, her subiects shal beare rule;
The learn'd, and vertuous, thee will haue to sway:
For vice well-learned, is but arm'd Misrule,
By whom the vertuous stil are made awaie.
Honors doe alter manners in'those men
That are to honor and good manner foes;
In thee that is not to be feared then,
For each with thee, from thy conception grows.
And sith Spollo now doth water them
They wil grow great together with the stemme.

L. D.

To the Right Noble, Robert Lord Sidney
Baron of Penshurst. &c.

T^Hy vertue, and the conscience of the grace
Thou hast vouchsaf'd me, nor deserv'ing it,
Doth like two spurs provoke my will and wit,
Thy name with my loues lines to interlace.
Thy honor'd name, name honored of all
That honors grace by man made glorious,
Can of it selfe rowze vp the dullest Muse
To make thereof diuine memoriall.
Then, should I it commend to Monument;
No miracle should I perforce thereby,
Sith it by Nature liues eternally,
Such life to Sidney's being incident.
And sith diuine S^t Philip liues in thee,
Bethou that Monument, and so cald me.

L. D.

To

To the Right Honorable, the
Lord Home, &c.

Leicester, Ef-
sex, Worcest.

The place, mē say, thou holdst, (great Lord) in court
Was held before by three *Superlatiues*;
Most wise, most lov'd, most lowly in high port;
The place, I weene, hath such prerogatives.
Then, were thy *vertue* not in that degree,
The *vertue* of the place would it reiect;
But its a powrefull *argument* to mee,
That thou art *vertuous* (Lord) in each respect.
The rather, sith thy *Liege* that plac'd thee there,
Doth heave up none so high, but for high worth;
Whose *Judgements* eie is admirable cleere,
Which warrants me to put thy *praises* forth:
My *colors* ready are, I lacke but *light*
(Which I will haue) to paint them out aright.

I. D.

To the Right Honorable, the good Lord of
Kinlosse, &c.

Praise that proceedeth from a Poets Pen,
That *faines* by nature, may want powre perchace
To adde *renowne* to the *renownes* of Men,
Whom *goodnesse* without *glozing* doth advance.
If then my *Pen* (though it too open be
To gloze) disabled be by *Envies* spight
To register the *right* that's due to thee,
Yet should it wrong thee to conceale thy *right*.
Thy *World*-contēning *Thoughts* the world do make
(As knowledging the odds twixt good and Ill)
To rev'rence thee for thy rare *goodnesse* sake, (fill:
Which *harts* with love, & *mouthes* with *praise* doth
They *stile* that *praise* but with one only word.
Which being, *Good*, with God doth still accord.

I. D.

To

To the Right Noble Lady, the Lady Rich.

TO descant on thy *name* as many doe
(Sith it is fit t' expresse thine *excellence*)
I should (*deere Lady*) but allude vnto
That, vvhich with it compar'd, is *indigence*.
Yet to be *rich* was to be *Fortunate*,
As *all* esteem'd, and yet though so *thou* art,
thou wast much more then most *unfortunate*,
though richly-well thou plaidst *That* haplesse part
Thou didst expresse what *Art* could never sho,
the *Soules* true grieve for losse of her *Loues soules*,
Thine *Action* speaking-passion made, but ô!
It made thee subiect to a *Tailes* controule.

But, such a *Taile-bird* heavenly *Nightingale*,
For such a *cause*, sings best in greatest *bale*.

L. D.

*To the intire Body of the Kinges Maiesties most
Honorable Privie Councell.*

WHere *Lowe* devided is, *shee* hardly can
Belike *her selfe*; But, when *shee* is intire,
In sacred *flames* *shee* burnes more hot then *fire*,
Bee it in *abstract Formes*; or mortall *Man*.
Yet *Lowe*, and *reverence* are due to *those*
Whose, wakefull *wits* still worke for *publike goods*,
So *rev'rence* I your honor'd *Fatherhood*,
As *Founts* from whom our *publike profit* flows.
In you wise *Pilots* of this *joy-fraught Barke*
(*Barke* of our blessed *Common-weale*) it is
to make her keepe her *course* in lasting *blisse*,
Which charge requires your well-directing *carke*:
You cannot better spend *lifes* benefit
then for so good an *ende*, at *Sterne* to sit.

L. D.

N n

Ts

To my much honored, and intirely beloued Patroneſſe,
the moſt famous Vniuerſitie of Oxford.

T O mount aboue *Ingratitude* (baſe crime)
With double *lines* of ſingle-twilted *Rime*;
I will (though needleſſe) blaze the *Sun*-bright praiſe
Of *Oxford*, where I ſpend ſome *gaining* daies:
Who entertaines me with that kinde regard,
that my beſt *words*, her worſt *deedes* ſhould reward:
For like a *Lady* full of roialtie,
Shee giues me *Crownes* for my *Charaſtery*:
Her *Pupils* crowne me for directing *them*,
Where like a *King* I liue, without a *Reahme*:
they praiſe my *precepts*, & my *Leſſōs* learne,
So doth the worſe the better wel governe.
But *Oxford*, o I praiſe thy ſituation
Paſſing *Pernaffus*, *Muſes* habitation!
Thy Bough-deckt-dainty *VValkes*, with *Brooks* beſet
Fretty, like *Chriſtall* Knots, in mould of *Ies*.
thy ſable *Soile*'s like *Gaians* golden *Ore*,
And gold it yeelds; manur'd; no mould can more.
the pleaſant *Plot* where thou haſt *footing* found,
For all it yeelds, is yelke of *Engliſh* ground.
thy ſtately *Colledges* like *Princes* courtes,
Whoſe gold-embossed high-embattl'd *Ports*
With all the glorious workmanſhippe within
Make *Strangers* deeme they haue in *Heaven* bin,
When out they come from thoſe *celeftiall* places,
Amazing them with *glorie* and with *graces*.
But, in a word to ſay how I like thee,
For *place*, for *grace*, and for ſweete *companee*,
Oxford is *Heav'n*, if *Hea* v'n on *Earth* there be.

JOHN DAVIES.

To the most Honorable and Valorous Knight
Sir Thomas Erskin &c.

Hony of Hybla if my Pen could drop
Nay *Nectar* subtilized to the *Spright*,
Were not too sweet to varnish *Vertues* Propp
That holpet' vphold our *staie* in *Treasons* spight.
Gainst *Traitors* did thy *trustinesse* appeere,
VVho were the *Foiles* to make thy *Truth* to shine,
How blest wert thou that did'st thee so besteeer
As made Treas'n pay, for her *demand** a *Fine*?
How art thou bound to *Opportunity*
That put her *Fore-locks* free in thy *Fist*?
And how ought we to praise thy *valiancy* (bliss!
Where through, and through our *Kinges*, we all are
One hardie *Handioyn'd* to a valiant *Kinges*
A *Tribe of Traitors* to *confusion* brings!

* Death the
fine of all flesh

To the thrice Noble and valorous Knight
Sir Edward VVingsfield.

I. D.

TO thee *Belonas* choicest *Champion*
Whole *woundes*, if steep't in dew of *Castalie*,
(As they deserve) would make thee such an *one*
As *Pagans* vs'd for *God* to glorifie.
How oft hast thou thy selfe to *wounds* expos'd
To let in *glory* through thy *gored sides*!
That through thy *flesh* it might be so dispos'd
As in each part thereof it now abides?
How prodigall hast thou bin of thy *bloud*?
No more is left thē meere *life* maintaines:
The fatt *Calf* must be kill'd to do thee good
Thy *hart* to comfort, and to fill thy *Vaines*.
O tis a glorious *prodigallitie*
That spends *what* not? for *God* & *Conterie*!

I. D.

To the Noble, discrete, and wellbelovèd
Knight Sir Henry Nevill.

There was a Time when, ah that so there was,
Whie not there is? There is and was a Time,
Whē Men might cal Gold, Gold; & Brasse, but Brasse,
And saie it, without check, in Prose or Rime.
Yet should I cal thee Gold, some (Brasse perchance)
VVould saie I err'd because I nere toucht thee,
And so did cal thee through meere ignorance,
Or (which is worse) through abiect Flatteree.
I am too ignorant (I doe confesse)
To iudge thy woorth, which worthiest Men cōmend,
Yet may I say (I hope) and not transgresse,
Th'art Vertue, Valour, Truth, and Honors friend;
All which presume thou art not gilt by guile
Because thy noble name * denies the vile.

*No-vile.

I. D.

To the Right VVorshipfull and most worthy
Knight Sir Edward Dyer.

Though Saturne now with Iupiter doth sit,
Where earst Minerva & the Muse did raigne,
Ruling the Common-wealth of will, and witt,
Plac'd in the kingdomes of thy hart, and braine:
Those Planetts I adore, whose influence
Insuleth wisedome, Counsell, gravity;
Minerva & the Muse ioyes my Soules sence,
Sith Soule-delighting lines they multiplie.
In both respects, for that that was and is
It tender thee the service of my Muse,
Which shal not marre thy fame though it may misse
To give the same that which to it accrues;
Yet this oist, through thy Gifts, she gives to thee:
Times future, Dyer, die shal never see.

I. D.

To

E To the right worshipfull & venerable Prelate,
Doct^r Tompson Deane of Windsor.

MY friend, my father, naie, which is more deere,
My selfe should I, ere thee, (*belov'd*) forgett,
Whose love to mee, to mee doth thee indeere,
Whose * *life* my will for like on edge doth sett:
In the *wombe* fashiond for a right *Divine*,
Pleasing to God, to *Angells*, and to *Men*,
In whole face *virtue*, and *pietie* doth shine,
To leade the *blinde*, drawe *perverse* Bretheren.
An hart of *flesh*, clos'd in a Brest of *Brasse*,
To feele *Mens* paines, and *paine* endure to ease the;
Charities Mirror, or thick christal *glasse*, (eale the.
Wher-through Gods *Sun-beams* burne what doth dis-
Good to the good and *badd*, to *great* and *small*,
And my good friend, though I be worst of all.

* Conversation

I D.

Memories tribute dueto the most worthie and no lesse learned
Gentleman, Edward Herbert of Mountgomeroy Esquier.

CAN I forgett that's aie myne Eyes before?
If so I could, I may not thee forgett,
That vow'd my *Memorie* to thee of yore,
Then, thou of me maist claime *that* as thy *Debr*.
There are in thee *partes*, worth my *memorie*,
Although it could thy *partes* immortal make:
Who knowes thee wil my *iudgement* iustify,
If not, he doth both *thee* and *mee* mistake.
I cannot iudge of *colours*, with such *Eyes*,
As cannot be deceived; but I can
Discerne the knowne *foole*, from th' approved *wise*,
And without Spectacles, a *Beast* frō *Man*: (*sense*,
If then, (*sweete* Sir) shouldst thou but please the
Sense must needs praise thy pleasing excellence.

He in whose *Memorie* you shall live, till you faile to be
what you are, or it what it is,

I. D.

N^o 3.

To

To all the right noble Nobilitie
of England.

I F I were not disabled, through Defect,
(For my *Inventions* Poise, which will vp-wound,
Lies now, for want of strength, stock still on ground)
No vertuous *Peere* I would, by name, neglect.
The *Wheels* which did my *Fancy* (working) turne
Are at a stand; O then impute it not
To want of *Will*, as if I had forgott
In wilfull wise, to name you in your turne,
But whē my *Wits* haue strength recovered
to winde the *Poise* vp to *Inventions* height,
Ile doo my best to give each one his right,
though by your selves you are most honored.
Meane while with *Favors* Eye looke on my *Will*
Which may excuse my present want of skill.

I. D.

To all the right Honorable Earles
& Lords of Scotland.

I Want no loue, how ere my skill may faile,
In *Honors Catalogue* your names to putt,
Yet now am forc'd *thē* (al vnleene) to shutt
In these strait *Lines*, as in the *Muses* laile.
Where Ile detain *thē* (not without your leaue)
till I doe set *them* forth with better grace,
Each one in his true *Colours, forme, and place*,
And as I found them faire, so *them* to leaue.
When you awhile before my *Muse* haue late,
(For *Painters* make *thē* sit, whole *formes* they paint)
Her skill shall faile, but then shee will depaint
According to the *Life, your life, and State*:
Pictures are vs'd, *life*, after death to sho,
And youres, my *Pen* must picture, shalbe so.

I. D.
To

To the most faire, most fortunate, and no lesse
famous Magdalen Colledge in Oxford.

And can I seeme, much lesse then can I be
Grateful, if I should thee, or thine forget,
Whose Head, and Members bind me so to thee,
That thou maist giue or take me as thy debt?
Thy discreete head's a Bond that bindes my head,
My hart, my hand, and vvhhat besides is mine
to him for thee, to thee for him, in Deede;
So being bound in Deede, in deede am thine.
The Members of thy body (not of stone
Squar'd by the cunning of a mortall hand,
But living, loving, made by Love alone)
Haue by their loue, in ever-lasting Band
So tide me to them, that as they doe moue,
So moue I, forc'd by force of mutuall loue.

Againe.

Blest be that Thought, past time beyond all thought,
That first did moue that wise, as holy * hart,
To reare this Trophy where his vertues fought
and cōquer'd Rage, with whō those * times took part:
A sacred Trophy left for Vertues vse,
Not onely (as are others) for meere fame;
But as a nere-dri'd Dugge vnto the Muse,
that times, past time, might suck sweets frō the same.
Sing sweetly (blessed Babes, that sucke the Brest
Of this sweete Nectar-dropping Magdalen)
Their praise in holy Hymnes, by whom yee Feast,
The God of Gods, and VVaineſter best of Men:
Sing in an Vnion with the Angels Quires,
Sith Heav'ns, your house cōtenting your desires.

* William
Wainſlet Bi.
shop of Win-
chester.
* Hen. 6. Ed. 4.

L. D.
To

To the World.

PERhaps in *Iudgements* eie it may appeare
 I lou'd *Him* living whom I honor dead;
 Whose *loue*, I think, to all was no lesse deare,
 Sith *hee* was such as all *men* honored.
All? that is, *some*, or rather most of *All*;
 If *some* did not, the *harme* I wish to *them*
 Is, that they may deserue *loue* generall,
 Or els made free of new *Ierusalem*.
 No *creature* bearing *God-almighties* forme,
 But I desire to loue, and wish *him* vvel;
 If good *desires*, farre worse *Affects* deforme,
 It comes from *that* for which the first mā fel:
 But howsoere, I am resolv'd herein,
 To wish al *grace*, in spight of *flesh & sinne*.

I. D.

To my beloved M^r. *John Davies* of the Middle-
 Temple Councillor at the Law.

WHy should it not content me, sith thy *praise*
 Pertaines to me, to whō thy *name* pertaines;
 If thou by *Art* to heav'n thy *fame* canst raise?
 Al's but *John Davies* that such *glory* gaines;
 Admit it liues enrol'd in lasting *lines*
 In the *Exchequer* of the sacred *Muse*,
 Thy *name*, thy *fame* vnto my *name* cōbines
 In future *times*, nor *Thou* nor I can choole.
 For, if *John Davies* such, such *times* brought forth,
 ro wit, these *times* in vvhich vve *bosh* doe liue,
 Then must *John Davies*, share *John Davies* worth,
 For, *times* to come can no *distinction* giue.
 Then what neede I to beate my tired *braines*
 ro make *John Davies* liue to after *Ages*,
 When thou hast don't by thy *praise-worthy* *paines*,
 For, were I idle, I haue thy *Workes* wages.

Or,

Or, what if like an intellectual *Sprite*,
Iable were *Artes Spirits* to purifie,
To ravish *Worlds* to come with rare delight
they would with my *famethy name* glorifie.
then may I play sith thou dost worke for me;
And sith thy works do so in beauty shine,
What neede I then for * *fame* thus busie be,
Sith *thine* is *mine*, and *mine* is likewise *thine*?

* Eccle. 2. 15.

It is because my *Minde* that's aie in motion
Hath to the *Muses Measures* most devotion.

Againe,

Iohn vnto Iohn, Davies to Davies sends
This little draught of new loves large Demise,
If wordes doe want to passe what it pretends,
Supplie that want, the grant neede no supplies.
to you, and to your Heires, the same doth runne,
Simplie in love for aie to hold in fee,
A good estate, you have, and your Sonnes Sonnes;
A kinde acceptance shall your out-rent be:
You Couisel can your selfe, a fee then saue, (haue.
Mende you the draught, loves Deede no fault should

I. D.

The Booke of it selfe.

I am, that was nor; and I was, that am;
I was vnmade; that was, in state confus'd:
I am, for Arte hath form'd that formlesse Frame,
Yet form'd my nature was, ere Arte was vs'd.
Mother-Tongue, and *VVrit*, *Observance*, & *goodwil*
Haue made me what I am, or good, or ill.

Not vnto vs (o Lord) not vnto vs, but to thy
name giue the praise and glory. Plal. 115. 1.

Q a

Againe

Again: to Envie and Detraction

DEERE *Envie and Detraction*, deere to those
That vnto *Vertue* are immortall *foes*,
Let me, although I hate you, yet entreate
That I, if good ynough, may be your *meate*;
You cannot grace me more, then ghaw me still;
For what you spare is too farre spent in *ill*.
Teare me in peeces with your grizlie *fangs*,
You Crowne my *Soule* with glory by such *Pangs*.
Hee is a *Diuell* that to die detests
In Hel-hounds *mouthes*, to live in *Angells* Brests.

FINIS. IOHN DAVIES.

*In loue and affection of Master Iohn Davies,
mine approved good friend, and ad-
miration of his excellence in the
Arte of VVriting.*

THat heavenly *Sparke*, from which th'immorall
Had her first *being*, striveth to enroule (*Soule*
Her wondrous *Guists* in characters of *Brasse*,
That when (dissolved from this earthie *Masse*)
Shee mounts aloft, her never-dying *Glorie*
May fill the Volumes of a learned *Storie*;
VVhich after *Ages*, reading, may admire,
And (only burning with the like desire)
To rare *Atcheiuements*, (emulous of *Fame*
Striving to immortalize their dying *Name*)
May bend their *Practise*, dedicate their *Daies*;
And, so excited, purchase datelesse *Praise*.

Our active Soule feels never wearinesse,

But

But her true *love* to Fame doth best expresse
In hating *Idleneſſe*: whence comes this notion,
Her working Faculties are ſtill in motion.

Ore ſome then others, greater Sovereigntie
This divine *Eſſence* of Humanitie
Hath power to exerciſe: For baſer Swaines
Abhor the *check* of her immortal Raignes.
Frō whence it is, that *Midas* brood poſſeſſe
The greater Share in *earthly* Happineſſe;
VWhile thoſe *pure Mindes*, who moſt ſubmiſſive
At the leaſt *wretch* of her almighty Hand (ſtand
(Obscurely hidd in *Corners* at their Booke)
Are hardly grace't ſo much as with a *looke*
Of this iniurious World. O wretched Age
VWherein the ſacred *Artes* to Vaſſalage
Subiected are! while *muddy Mindes* aſpire,
VWhile greater *Heroes* daine but to admire
And praife (with bootleſſe breath) the poliſht *Lines*,
VWherein, Cōcept hath travel'd through the *Mines*
Of rich *Invention*, manie a wearie hower
(Spent with the *Muſes* in a gloomie Bower)
To times ſwift *feathers* imping greater *ſtore*,
VWhileſt thus they plough the barrain fruitles Shore

Earths brighteſt Angels, theſe, ō theſe be they
VWhoſe Corps are fram'd of *fire*, and not of *clay*!
VWhoſe either Part, both *mortal*, and *divine*
So ſweete a *Symphonie* doth interwine,
That *both* accord to proſequite that Fame
VWhich, but for Vertue, ſtelliſies our Name:

Among which Number (famous by Deſart)
The *Lawrel Crowne* be *his*, whoſe every Part

To th'intelle&tiue Soule (their Soueraigne)
Pay true *Subiectiue* Dutie, and doe gaine
By reſſleſſe *labour* that perfection
Which, ſaue by *him*, hath bin attain'd by none;
By *him* (the Subiect of theſe worthles Rimes)
Whoſe art lends *luſter* to our Engliſh *climes*,
Davies, diſcoverer of hidden *Deepeſ*,
True *Microcoſme*, whole peircing Spirit creeps
Into the darkeſt *Cavernes*, in-moſt *Denne*
Where Wit inhabits mong the ſons of Men,
and plucks out *Knowledge* (by the golde locks)
From where ſhee long had ſlept within the Rocks
Of hard *Obſcurity*, whence every Eie
May iudge it ſelfe; ô wondrous Myſterie!
Whence we our ſelues, our ſelues may truly know,
Which is *indeede* moſt hard, how ere in *ſhow*.

But endleſſe were it, and impoſſible
(Vnleſſe my *Muſe* to *his* were ſutable)
Here to delate that Grace in *Poeſie*
VWhich his witt-fraughted *workes* can teſtifie.
Caſt backe thine Eie, reade, and (admiring) ſee
The Quinteſſence of humane Ingenie,
VWay well the rich Concepts; ſo ſhalt thou know
That few, (if any) could haue written ſo.

Deſcend we then from that internall *Flame*,
To *Qualities* externall: whence the name
Of *Excellence* hath purchaſt beene of manie,
But, as of *Davies*, never yet of anie.

In prauiſing whom, the beſt my *Lines* can ſay
VWill, for his *VVorth*, be worthleſſe every way:
Yet, for I loue his Name, admirc his Skill,

Out

Out of the heate and fervour of *Good-will*
These colder *Lines* this frozen passage found,
Force't by the *League* wherein al *Frendes* are bound:
And reason tis, those Men that merit *Fame*
About the rest, should *frankly* haue the same.

And beir farr from every *gentle Hart*
To deeme that, *Soothing*, or a *glosing part*
VVhen one good Freind an other shal commend
More then that, *Hatred*, when our speeches tend
In whom we loue, some fault to rectifie
VVhich wrongs himselfe, defames his Progenie.
Praise is the guerdon of a due Desart
Making vs better *att* the *praised Part*.

There neuer Man deserved *Memorie*
For perfect *Science* in his *Facultie*,
If *Davies* Name deserue to be forgott,
If, when his *mortall Part* in earth shall rott,
The *riches* of his Soule (mans greatest treasure)
Shalbe made subiect to the greedie leasure:
Of darke *Obluion*, if such Perfection
Shall frō the *Graves* rude hand haue no protection.

Maugre the Gripe of *Time*, in spight of *Fates*
And ought beside that, *Fame*, determinates,
His Name would liue to all Posteritie
In the fayre *lines* of his *Characterie*,
Could any Hand the * *graver* so commaund;
As can, the *penne*, his vvonder-writing Hand.

* A Steele In-
strument.

But, for no *Graver*, or stamp't Letter can
(Or ought els framed by the Witt of Man)
Shew Times future true prooffe of such rare Skill.

By demonstration, mine Artlesse *Quill*
Striues to commend to lasting Memorie
A *glimps* (though darkely) of that Qualitie.
For (if mine aime Loue hath not much betraid)
This *Booke* must liue till Time his course hath staid:
So that, to those not yet conceiv'd, I send
This poore *effect* which my *loues cause* hath pend,
Neglecting *Art*, affecting to descrie
Loue to my friend, and to his Qualitie.

Whose Matchlesse Art in managing the Penne
Time neuer equaliz'd; and Times agen
(When his diurnal Howerglasse hath ranne
The dated Minutes of a mortall Man)
Will hardly paralel: for such *trve* Skill
May scarce be purchased by paine, or Will,
Hee that as *Davies* would as fairely vwrite,
Must of *necessitie* haue *Davies* spright.

Who knows not that this wondrous Facultie
Is not conceiu'd by coorse Capacitie,
But maketh there her only Habitation
Where shee doth finde a strong Imagination!
For none *habitually* can her possesse
That is not made of *fire* and *linchynesse*.

Could neuer Hand so curiously conuay
The nice *Delineaments*, so every vway
In iust proportion (purest *Sumetrie*) }
Vnlesse directed by a perfect Eie, }
And first imprinted in the Phantasie: }
Which, weaker Braines can neuer apprehend,
Much lesse an *Active* Demonstration lend.

The strange *Meanders*, and the *Gordian* knots
Now straight, now larger, as the Hand alots;
The curious *VVorkemanshippe* in every letter,
This pleasing best, *that other* pleasing better,
A third exceeding both, when euery one
For perfect *shape* is singular alone;
The rare *Diversitie* which one selfe-hand
Can, with that *little Instrument* command,
Doth so bewitch th'amaz'd Beholders eie,
And so delight th'invegl'd Phantasie,
That vvhat our eies behold our tongues commend,
Nor, wondring, can admit or meane, or end.

Come lend, yee Lovers of this sacred Art,
Your voice with mine, to celebrate a part
In his deserued Praise, whose matchlesse Skill
To blazon perfectlie, vvould tire the *Quill*
Of Hermes selfe: for rightly to commend
This *Art of VVriting*, vvere to comprehend
Within our *Numbers* her Antiquitie,
And, how through *her*, the living Memorie
Of famous Worthies hath preferued beene;
Whose *VVorkes* these latter Ages had not seene,
But (rake't in Darknesse with their *Authors* head)
VVithout her helpe, had euer perished.
Nor should we slightly touch the Praises Due
Which, through this Art, to Learning still accrue;
Without whose aide, in vaine were *Sapience*,
In vaine were every other *Excellence*;
Sith Strangers might not then participate
VVhat Reading, VVit, and Labour had begat,
But greatest Clarks should *vainely* spend their daies,
Leaving, with Life, their Glory, Name, and praise:

Her:

Her daily Use, her pure *Necessitie*
May tell the Vertue of this Mysterie;
Sufficeth me, to runne (though slightly) over
Part of *his* Parts, whose Penne can best discover
Her fairest Beauty; such, as doth excite
In All that view *Her*, wonder and delight.

All Characters that ere the *Graver* wrought
Are obvious to *him*, and quicklie brought
To decke the triumph of the *golden Penne*
VWhich he long since hath merited: for when
(I approue his Excellence) he challeng'd *All*
Or *English* bred, or *ferraine* Nationall
to striue for *glorie*, and a golden *Price*
(Which *one* or *both* might every sort entife)
Vnanswered, hee Monarchiz'd alone;
What greater Conquest than withstood by None?

The *Germanes*, skill'd in every curious Art
(VWhose *practick* Hand doth to the World impart
Such quaint Devises) giving *Right* his due,
Extoll our *Davies*, and his Fame pursue
With printed *lines*, writ in the *Latine* tongue,
As loth to doe his *Cunning* so much wrong
In the distastieue *Germane* Idiom
To leaue that Monument for Times to come,
Because they knew their *Dialect* too lame
To beare the vvaight of his immortal fame.

*Faire writing.

O you thrise famousd for Raritie,
The grace and beautie of your *Qualitie,
That breathe the Aire of *Italie*, and *France*,
Come, doe your Homage and Allegiance

To *him* whose Pen raignes in faire Paper Reames,
(Content therewith as Kinges with Diadems)
VVhole Subiects *Letters* are of every Suite
Made all aright by *rule* most absolute.

To *him*, from *Paris*, moue thine antique station
Beauchene, the perfectst Pen-man of thy Nation
To *him*, from *Venice*, bring those *Guists* of thine,
Renoun'd for wondrous writing, *Camerins*;
VVarne thou the *Romanes* that thou must be gone
To visite *England*, curious *Curion*;
Come all at once, that all at once may learne
To mend your Hands, and rightly to discern
Betweene the *Good*, and most *most-Excellent*;
Nor will (perhapps) your Travaile be mispent,
Sirh each, in's *Natine* Hand, may gaine perfection
By practising His Counsell and Direction.

In former Times, ere *wiser* Times begart
(That which for ever Men shall wonder at)
The *Printing* Mysterie, that curious Hand
VVhich could the Pen *most perfectly* commaund
Had not a Finger vnbegirt with Gold,
Such meede had *Merit* in the daies of old:
Had *Dauies* liu'd, when such Preheminance
VVas *onely* given to Men of excellence,
The scribbling VVriters of that *golden* Time
Had (wādring) sought some more auspicious *Climes*;
For none, save *He* alone, had thriv'd in *this*,
The guift of *Excellence* beeing onely his.

To *him*, from *Heaven*, descends this Quality:
For, VVill, Desire, all-gaining Industrie,
time, *Promptitude*, VVitt, *Steadinesse* of Hand,

P P.

Swift

Swift apprehension, Fingers at command,
Strongest Concept, *Art Geometricall*,
Or ought attain'd by Science naturall,
Poetick Furie, and the *Muses* ayd,
(All which are Propps whereon this *Art* is stayd)
Nor these, nor other *Adiuments* haue power
to purchase that (with manie a toyling hower)
VVhich from *about*, by pure *Instinct* was sent
*For writing. to grace our *Danies*, *Englands* * Wonderment.

In whose deserved Praise, if ardent *Zeale*
(Striving my neere *Affection* to reveale)
Hath larger beene then well becomes the Place,
this short *Apologie* may purchase Grace;
In Vertues praise can nere bee said too much;
Such is our Subiect, his Demeanour such.

NICHOLAS DEEBLE.



In Microcosmum, sive Parvum
Iob. Davisiij Heref. Mundum.

Dum Microcosmum scribis, & Parvum vocas
Mundum, libellum: fructus ingenij tui
Magnum, (Davisi) quem vocas Parvum, facit.
Fecisse Mundum gaudeo, immundi at nihil

Metuimus unde munda sunt orta omnia.

Sed fabricator factus es parvus nimis

Qui munda sed minuta nobis exhibes.

Minuta querimus, quòd modum supra placent,

Minuta querimus scripta vel mirum in modum.

Si dum occidentem subdis Hispano iugo

Philippe gentem, quereris arctatum suis

Limitibus Orbem; nec sat est vni Tibi

Vel totus Orbis: dederit invidia locum

Si Microcosmū hunc auribus & oculis nimis

Nimisq; strictum turba doctorum putet.

Prodesse cunctis (sat scio) Daviscupis,

Quin & placere discas iam tandem omnibus;

Placere verò si velis, doctā manu

Extende Mundum hunc, vel crea Mundos novos.

Phil. & Hisp.
Rex.
Totus non sub
ficit Orbis.

Nunc scio quòd quævis pars est habitabilis Orbis,

Sunt in fronte alij, nos sumus Antipodes:

Scribimus hic, illic; nobis tua nempe (Davisi)

Principio placuit pagina, fine placet.

Meg, iuvat, nostrum quòd carmen utriq; legatur,

Te ut laudent oriens, occiduumq; latus.

ED. LAPVORYN.

FINIS.